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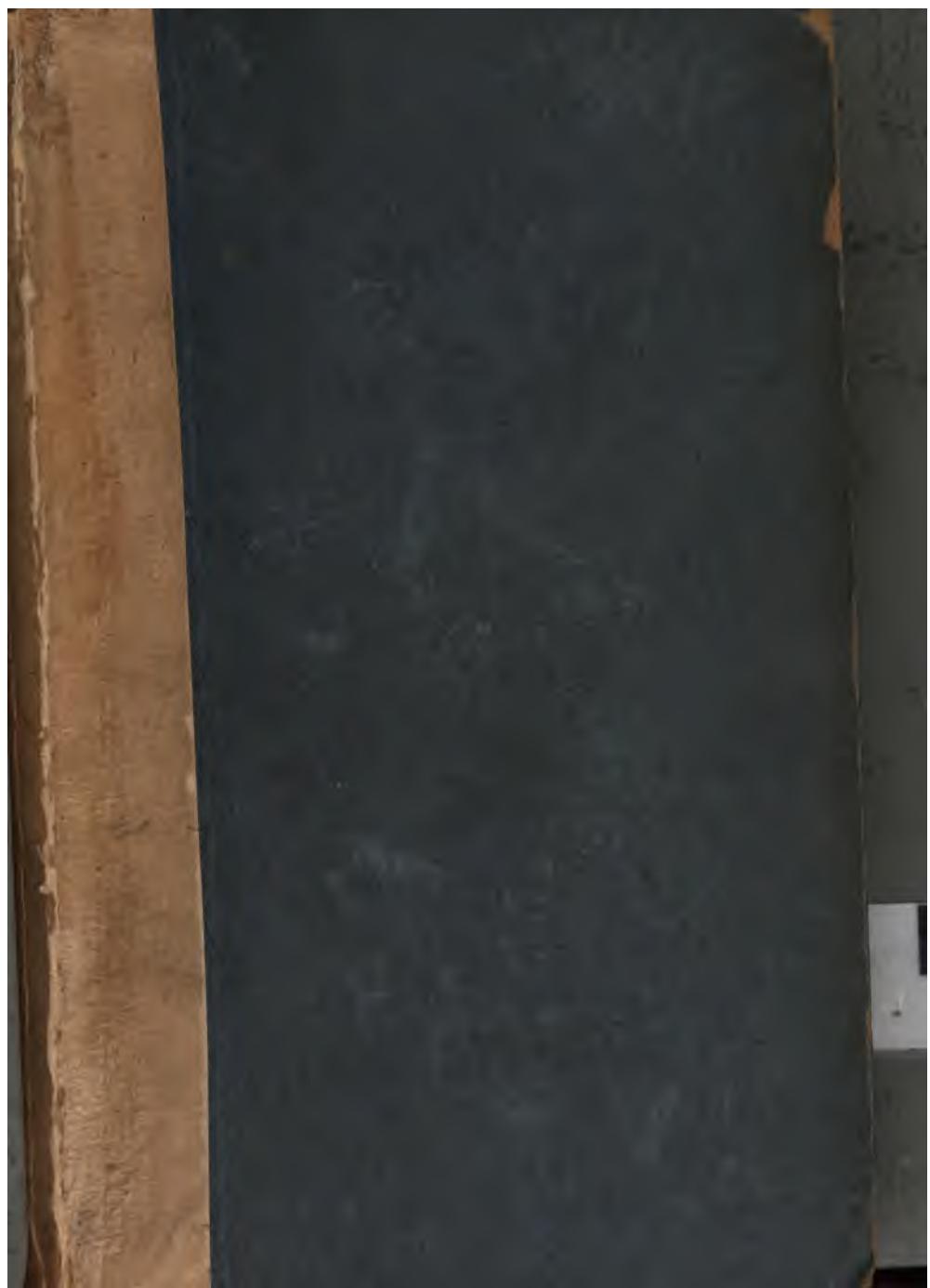
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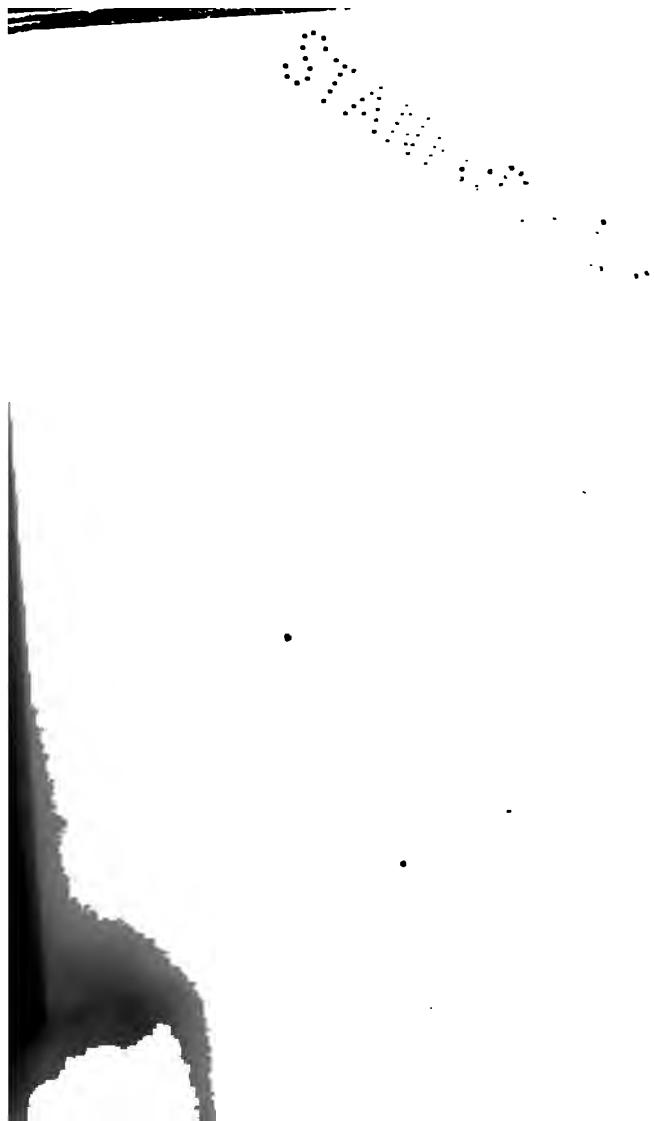
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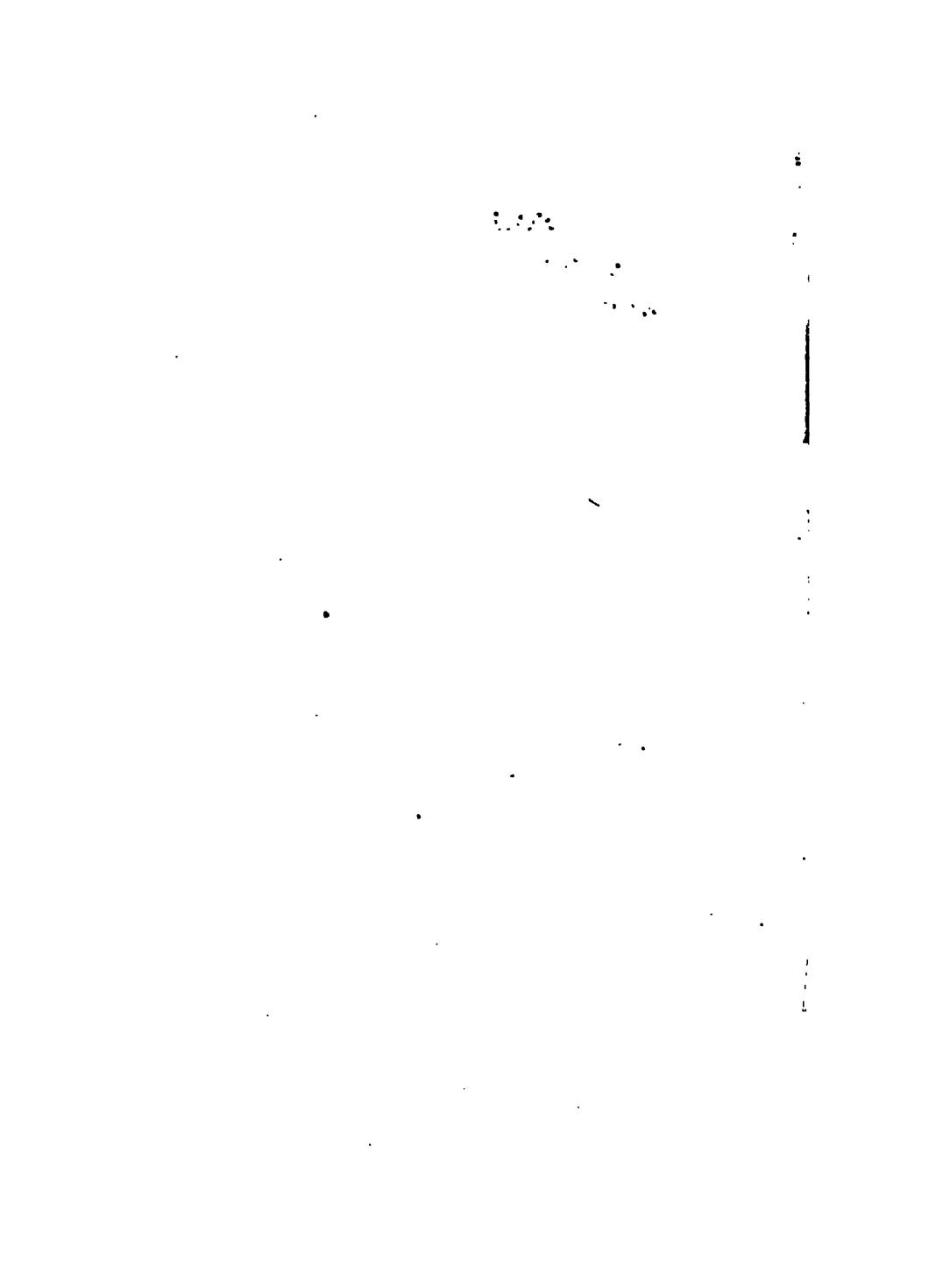
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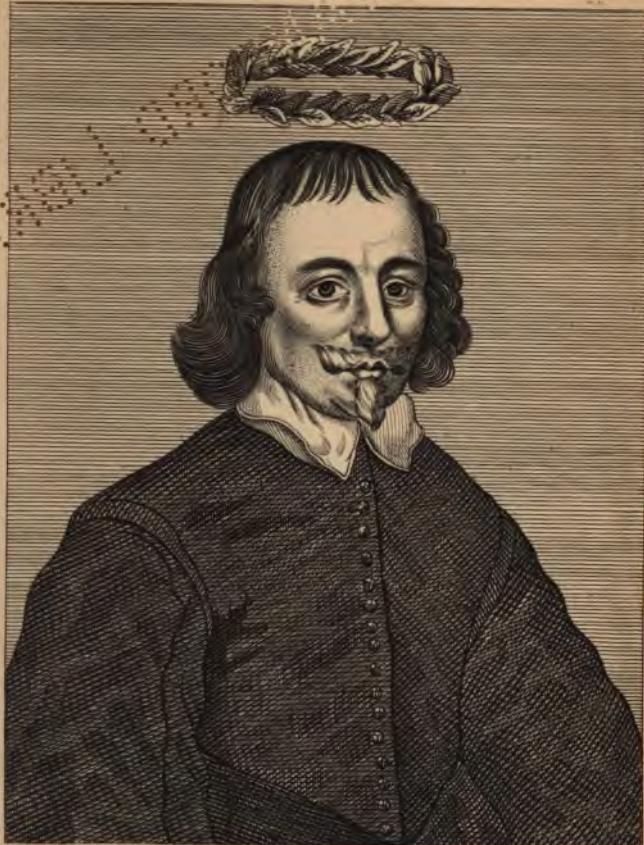


LELAND-STANFORD









Reader lo heere thou wile two faces finde,  
One of the body, t'other of the Minde;  
This by the Graver so, that with much strife  
Wee thinke Brome dead, hee's drawne so to the life  
That by's owne pen's done so meginously  
That who read's it must thinke hee ne'er shall dy  
A.B.



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
RICHARD BROME CONTAIN-  
ING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW  
FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE  
VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



STAMPED BY  
LONDON  
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873  
H. O.

**176204**

УРАКИН ДОВІДКА

# FIVE NEW PLAYES, (*Viz.*)

THE { Madd Couple well matcht.  
Novella.  
Court Begger.  
City Witt.  
Damoiselle.

---

By *Richard Brome.*

---



*LONDON,*

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley, Richard Mar-*  
*riot, and Thomas Dring, and are to be*  
*sold at their Shops, 1653.*

The Fortune will be lucky, see no more  
 Her Benches bare, as they have stood before.  
 The Bull take Courage from Applauses given,  
 To Eccho to the *Taurus* in the Heaven.

Lastly, St. *James* may no aversion show,  
 That *Socks*, and *Buskins* tread his Stage below.  
 May this Time quickly come, those daies of Blisse  
 Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abisse.  
 Then (with a justly attributed praise)  
 Wee'l change our faded *Broom*, to deathlesse Baies.

*Aston Cokaine.*

*To the Stationer, on the publishing  
 M<sup>r</sup>. Bromes Comedies.*

**S**Ince Poems of this nature, honest Freind  
 Do, of themselves, nor praise, nor dis-  
 comedend

An Author or his Work ; but He, and It,  
 Must by the Readers Palate rise or set ;  
 What need we write Encomiums, or expose  
 Our judging Rhymes, to be laught at in Prose ?  
 We're like Godfathers (as they're us'd of late)  
 Not to Engage for Children, but give Plate.  
 And truely scarce there is a Poet known,  
 That Praises others wit, but clawes his own.  
 But tis the Custome, and who won't submit,  
 Must be esteem'd a Schismatick in wit :  
 And therefore in obedience to the power,  
 Ile tell the World, I've read these Poems o're,  
 And in them finde so naturall a vaine

Of

Of clean, rich Fancie, in so pure a straine :  
That I may safely say, who does not love it,  
Can't for his life write any thing above it.  
This witty Pen, this mirthfull Comick style,  
Makes us at once both serious, and smile.  
Wraps serious truths in fab'lous mysteries,  
And thereby makes us merry, and yet wise.  
No Gods, or Goddesses his rimes supply'd,  
One he ador'd, and all the rest defy'd.  
No stradling Tetrasyllables are brought  
To fill up room, and little spell, or nought.  
No Bumbaft Raptures, and no lines immense,  
That's call'd (by th' curtesie of *England*) fence.  
But all's so plaine, that one may see, he made  
T'inform the understanding, not invade it. (it  
And the designes so probable, that though  
They be not true, tis like they may be so.  
Thus Travellour-like, I do inform our Nation,  
Being return'd, what is my Observation.  
But if, as *Coriat* did, I do relate  
Buildings, and Gallowfes, not Act's of State ;  
Pardon my want of Skill, and Ile be Debtor  
To him, that on perusall notes things better.

Alex. Brome.

*Upon*

Upon the Ingenious Comedies of  
M<sup>r</sup> Richard Brome.

SEE the strange twirle of Times ! when  
*(such poore things)*  
Out-live the Dates of Parliaments, or Kings !  
This Revolution makes exploded Wit  
Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it.  
And the Condemned Stage hath now obtain'd  
To see her Executioners Arraign'd.  
There's nothing permanent; those high great men  
That rose from Dust, to Dust may fall agen.  
And Fate so orders things, that the same houre  
Sees the sameman both in Contempt, and Power.  
For th' Multitude, in whom the power doth lye,  
Do in one breath cry Haile, and Crucify.  
Time was, when Learning, Poesie, and Wit,  
Were counted Sacred things, and hard to get.  
Time was, when Playes were justly valu'd, when  
Poets could laugh away the Crimes of men.  
And by Instructive Recreations teach  
More in one houre, then some in ten do preach.  
But Times are chang'd; and tis worth our note,  
Bishops, and Players both suffer'd in one Vote.  
And reason good, for they had cause to feare 'em,  
One did supprese their Schismes, and tother  
jeere 'em. (Riches,  
Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell'd with  
Tother had nought, but Verses, Songs, &  
Speeches.

And

*And by their ruine, the State did no more,  
But robb the Spittle, and unrag the poore.  
And the Stern Poet, challenging as due  
His ancient right, with freedome to speake true ;  
Div'd into secrets, and'cause hee'd not be bri'b'd  
To silence, nor complyance, was proscrib'd.  
While those in Cloakes, and double Caps, so long,  
So long did thrash in their inspired throng ;  
Till at the last, instead of Curbing Sin,  
By corrupt lives, and jars, they brought it in.*

*But now new Stars shine forth, and do pretend,  
Wit shall be cherisht, and Poets finde a Friend.  
This makes these sleeping Poems now creep  
As innocent of wrong, as full of worth. (forth,  
Where Vice, and Vanity, are laught to scorn,  
And unstain'd Virtue to the Skies is born.*

*May this Work prove successfull, and we  
finde  
Those men, that now are Pow'rfull, to be kinde !  
And give encouragement to Wit, and Worth,  
That things of Weight may come with bold-  
For, to the being of a happy State, (neffe forth !  
Pleasure, and Profit must Incorporate.*

*And if we in our Bellies place our sence,  
'Twixt Beasts, and us, pray what's the differ-  
Poets are the Custodes of our Fame, (ence ?  
Were't not for Homer, where's Achilles Name ?  
Let Souldiers then protect, while Poets praise ;  
Since that, which Crownes the Browes of Both,  
(is Baies.*

ALEX. BROME.



## PROLOGUE.

**H**ere you're all met, and looke for a set speech,  
Put into Rhyme, to court you, and befeech  
Your Worships, but to heare and like the Play,  
But I, I vow, have no fuch part to say.  
I'm fent a woing to you, but how to do 't,  
I han't the skill ; tis true I've a new Suite,  
And Ribbons fashionalble, yclipt Fancies,  
But for the Compliments, the Trips, and Dances,  
Our Poet can't abide um, and he sweares,  
They're all but cheats ; and furged words but jeeres.  
Hee's hearkning there : and if I go about  
To make a Speech, he vows, he'll put me out.  
Nor dare I write t'you : therefore in this condition,  
Ile turne my courtship into admonition.  
When a good thing is profer'd, don't be nice,  
Our Poet vows, you shan't be profer'd twice.

## *The Persons of the Comedy.*

Careleffe, a young wilde <i>Heire.</i>	Lady Thrivewell.
Sir Val. Thrivewell, his Unkle that adopted him Heire.	Mrs. Alicia, Salewares light wife.
Saleware, a Citizen and a Cuckhold.	Mrs. Crostall, a rich Vintners Widow, and humorous.
Saveall, Sir Valentines de- mure Steward.	Phoebe, Careleffe his Whore.
L. Lovely, a wencher.	Closet, an old Crone, Nurse- keeper to L. Thrivewell.
Bellamy, a woman disguised, and his Steward.	Apprentices.
Wat, a blunt fellow, Care- leffes Servingman.	Servingmen.
Old Bellamy.	And Attendants.
	<i>1. Mad couple. 2. Novella. 3. Beggar.</i>

*The Scene LONDON.*



# A MAD COUPLE WELL MATCH'D.

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## ACT. I. SCENE. I.

---

*Carleffe, Wat.*

*Car.*  Hou haft delivered my Letter?

*Wat.* Yes Sir, to Mr. *Saveall* your  
Unkles friend: But hee has stood your  
friend so long, and so often, to so little  
purpose in moving your Unkle for you, that he holds  
it utterly in vaine, to urge him any further, he told  
me.

*Car.* Thou should'st ha' told him, I would not be  
so answer'd.

*Wat.* Yes; and then he would have told me, let  
your Master take his course.

*Car.* Then you should ha' told him again, I have  
taken all the courses I could, or as any Gentleman  
can to maintaine my selfe like one; But all my  
courses are run out, and I have not breath, nor know  
any ground whereon to begin a new one, unlesse  
that thing my Unkle sets me up againe, nor have I  
any meanes to attaine to that, but by his Mediation.

B

*Wat.*

*Wat.* Then would he ha' told me againe, what all your courses have been. Namely, running into debt by all the wayes can be imagin'd, and cheating by all could be invented, then that the said thing, (as you call it) your Unkle, before he cast you quite off, had redeem'd you out of Prison, and severall holds, within the space of 15. Moneths 14. times.

*Car.* That was not once a Moneth then, or if it had, what had that been to him? 'twas I that suffer'd, thou shouldst ha' told him, not he.

*Wat.* Hee would ha' told me then againe, That severall Redemptions, cost your Unkle at least 2000 l. And that upon your last revolt when he quite gave you over for a cast-away, two yeares since, he cast the third thousand with you, upon condition never to afflict him more. And then he Married in hope to get an heire.

*Car.* I that Marrying spoy'l'd all.

*Wat.* Because you should not after his death cast away all the rest of the thousands, and ten thousands which you might have liv'd to inherit, if your Unkles love or Mr. *Saveall's* counsell could have prevay'd with you against the Divill, and Debauchednes.

*Car.* Pox on't, let it all goe, let that wretched Unkle goe, and let *Saveall* goe for a punctuall asse as hee is. I confess he has by his faving helpe peec'd me with my Unkle a score of times at least. What had once more been to him?

*Wat.* Sir, it were better for you to thinke upon some course by your selfe, and me your Creature (that have stuck to you, or followed you through all fortunes) to maintaine Rich Lace, and Bravery upon you. And thinke in time too before this be worne out, upon some new wayes for your supplies—

*Car.* I cannot, nor will I trouble my braines to  
thinke

thinke of any, I will rather die here in *Ram alley*, or walk down to the *Temple*, and lay my selfe down alive, in the old *Synagogue*, cross-leg'd among the Monumentall Knights there, till I turne *Marble* with'em. Thinke quoth a! what should I think on?

*Wat.* On your poor Whore Sir (as you have brought her) shee's in worse case then your selfe; your Cloaths are good enough—

*Car.* I ther's the Devill. I would doe something for her if I knew how. But what have I not done that can be done by a forlorn heire?

*Wat.* Why though the Dice, and all other Household games, and all the Cheats belonging unto them have fayld you by your and their discoveries, till none dare venture so neare you as a Man hurles a Die or Skirrs a Card. Though all your hidden wayes in *Hide-parke* races are trod out, and all your bowling booties beaten bare off o' the Grounds and Allies; and the sweete *Honey-combes* of all your Cockpit cozenages cut off. Though all your Arts of borowing are crost out of all Mens Bookes before you offer at 'em, while your old Debts stand fairely written, and all your Marts miscarry of putting out for credit, Venison to Citizens, or early Cherries, Codlings and Apricocks to their Wives availe you nothing, cannot someting yet be found?

*Car.* Nothing, nothing. All Projects are confounded.

*Wat.* Did your Father leave you nothing but wit to live upon for this? And did hee leave you that but for yeares, and not for Life? and is the terme expir'd?

*Car.* Hold thy peace. I am casting for something to be done by me, that shall be worth, and cost my life, to shame my Uncle.

*Wat.* There's a plot! Think of your poore whore Sir, how shall she live, if you cast away your selfe?

*Car.* I must leave her once thou knowst.

*Wat.* If you could leave her now, and betake your selfe handsomely to other Women, I have thought on a course.

*Car.* What, quickly, what if?

*Wat.* To set up a Male bawdy house.

*Car.* Fy upon't.

*Wat.* You are handsome, lovely, and I thinke able to do one Mans worke, two or three such Gentlemen more which I know, and can describe to you, with the wayes I'le finde to bring in custome shall fill your purses—

*Car.* And empty our bones. I ever had enough of one Mistris *Variety* would destroy me. No Gentlemen can be able to hold it out. They are too weake to make common He whores.

*Wat.* For a little while Sir, till we have got a stock of rich cloathes; And then we will put Drey-men, and Wine-porters, Cornish Wrastlers & such like into those cloaths; and make them Country Cavaliers. Have you not seen course snowt-faire drudges, clapt into bravery that would doe more bodily service in a Brothell then twenty Ladies Daughters? They are the Game-beares of a Bawdy-house, can play ten single courses for a cleane-bred Gentle-womans one, wee will hire fellowes for groates a peece a day, that shall (without the aditaments of Clary, Cawdle or Cock-broth) get us forty peeces a Man before Night, or perhaps a hundred by next Morning, out of such shee-cus-tomers, as an Aunt of mine shall finde out for us.

*Car.* O base Villaine! No I'le never fall so deep below a Gentleman, as to be Master of a Baudy-house.

*Wat.* Very good decay'd Gentlemen have done as much; though I urge this, but for your pastime sir.

*Car.*

*Car.* No my first plot shall stand, I will do some notorious death-deserving thing (though these cloaths goe to th' Hangman for't, what care I) in defiance of him that was my Unkle, and his Methodicall, Grave, and Orthographical speaking friend, Mr. *Saveall* that cals People Pe-o-ple.

*Enter Saveall.*

O Mr. *Saveall* how have you honord mee, how am I bound to you for this visit! Sir hearing that my Unkle was come to Town, and you with him, I did presume to write to you.

*Sav.* Send forth your Man.

*Car.* Goe forth—*Exit Wat.*

*Sav.* One servant is not fit for all Offices, although you keepe no more; you presumed indeed, I can no lesse then call it a presumption, although it were but unto mee you write; I speak not this in the behalfe of any dignity in me; but that you should overweene that I had ability to wrastle any more with your overgratefull Unkle in your behalfe. Therein was your outrecuidance.

*Car.* The miserablest Man on Earth! in having weerieed out my worthiest friend, on whom the sum of all my hopes was cast.

*Sav.* No, I am not wearied; But still in the same full strength: yet my modesty dissuadeth mee from using strength above reason, and my reason prevaileth with me not to strive against a Torrent.

*Car.* He is then inexorable, and I must perish. But did you try him for me this last time?

*Sav.* I have both tryed, and tempted him to his vexation.

*Car.* But did you urge that pious act of mine Which he once vow'd should never be forgot, Or unrewarded by him?

*Sav.* Your standing upon merit in that Act Perplexeth nature in him, and confounds

Both your desert, and his benevolence,  
And now since you have urged it, I'le tell you,  
Your Act was undeniable, most noble,  
And glorious in a Nephew, greater piety  
Could not have been expected in a Sonne :  
When from the Swords of Theeves and Murderers,  
Your valor rescued him — But —

*Car.* I and my man I'me sure made four of the  
stowtest purses fly for't, that ever set our Country  
o' the skore : After they had him downe, and their  
points at his brest and throat, hee crying out for  
helpe, when I came on by chance at a time too  
when I was in his displeasure, nay he hated me a  
whole yeare together before that, and yet I did it,  
and more then so —

*Sav.* Fare you well Sir, I thought to have said  
all this for you, and more then so too. But —

*Car.* Nay sweet Mr. *Saveall* —

*Sav.* Good Mr. *Careleffe*, as I can hear I would  
be heard sometimes.

*Car.* Indeed I cry you mercy, pray sir speake.

*Sav.* I was commanding of your act, and do so  
still.

You did expresse your selfe in blood and nature  
A perfect Kinsman ; and your piety  
Drew blessings on you : for whereas before  
Your Unkle left you off to Reprobation,  
He then receives you a Son, (being his Sisters.)  
Adopted you, intended you his heire,  
And out of his Estate then presently  
Allowed you two hundred pounds *per annum*,  
And gave your Man for what he suffered  
In the conflict an hundred Marks —

*Car.* Poore Rogue ! and he deservd it, I'le be-  
sworne for a Theeves marke that he receiv'd ; a cut  
o' the Cocksccombe that crackt his skull, so that hee  
could never bear his drinke since, as hee could ha'  
done

*Enter Wat with his Cloake.*

Tell *Phebe* I cannot stay to give her any satisfaction now, I must go see my Unkle first. *Exit Wat.*

*Sav.* Poore Gentleman, how weakly he standeth! The sight of his Unkle will recover him. Come Mr. *Careless* let us goe.

*Car.* Sir what do you thinke if I should first according to the reformation of my mind cut off my undecent hair, and change this garish apparrell for a civill well worne Students sute, I can be fitted presently hard by.

*Sav.* No, the mind reformed is enough, your habit well becometh you. *Exit.*

*Wat.* Now Wit and't be thy will go with him. And I hope this will be his last hot fit of the Unkle.

*Enter Phebe.*

*Phe.* Your Masters gone forth it seemes.

*Wat.* Cal'd by his fortune, hee is so.

*Phe.* Shuns he the sight of me? i'l overtake him.

*Wat.* O your patience sweete Mistris *Phebe*, a little patience.

Hee's gone to be happy, and to make you happy. I dare promise you a Sattin Gowen within this sea'night.

For let me tell thee Mistris *Phebe* bright  
Hee's reconciled to his Unkle Knight.

*Phe.* Away Pimpe, Flamsted, I came to be serious with him, to let him know the miseries I suffer, by the wrongs hee has done mee, and that I can nor will no longer beare'em.

*Wat.* Nor him neither will you? Take heede what you say Madam *Marion*.

*Phe.* No nor him neither, you pandarly Parasite, till he make his vowes good, and me an honest Woman.

*Wat.* Birlady, a shrewd taske, and I fear an impossible worke.

*Phe.*

*Phe.* Sirra, I will claw your ugly Face till thou undertak'ft it with him, to make it easie.

*Wat.* Hold, hold, I'le doe you all the good I can.

*Phe.* O will you so?

*Wat.* How desperatly valiant a Whore growes, when she is so poore that her cloathes feare no tearing.

(worke about ?

But by what meanes can you hope to bring this

*Phe.* You know I have a wealthy Kinsman in the City. (that bears it up bravely.

*Wat.* O Mr. Saleware, and he has a Wife too

*Phe.* Pimpe impudent, shall I claw your Face into blushes at my injuryes, to be mockt out of my Maydenhead, when I was upon a good Match in the Countrey; Then with a promise of Marriage, to be intic'd from my friends into fooles Paradice (that was a new title for the City) and here to be used, and abused from Lodging to Lodging, by him that now flies me, for the decayes hee hath brought mee to? But my Kinsman has money though I have none, and for money there is Law to be found, and in a just cause he will not let me sink, he sayes: for I have told him all.

*Wat.* But not the how many times, the whens, the where's, and the wherewithalls, I hope have you?

*Phe.* Sirrah, I shall shew you and your Master too a way to more civility, since I am thus abused, and flighted.

*Wat.* You have schoold mee handsomely, and brought me into sense of your injuries: you have beene over-wrong'd, but not over-wrought, nor over-worne, you doe excell in Beauty, Strength and Spirit, which makes you in your very anger now appeare so lovely, that I professe my selfe your Creature. What would a kisse of this faire Hand now make mee do, and of those Lipps what not?

*Shee strikes him.*

*Phe.* Away you Creature.

*Wat.*

*Wat.* Leave these temptations; doe not strike me too deeply in love with you.

*Phe.* Away you Creature.

*Wat.* Tis true I am your Creature, as I am my Masters; And sometimes the serving Creature, breakes his fast with a bit off the Spit before the same meat is serv'd up to his Masters table, but is never denyed to Dine upon his Masters leavings, you cannot thinke what an appetite that frown

*Phe.* You are no saucy Rascall. (gives me.

*Wat.* Good wit too! My appetite needs no Sauce; nor shall you need to make use of Law, or Friend against my Master, but my self.

*Phe.* You!

*Wat.* Be rul'd by me, if I doe not lay you downe, and joyne with you presently in a course that shall content you, then—hang me Lady at

*Phe.* What doe you meane? (your doore.—

*Wat.* In the next roome we shall find Pen, Inke and Paper, you shall write him such a Letter (as I will dictate to you) that shall so nettle him.

*Phe.* Nay I did intend to leave him part of my mind in writting before I went.—

*Enter Saleware.*

*Ph.* O Cosen, I want you.—

*Wat.* A pox of this interupting Cuckold, hee hinders all Trading, but his Wives, zownds I was going with full speed a Tilt, as the learned say, had not this horne-head come, we had writ lines together should have put down *Hero* and *Leander*— Harke you Mistris *Phebe*, is this your Kinsman that you told me, you had told all the businesse to?

*Sale.* Yes, sir, I am the Gentleman, and shee has told me so much, Sir that I must tell you, to tell your Master from mee, and as I would tell him my selfe if hee were here personally present, hee is a most dishonest Gentleman if he doe her not lawfull

night, when your owne groanes wak'd you, declar'd  
no lesse ; But had I had the power of some wifes  
with their husbands I could have fetch'd it out of  
you waking once (I thanke you) you tooke me in  
your arme, but when you found 'twas I you turn'd  
away as in a dreame. (proceed else ?

*Thr.* Sure you dreame now, whence can thistalke

*La.* I must not give it over till I know the cause  
of your melancholly fit, doe you doubt my duty,  
or my loyalty ? perhaps you do, and so make me  
the cause of your affliction.

*Thr.* May such a thought within mee, stick mee  
to the endlesse torments.

*La.* 'Tis lately entertained, what e're it be ; you  
came heart whole to Town, and Joviall. Ha' you  
been drawn for security into Bonds by any of my  
friends, for great summs, and forc'd to pay 'em ?

*Thr.* Fie, fie.

*La.* Are any great friends of yours in question,  
attainted, imprisoned, or run away ?

*Thr.* Pfewh.

*La.* Or are you further griev'd about your  
Nephew, *Careleffe* ? I thought that your friend  
*Savell*, and my selfe had made his peace with you ;  
and that you had sent for him, do you repent that ?

*Thr.* No, no, sweete heart, hee shall be welcome.  
And pray let me intreate you make no further in-  
quisition ; If (as you suppose) there be a trouble  
in my thoughts, I shall soon passe it over.

*La.* Tell me, or I shall prove the greater trouble.  
I would those few examples of women, that could  
not keepe their husbands counsells had beene burnt,  
and the woman too rather then I should be dis-  
trusted thus, and flighted by a Husband——

*Thr.* Nay then you'l grieve me indeed.

*La.* There has beeene many examples of discreet  
women that have not onely kept their husbands  
councils,

councells, but advise and help 'em in extremities,  
and deliver'd 'em out of dangers.

*Thr.* I pray content your selfe.

*La.* Be you content to tell me then what troubles  
you. And I pray you tell mee speedily, now pre-  
sently; or (excuse me in my vow,) it is the last  
request that ever I will make to you, and the last  
question I'le ever aske you, and (the easier to get it  
from you) I promise you by the continuance of my  
faith to you (which by this kiffe I seale) Be it a  
deadly injury to my selfe, I will forgive it freely;  
not be troubled at it.

*Thr.* I shall do that now, which few wife men  
would.

But shee's discreet, and has a fortitude  
Above the boast of women; shoud that faile,  
And this too weighty knowledge for a wife  
Should prove a torment to her, I'm excus'd  
She pulls it on her selfe, and for Revenge  
Should she against her protestation move it,  
I am enough above her.

*La.* You are resolv'd it seems to keepe your secret  
Unto your self, much good Sir may it doe you.

*Thr.* No, you shall know it, sir, and (if unshaken  
Now, in your love to me) the wonder of all wives  
Y'are bound by a faire pledge, the kiffe you gave me,  
To be unmov'd, and to forgive it though

It be a deadly injury to your self;  
It is, and 'tis a great one; and so great (ledge  
But that you have seald my pardon, the hid know-  
Of it should feed upon my Heart, and Liver,  
Till life were banish'd thence, rather than pull  
Your just revenge upon me; yet you frown not!  
But before I declare it to your Justice,

Let me renew your mercy. *Kiffe.*  
And on this Altar, which I have prophan'd  
While it breath'd sacred incence, now with penitence  
Offer

Offer religious vowes, never to violate  
 My Faith or Love to you againe. One more *Kisse*.  
 Before you heare it: for if then you stand not  
 Firme to your Mercy, it must be my last.

*La.* What do you but violate your Love to mee,  
 Now in your most unjust suspition?

*Thr.* I'le trespass so no more; yet many husbands  
 (I wish they had my sorrow, and no lesse  
 Purposer to reformation) wrong their wives.

*La.* Leave these perambulations; to the point:  
 You have unlawfully lyen with some woman!

*Thr.* 'Tis said; and now your doome.

*La.* Ha, ha, ha. Here's a busieſſe!  
 Would ſomebody heard you faith: nay of five  
 hundred

That now might overheare us (I meane not only  
 Gallants, but grave ſubſtantiall Gentlemen)  
 Could be pick'd out a twelve good men and true,  
 To finde you guilty, I would then condemne you,  
 But ſuch a Jury muſt be pannell'd first.

*Thr.* And can you be fo mild? then farwell  
 thought.

*La.* Thought of your Miftris Sir. And then farwell  
 My jealousy, for let me tell you Sir,  
 That I have had an ache upon these browes  
 Since your laſt being in Town. And ſince you have  
 dealt

So faithfully as to tell me it is one,  
 (There's no more, is there?)

*Thr.* No upon my vow.

*La.* Name me the woman: if it be the ſame  
 That I ſuspect, I'le never ſuspect more. *(weight.)*

*Thr.* As faithfully as to my Confessor; *Light*  
*Saleware* my Silke-mans wife.

*La.* The ſame I meant,  
 Y're a faire dealing husband. On what condition?  
 Come this is merry talke. Prithee on what condition?

Only

Only to bring good custome to her shop,  
And send her husband Venison (flesh for flesh)  
I did observe you bought all there last terme,  
And wish'd me to her Shop, and Mr. *Saveall*  
With divers others to bestow our monies.  
Troth shee's a handsome one ; Prithee on what con-  
ditions ?

*Thr.* Thou shalt know all to purge me of my folly.  
*La.* Well said.

*Thr.* After a costly, and a tedious Sute  
With many an answer no, and no such Woman,  
At length shee yeilds for a hundred pieces ;  
Had' em, and I enjoy'd her once.

*La.* That was,  
When you last Terme sat up all Night, and said  
you sat up with the three Lady Gamesters.

*Thr.* It is confess'd.  
*La.* Faire dealing still.

*Thr.* But here was the foule dealing, and for which  
I hate her now : I having paid so great a fine, and  
Tane possession thought after to deale Rent-free.

*La.* A pepper-corne a quarter, if shee be Pepper-  
proofer.

*Thr.* But shee at my very next approach, which  
was but yesterday denyes me *Egreffe*, except I  
make it a new purchase at the same former rate,  
and so for all times after.

*La.* Troth 'tis unreasonable, a hundred pound  
a time ? How rich would Citizens be, if their wives  
were all so paid, and how poore the Court and  
Country ! But husht, here comes Mr. *Saveall* with  
your Nephew, I take it ; A handsome Gentleman,  
could hee be so debauch'd ?

*Enter Saveall, Careleffe.*

*Sav.* Sir, I have brought you home, a Reformado ;  
and doe intreat (for what I have said unto him,

and he hath fairely answere unto me) that words may not by you be multiplied.

*Thr.* Not a word of unkindnesse, Nephew, you are welcome, give me your hand *George*, thou art welcome.

*Car.* I shall be *George* o' horse-back once more I see. In all humility I thanke you Sir.

*Thr.* Nay now thou speakeſt, and lookſt too tamely *George*, I would have thee keepe and ſe the lively ſpirit that thou hadſt, but not to let it flie at randome, as it has done *George*.

*Car.* Sir, I have learnt now by the inconveniences I have met with, in those extravagant out flights, the better to containe it within the limits of your leave, and faire allowance hereafter.

*Thr.* Well ſaid, and againe welcome *George*. But (and this you ſhall give me leave to ſay Mr. *Saveall*) I remit your thanks for any inclination I had towards this reconcilement till I doe you ſome further kindnesſe; only you had good advocates, who pleaded friendly for you, Mr. *Saveall*, and your Aunt there before ſhe ever ſaw you whom you may thanke.

*Car.* A man muſt be ſo tied now.

*Thr.* Pray take notice of her.

*Car.* I cannot ſe respect enough Sir.

*Thr.* I like that modeſty.

*Sav.* Doubt him in nothing, for he is come home.

*Car.* Madam, as you are my gracious Patronesse, and myſelfe ſo all unworthy, my duty checks me in my approach to you.

*La.* You are the more intirely welcome Cofen.  
*Kiffe.*

*Car.* She Kiffes like an old mans wife, That is, as a Child late ſterv'd at Nurse, fucks a fresh flowing Breast.

*La.* You muſt not Sir be baſhfull.

*Car.*

*Car.* 'Twill leſſe become me to presume good Madam.

*Thr.* *George* here's a Lodging for you in this house, and my Table has a place for you, send for your man to wait upon you.

Ha' you *Wat* ſtill?

*Car.* Yes Sir, an honest true hearted civill fellow he is, as I have manag'd him, he can ſay grace now.

*Thr.* The world's well mended. To morrow you ſhall give me a note of your debts *George*, which I'le take order for, if I may presume you have any.

*Car.* Some driblets Sir, My credit has not lately wrong'd me much.

*Sav.* You ſpeake ſententiously, for credit fought With Trades-men, then their wares are dearer bought: So Gentlemen are wronged.

*Thr.* Then not to wrong our ſelves, lets in to Dance.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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*ACT. II. SCENE. I.*

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*Alicia, Lady, Servingman, Prentice.*

*Al.* ALL Cheapeſide, and Lombardſtreete Madam, could not have furniſh'd you with a more compleat bargaine, you will find it in the wearing, and thanke me both for the goodneſſe of the ſtuffe, and of the Manuſtūre.

*La.* But now the price Miftriff *Saleware*. I grant your Commodity is good, The Gold and Silver Laces, and the Frienges are rich, and I hope well wrought. Has your Man made a note of the particulars, and their prices, at the rate of ready-money

money (for I buy so) and not as you would booke 'em to an under-ag'd heire, or a Court-Cavalier to expect payment two or three yeares hence ; and finde it perhaps never, I come with *Here is one for tother.*

*Al.* I know your Ladiships payment such ; And they are priz'd so Madam to a farthing.

*La.* Let mee see, broad plate Silver and Gold-lace, 206 Ounces halfe, and a dram, at five and ten pence the Ounce, 60 l. 5 s. 3 d. ob. 4 five and ten pence an Ounce is deare.

*Al.* I protest unto you Madam that parcell of Lace for a Bed as you intend it, was bespoken, and agreed for at six shillings the Ounce by a very great person : but because ready money came not to fetch it off, Fortune reserv'd it here for you, you could not have been so fitted on the sodaine else within *London* walls ; and I am glad the same fortune was so favourable to me, as by my hands to designe it for your Ladiships use and pleasure. I hope Madam we shall hear of a young heir a comming shortly, and that will make it a rich and fortunate Bed indeed ; And then *Sir Olyver* would thanke me too.

*La.* What a bold flut it is, well then the rest of the particulars here of Laces, and Frienges, Loopes, and Buttons, makes the sum of all an hundred pound eight shillings four pence, halfe-penny. I am no good Arithmetician, but if any be overcast, and overpaid, you must allow restitution.

*Al.* Yes, good Madam.

*La.* Is all put up into this Box ?

*Al.* All Madam.

*La.* Give mee my Purse. Take you home that while I make payment for it ; your Gold-weights Mistris *Saleware.* *Exit Servant.*

*Al.* Here Madam all in readinesse.

*La.* You take no Gold but what is weight, I presume.

*Al.*

*Al.* 'Tis but light paines to weigh it Madam.  
But let me save your Ladiship that labour.

*La.* Nor shall it be your trouble, command your  
Servant I pray for a glasse of your beere—

*Al.* Some beere for my lady presently.

*Exit. Prentice.*

*La.* That I may tell you in more privacy, what  
perhaps you would not have him heare: for  
Prentises though they are bound to keepe their  
Masters secrets, are not all privy to their Mistresses;  
that's more a Journeymans Office.

*Al.* Your Ladyship is pleas'd.

*La.* Not very well with my selfe, for I have gone  
beyond my Commission in this bargaine, and ex-  
ceeded my Husband's allowance. Here's one  
hundred pounds eight shillings 4 d. *ob.* in the Bill,  
and he allows me but the bare hundred pound.

*Al.* The od money is but a small matter Madam.

*La.* A great matter in an honest poore Countrey  
Ladies purse, may serve her a whole Christmas at  
Post and Pare, or Farthing gleeke, when the gay  
Gamsters wives o' the City may command the  
hundreds, out of the purfes of such poore Ladies  
Husbands. But here is the odd money, eight  
shillings four pence, half penny, and so all's paid.

*Al.* What meanes your Ladiship?

*La.* Doe you not understand mee then? I'le tell  
you that which I thought fit to conceale from your  
servant; And from your husband too had hee been  
here, perhaps he knowes not on't. My husband  
left with you, or lent you the last Terme a hundred  
pound, which hee assign'd to me; and now I have  
it in Commodity. Had you forgot it, when it was  
to do you a good turne, when your absent husband  
faid you, and you wanted it.

*Al.* A good turne Madam?

*La.* Yes, was it not to have the free use of a  
C 3 hundred

hundred pound ready money, a whole quarter of a yeare, through a dead Vacation, and at last to take it out in wares? A good turne I thinke for a Tradef-woman; take heed you do not by your fullenesse make me suspect another kind of good turne, or that you did my husband any to my injury, nor deny the receipt of his money, lest I take up a violence that will not become mee, nor you be able to beare. Be therefore well advis'd both in what you say, and who heares me. Somebody comes.

*Enter Prentice with Beere.*

*Al.* Madam your Beere.

*La.* I'le pledge you Mistris *Saleware*.

*Al.* I shall presume then Madam—*Drinks.*

*La.* This was right caft, was it not friend?

*Pre.* Your Ladyship will finde it so — *La.*  
*Drinks.*

*Al.* And I hope you will finde your money so well bestowd Madam, that you will vouchsafe always to know the Shop.

*La.* Ever upon the like occasion, Mistris *Saleware*, so most kindly farewell sweet Mistris *Saleware*.

*Al.* The humbleft of your servants Madam. Open the Boot for my Lady.

*La.* 'Tis done, my Coach-man does it. *Exit.*

*Al.* I would the Devill were in your Coachmans Coat to take his carriage for his paines.

*Lady returns.*

*La.* Oneword more Mistris *Saleware*, can it be he?

*Al.* Lay your comands on me good Madam.

*Curtfie.*

*La.* Not to your trouble, I perceive a young Gentleman attends for conference with you. Is not his name *Fitzgerrard*?

*Al.* № Madam, his name is *Bellamie*, much depending on the young *Lord Lovely*.

*La.* I thought I had known him, hee is a handsome

some youth. I cannot blame you now with him :  
but beware of old Knights that have young Ladies  
of their owne. Once more adieu sweet Mistris  
*Saleware.*

*Exit.*

*Al.* Most courteous Madam—and once more to  
the Devill. But on my life her chaste Ladiship is  
taken with this beard-lesse *Bellamie*. How she shot  
eyes at him !

*Bel.* Now may your servant obtaine a hearing Lady.

*Al.* My eares are open Sir.

*Bel.* But you are sad or angry, why seemes that  
brow to threaten a subjection over him that is your  
vanquish'd captive ; or has *Cupid* plac'd his Bow  
there bent at me, whose heart already lodges all his  
Arrowes, never to be restor'd but by your pity ?

*Al.* Fie, fie upon't ! what talke is this ? I am  
vex'd and you would mad me.

*Bel.* What has displeas'd you ?

*Al.* A crosse businesse that has happened in my  
Shop to day, I being none of the wisest Chapwoman,  
have undersold a parcell of the best Commodities  
my husband had. And should hee know't wee  
should have such a scwable.

*Bel.* Husbands should be so serv'd that do impose  
Those mercenary Offices on their wives.

*Al.* Talke so, and I will heare you, your amorous  
notes found like Play-speeches.

*Bel.* Servile, nay slavish Offices, ranking their  
wives with their prentives.

*Al.* They pretend onely that wee should over-  
looke our servants, when they but set us there for  
shew to draw in custome : but in making us such  
over-seers they are overseene themselves ; Shop-  
keepers-wives will be meddling and dealing in their  
kinde, and as they are able, as wel as their hus-  
bands (some much better, and more profitable) but  
I was overreach'd I confesse.

\* VOL. I.

C 4

*Bel.*

*Bel.* For no great matter I hope.

*Al.* No, the matter was not much (that never fretted me) but the manner has eene kild a Shee shop-keeper. I cannot be long-liv'd, here under a Pent-house, as my Lord (you know) told mee when he said he would shut mee out of this servitude, and that I should change my Coat, though my husband could not, before hee were an Alderman, and be rank'd with Ladies.

*Bel.* My Lord has still the same regard of you.

*Al.* So it appeares by the Tailor and the Mercer, whom be sent foure dayes since to measure me out, and fute mee to his Honour, and no returne of them found, yet his Land might ha' beene measur'd all and sold, while a poore fute is dreamp't on, had he borne the mind of some Lord ?

*Bel.* I doubt not but this paper will cleare that jealousie. And while you reade I'le speake that which I dare not utter through, Sighes and Blushe: to an intire attention.

I am of Noble-blood my selfe, free-borne,  
And not without good education ;  
But since I am ingag'd in this imployment,  
And made an instrument of others lust,  
I finde my selfe a scandall to my Name,  
To Honour, and to Virtue, the base blot  
Of Pandare sticking on me. But not this  
Alone is my affliction. Here's my torment,  
That while I doe true service to my Lord  
(Whom I must ever honour) in my Angency  
Unto your selfe (whom I cannot but love)  
I finde my selfe a Traytor to his trust,  
In my negotiation for my selfe.  
Nor can I finde it possible to desist,  
Mine own attempts, to you, or forbeare to urge  
Your constancy to him.

*Al.* How easie a worke

'Twere

'Twere for one woman to supply'em both,  
And hold her husband play to levell Acoile,  
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of Tables  
Would do't.

*Bel.* How wretched is that suppliant, who must  
make Sute to obtaine that, which he feares to  
take!

*Al.* At the beare at the Bridge-foot six a clock,  
good Sir, I finde my Lords honorable appointments  
here, and have heard you all this while.

*Bel.* Now I could wish, and was in hope you had  
not.

*Al.* I will not blame you on your Lords behalfe ;  
Because you have enough rebuk'd your selfe.  
But Sir, if you presume upon the favour  
I give your Lord, and therefore to obtaine me,  
Cause I am his, you undervalue me  
To thinke that I can stoop unto his servant,  
Though almost his Companion, you may thinke  
After that degradation by degrees,  
I may, in time, descend unto his Footman, I'me no  
caſt

Garment of his Lordships yet.

*Bel.* You have school'd mee fairely, I am humbled,  
Lady—— *Going.*

*Al.* Dee heare, dee heare fir, Mr. *Bellamine*,  
One word before you goe.

*Pren.* What would hee buy Miftris ? can you  
take his money ?  
Sir dee heare ?

*Al.* Pray attend you the tother end o' th' Shop,  
If I cannot handle a Customer, why dos your  
Master trust mee ? Could a frowne fright you ? Let  
a smile then cheare you.

*Bel.* And that's a heavenly one,  
As that of *Cynthia* at *Endymion*. (preſſions,

*Al.* Pray leave your Player-like paſſionate ex-  
And

*Al.* I will be briefe with you, as you love mee  
shee loves you as eagerly, but with much more bold-  
nesse, you saw her whisper mee, and how loth shee  
was to depart, when her eye was upon you.

*Bel.* I did observe it.

*Al.* Shee is my noble friend, and the sweetest  
Lady. I need not set her out. But though you  
thinke you suffer in your honour, in being an in-  
strument twixt your Lord and mee, with the base  
blot of Pander sticking on you, (these were your  
words) I have ingag'd my selfe for her to be your  
Pandareffe ; be so, I shall be even with you in busi-  
nesse if you account it so.

*Bel.* What dee meane Lady ?

*Al.* To urge against my selfe, for that sweete  
Lady, which no Woman else I thinke would doe,  
that loves you so unsainedly as I. But 'tis my fate,  
and the injunction I must lay upon you, to make  
mee yours. That first you give your selfe to her  
Embraces ; I'le give you means for your accessse to  
her, and your successe with her, which done, and on  
your faith affirm'd to mee, 'tis so, I will perpetually  
bee yours more freely then your Lords.

*Bel.* You urge this but to try my constancy.

*Al.* For that I'le satisfie you soone, my husband  
coming we must to night at the Beare——  
My Lord writes so.

*Enter Saleware.*

*Sal.* And there I will direct you in your progresse.  
*Ally* how doft ? Mr. *Bellamy* how ist ? How dos my  
noble Lord ? You are sad methinks. Ha' you over-  
bought any thing here, and so repent your bargaine ?  
Or cannot my wife, and you agree upon't ? you  
must use Mr. *Bellamy* kindly my sweet *Ally* : hee is  
our noblest Lords most speciall favorite, and must  
 finde all faire dealing here, as well when I am  
abroad as at home sweet heart.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* You heare not me complaine sir, fare you well.  
*Exit.*

*Sal.* What an Affinego's this! He might ha' thank'd mee for my good words, though I meant him no good will, I hope thou hast overreach'd him indeed.

*Al.* *Thomas* your hopes are vaine, *Thomas* in seating mee here to overreach, or underreach any body. I am weary of this Mechanick courfe *Thomas*; and of this courfer habit, as I have told you divers and sundry times *Thomas*, and indeed of you *Thomas* that confine me to't, but the bound must obey.

*Sal.* Never the sooner for a hasty word, I hope sweete *Ally*; Not of me nor of my shop I prethee at seasonable times Love. But for thy habit (though this be decent on a Citizens wife) use thine owne fancy, let it be as Courtly, or as Lady-like as thou pleaseft, or my Lords desires.

*Al.* Then I am friends agen.

*Sal.* Troth, and I'le call thee friend, and I prethee, let that be our familiar and common compellation: friend it will sound daintily, especially when thou shalt appeare too gallant to be my Wife.

*Al.* Then let it be so friend.

*Sal.* Intruth it shall, and I am very much taken with it. Friend I have found a Customer to day that will take off my rich parcell of broad Bed-lace, that my Lord *Paylate* bespoke, and left on my hands, for lack of money.

*Al.* I have sold it already friend, with other Laces at a good rate.

*Sal.* And all for ready money friend?

*Al.* Yes friend, a hundred pounds, and somewhat more.

*Sal.* Who would be, or who could live without such a friend, in such a shop? This money comes  
fo

so pat for a present occasion, to stop a gap. It has stopt a gap already friend.

*Al.* I have dispos'd of the money, the odd hundred pound for apparrell, friend, and other accommodations for my selfe.

*Sal.* Never the sooner for a hasty word I hope friend.

*Al.* I have done it friend, whereby to appeare more Courtly, and Ladilike as you say, to gaine you more custome to your Shop.

*Sal.* Uuch friend — Is it so ?

*Al.* And friend you must not be angry, or thinke much of it, if you respect your profit friend.

*Sal.* I were no friend but a wretch if I would. No let it goe friend, and — *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, I must not grudge at my friend in any thing.

*Al.* Then friend, let your shop be your own care for the rest of this day, I have some busines abroad.

*Sal.* Whither sweet friend ?

*Al.* Is that a friendly question ?

*Sal.* I am corrected friend, but will you not take a Man to wait upon you ?

*Al.* To watch me, shall I ? and give you account of my actions ? was that spoke like a friend ?

*Sal.* I am agen corrected friend, Doe your own pleasure, you'l returne to supper.

*Al.* Yet againe ?

*Sal.* And agen, I am corrected friend :

*Al.* Neither to supper, nor to bed perhaps.

*Sal.* Never the sooner for a hasty word I hope.

*Al.* But if I chance to stay, you cannot be a faithful friend and aske mee where, or in what company, friendship you know allowes all liberty. *Exit.*

*Sal.* *Sapientia mea mihi.* A wity wife, with an imperious will, Being croft, findes meanes to crosse her Husband still ;

And

And Tradesmen that so match, must not with Gall  
Temper their wives, but sweetly by wit-all. *Exit.*  
*Enter Careleffe, with two Letters in his hand, and*  
*Wat with a Candle, and Wax.*

*Car.* Dos not the World come finely on, *Wat*,  
ha? And have not wee convenient commings in  
already, ha! *Shew Gold.*

*Wat.* Better than wee know how to have payd,  
for that's the glory on't.

*Car.* I need no more insconsing now in *Ram-alley*,  
nor the *Sanctuary* of *White-fryers*, the *Forts* of *Ful-  
lers-rents*, and *Milford-lane*, whose walls are dayly  
batter'd with the curses of bawling creditors. My  
debts are pay'd; and here's a stock remayning of  
Gold, pure Gold harke how sweetly it chincks.

*Careless seals his Letters.*

*Wat.* Yes, and 'twill ring the changes shortly.

*Car.* For necessaries *Wat*, for necessaries it shall  
change, and Ring all out, and 'twil so long as I have  
an *Unkle*, and know to mannage him, let money  
I can no faster spend then he supply. (fie,

*Wat.* For necessaries sir, but you must not now  
count *Sack* and *Tobacco*, *Whores* and *Fidlers* in  
abundance, necessaries.

*Car.* Why pray?

*Wat.* Becaufe you'l have but little then for ex-  
traordinaries, That is to say in a Gentleman for  
charitable, and pious works and uses.

*Car.* The fellow's spoy'ld.

*Wat.* Not spoy'ld neither: For I would but wave  
your purpose of flying at all new Game, and neglect  
your poore whore, who now begins to be so violent  
for wrongs, shee can no longer beare, that shee in-  
tends to pursue you with her complaints hither to  
your *Unkles House*.

*Car.* My *Unkles house?* my house. Is not the  
first *Mornings draught* mine?

*Wat.*

*Wat.* With great reason, for you are first dry in the morning.

*Car.* Is not the question first ask'd mee, what will you have to breakfast? what will please you for Dinner, and what for Supper? Has not my Unkle let out monies, and taken Bonds and Mortgages in my name? doe not his Tenants crowch to mee, and his servants all call me young Master? And dos not my Unkle take care to marry mee to ten thousand pound, and a thing like a wife?

*Wat.* You have got a brave possession here, I must needs say; and I applaud your fortune most in this, that your young Aunt the noble Lady here, who you fee feard would prove a cruell Stepdame to you, appeares to be more friend to you then your Unkle. 'Tis a most gracious Sun-shine in her.

*Car.* Shee shall lose nothing by't. I have thought a way to requite her.

*Wat.* But sir, for Mistris *Phebe*, will you take no order for the poore soule?

*Car.* I do not like your zealous solicitation, but her's an order for her, in answer of her Malipert Letter you brought me last night. Give it her, and these five pieces, upon condition that shee never come, write, or send to me againe, till I send to her.

*Wat.* That's somewhat hard Sir.

*Car.* Nay look you *Wat*, you are a little mistaken in me. I must give over whoring, for speciall causes thereunto me moving.

*Wat.* O now I finde you. And 'twere richly worth your patience, if you could winne the Widow by't, for whom you stood in faire election once, untill your last debauchment.

*Car.* I shall stand fairer for her sir, when I leave working but a weeke or two, shall I not?

*Wat.* Yes, if you leave it quite, but to forsake her

her whom you have brought low, to fall to others,  
were such a thing—

*Car.* Well sir, it may be I will, it may be I won't,  
what's that to you? carry you the Letter, and the  
Money, and try how that will worke with her.

*Wat.* I le doe my best, but if shee shold exclaime,  
and bring on her Cozen Mr. *Salewary* to bee clamorous—

*Car.* Her Cozen's a Cuckold, exclaime and clamorous!  
give me my money againe.

*Wat.* Nay I am gone sir. *Exit.*

*Enter Saveall.*

*Car.* The Rogue's in faction with 'em; O noble  
Mr. *Saveall*, you have most fairely kept your minute  
with me, I have written my Letter, seal'd it and all,  
here to the Widow.

*Sav.* So early? that is well.

*Car.* I have written no lesse then fix large Epistles  
this morning, and sent'em now by my Man to be  
convey'd into the Country to Lords and Knights,  
with all the news spirituall, and temporall, forraine  
and domestick that could possibly fall into a private  
Gentlemans Collection,

*Sav.* Is it possible?

*Car.* With such dexterity, that if I would make  
a Trade on't, I could undo all the Newes-mongers  
in Town that live by't.

*Sav.* It is most commendable practise in a  
Gentleman, and it will mature your judgement in  
the both Common-wealth and State affaires, and  
in short time invite you unto the chaire of *Helme*.

*Car.* When I am once married, and setled, you  
shall see what an asse 'tis, he believes me.

*Sav.* How am I comforted in my Meditation for  
you, and how over-joy'd will your Uncle be at the  
use you make of your retirements!

*Car.* I confess it is (by reason of my unwonted-  
nesse

nesse to it) some difficulty for me to write to women ; wherefore since you have so nobly undertaken the conveyance of this, let me beseech you to apologize for the rudenes of my stile.

*Sav.* *To the faire hands of the mo<sup>l</sup>l acomplish'd in vertue Mistris Anne Crostill, present, I pray with my service ;* The out-side hath no rudenesse on it, and (I doubt it not) shee shall finde within all sweetenesse and urbanity.

*Car.* As you may interpret it to her sir.

*Sav.* Sir, what I have already faid, and do intend to say unto her from your Unkle, and my selfe on your behalfe, together with what you have here written, shall (I doubt it not) prepare so faire a way of proceeding for you ; That at y<sup>r</sup> visit of her you may say, *veni, vidi, vici*, she is your own.

*Car.* And then—a ha, Mr. *Saveall*!

*Sa.* Expect your fortune modestly, and when it comes embrace it with discretion.

*Car.* Sir, I am edified.

*Sa.* It is well if you be so ; I will put my undertaking in action prefently, Pray for my good successe.

*Car.* I dare not tell him now I cannot ; but I wish well for the Monies sake ; and let the Vintners pray, and all the decay'd Sparks about the Towne, whom I will raise out of ashes into flame againe. Let them pray for my good wokes. O my young Lady aunts grave waiting Woman. If shee were not hers, and out of this house I should take her for a Bawd now. But being hers, and here how much may I mistake ? all flesh is frayle.

*Enter Nurse with Caudle cup.*

*Nur.* Not to disturb your morning Meditations, my Lady has sent you—

*Car.* And you have brought me, what sweet Mistris *Closet*?

*Nur.*

*Nur.* A part of her Ladiships own breakfast, it is very cordiall and comfortable to the spirits, I assure you, and delectable to the younger sort, and profitable to the old.

*Car.* One of *Robert Greenes* workes, or the mad Doctor that preaches boyld in't I thinke.

*Nur.* 'Tis a composition of mine owne Sir, of many excellent decoctiōns, of most wholesome restorative, and costly ingredients.

*Car.* That it was sent by her makes it more excellent, whose bounteous care of me, I must acknowledge exceeds all cost in carvng to me, and countenancing me at her Table, in gracing me in presence of the Ladies that come to visit her; in giving charge for decency in all things for my Chamber, my fires shining, my odours burning, my livery serv'd in, my soft and costly bed prepar'd and spread with perfum'd linnen—here's *Ambergreece* in this now—

*Nur.* O is it so, doe you finde that?

*Car.* But though shee is my own Unkles wife, I could e'ne say 'tis pity a young man had her not.

*Nur.* What a wag's this?

*Car.* Shee is a most sweete Lady.

*Nur.* Shee is a sweete Lady indeed, I can best speake it that have knowne her from the wombe hitherto: A sweete infant shee was borne, and a sweete babe I swaddled it, and a sweete child I nurs'd it, I traynd it up a sweete child. It was in manners a sweet child, at her Booke and Sample a sweet child. I never whipt it but once, and then it was sweete too, and sprawl'd but a little, and whimper'd but a little it was so sweet a child; And so shee grew upwards, and upwards towards woman, and a sweet youngling she was, and so grew upwards and upwards towards man, and then a sweete Bride shee was, and now a most sweet Lady

shee is, (as you say, and I commend you for it) And so shee stands at a stay. For now she growes no more upwards then upon her Wedding day, not upwards as I would have her upwards, here I meane young Gentlemen, could I but see a sweet babe of hers once by my Master, I could be then content to sleep with my Ancestors.

*Car.* I had rather see your Gibship hang'd up with Polcatts in a Warren, and your sweet Lady with you, though I confesse that were some pitty. I hope her barrennesse, or his will preserve her from my curse.

*Nur.* I hope still, and shee hopes still; and I make him of this broth for every morning; and many other good strengthening things (I cannot say for the same purpose) for I shall never see him have an heire by her.

*Car.* Excellent! that's best of all.

*Nur.* Because you then are heire, say you so? Is that your love to your Aunt?

*Car.* No I protest *Nurse*, I meant by the broth, the bottome was the best of all.

*Nur.* Then I cry mercy.

*Car.* Cannot all thy art, and her cost finde helpe for my Unkle, think'st thou, to get a child?

*Nur.* Helpe! what dee meane. He might have helpe and helpes enough, were she not too vertuous.

*Car.* Still thou mistak'ft me *Nurse*.

*Nur.* Away wag away, your Aunt loves you too well to thinke so of her.

*Car.* *Nurse* as I hope to inherit any thing hereafter—

*Nur.* I should but serve you well to tell her your good thought of her.

*Car.* *Nurse*, by this good—peece I think no harme.

*Nur.* Nay, nay.

*Car.*

*Car.* Take it I say. And tell her if thou wilt, that I love her so well, that were shee not mine Unkles wife, I would get her an heire my selfe rather then be his.

*Nur.* Kinde young Master, now I am heartily forry that I mov'd you.

*Car.* And for my Unkle were I his heire apparent, I rather wish he might live till all this World were weary of him, and the next afraid to take him, Then I survive him (Tongue, a pox punish you for lying)

Now I live well, and merily good *Nurse*, ('em, Wealth and Estates, bring cares and troubles with Were all young heires of my contented mind, Parents and Patrons would be better prayd for.

*Nur.* Good Gentleman.

*Nurse* Closet. *Lady within*—*Closet*—

*Nur.* O my Lady calls. (her,

*Car.* Present my thanks and best respects unto

*Nur.* I should ha' told you first—I ha' forgot. My head is naught,

*Car.* What member haft thou good then?

*Nur.* My Lady desires you—This talke has put me out—O this head! My Lady desires you—

*Car.* Desires shee me *Nurse*?

*Nur.* Yes sir, shee desires you.

*Car.* Refuse me if I desire not her as much, for all shee is my Unkles leavings.

*Nur.* My Lady desires you.

*Car.* And shee shall have me *Nurse*—And shee were ten Unkles wives, and shee ten of mine Aunts.

*Nur.* O this head! nay now you will not heare me, shee desires you to goe abroad in the Coach with her.

*Car.* Any whither, to *Islington, Newington, Paddington, Kensington*, or any of the City out-leaps (I

D 3 know'em

know'em all) for a spirt and back againe, tell her I am up and ready for her, and could ha' been without her stirrup porridge, though I thanke her for her care. A man can not be too well prepar'd, or provided for so sweete a Lady, in so much distresse. A very *Andromeda*, chain'd to a Rock.

*Takes up his Cloak & Sword.*

*Nur.* What's this you say? I understand no word of it, I would take your answer right, though I falter'd in my Ladies message.

*Car.* The Devills in this overrunning Tongue of mine, I could finde in my heart to worme him out with my teeth.

*Nur.* What must I tell my Lady Sir?

*Car.* That I am more oblidg'd to her Ladiship then I was to my Mother, she has brought mee a new man into the World, and that my Being and my Life is hers.

*Enter Lady.*

*La.* I hope hee's a true convertite, did I fend you to hold discourse here Closet?

*Nur.* Nor did I Madam, but I could heare this Gentleman a whole day methinks. Hee speakes so acknowledgingly of your Ladiships vertue, and goodnesse towards him.

*La.* I am beholding to him, will you goe with mee Nephew to the Exchange? I am to buy some toyes there for the Country, you may get a fancy by't.

*Car.* Good, I must weare her favours.

*La.* Or cannot you forbeare your study so long?

*Car.* To doe you service Madam, under whose command I build my happinesse.

*La.* Be not at the distance of complement with mee good Nephew.

*Car.* I would not be thought insolent deare Madam.

*La.*

*La.* Come the Coachman grumbles at my stay,  
and 'twill be Dinner-time presently, so the Cooke  
will be angry too.

*Car.* You are all tenderneſſe to your ſervants  
Madam. *Exit.*

*Nur.* A ſweete Gentleman, and bountiſull, if my  
Lady had been bleſt with ſuſh a Husband what a  
place had I had ! *Exeunt Omnes.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

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*Enter Croſtill, reading a Letter, Saveall.*

*Croſt.* Doe you know the contents Mr. Saveall of  
the familiar Epiftle you have brought me  
here.

*Sav.* No Lady, but I gueſſe it a faire expreſſion  
of the Writers affection to you, although hee desired  
mee to crave your pardon for the rudenesſe of his  
ſtyle, it being the firſt that hee hath composed of  
that conſequence.

*Croſt.* Ha, ha, ha, I'le truſt you ſir, with the full  
knowledge of it, pray read it your ſelſe.

*Sav.* I finde ſhee is pleaſed, and my indeavour  
prosperous, for the young Gentleman, I am forry  
that I delaide a day in the delivering of it.

*Croſt.* Pray read it out ſir, for I finde it ſo pleau-  
ſant that I could heare it a whole day together.

*Reades.*

*Sav.* In the firſt place you ſhall give mee leave  
to wonder at your impudencē (thoſh it be but  
in your dreameſ) to have a thought that I ever  
intended, or can be drawne by perfwafion, force,  
or the power of wiſchcraft to marry you —

Blesse mee! sure if hee writ this, the Devill dictated to him.

*Crof.* On sir, that's but his first charge.

*Sav.* *Secondly, I am to tell you, that I am warme in mine Unkles favour. And 'tis not a peece a time, or five peeces for a peece of pleasure can undo me; and so I can have change, and scape the captivity of Wedlock.*

This could no otherwife be done but by the Devill that ought him the shame.

*Crof.* What follows I pray, there's the first and second point past? marke his method.

*Sav.* *Thirdly, and lastly, let mee advise you, since you are so hot upon Marriage, though I assure my selfe you love none but mee, (and I thanke you for't) that you frame or dissemble an affection to some one of the City, who is but comparative to your selfe in blood and fortune, and so you may make by-use of me as your friend, and have children like me,*

#### GEORGE CARELESSE.

*Crof.* Have you ever heard so queint a Love Letter?

*Sav.* Lady, the injury done in it, to your selfe is unanswerable, but my wrong in being his Messenger, I will make him answere.

*Crof.* Excuse me Sir, he has done me a favour; I pray informe him so with my great thankes. But for what you conceive a wrong to your selfe, use your discretion, you have no more to say to me for him at this present, have you sir?

*Sav.* Not for him but against him, I will un-say all that I sayd before intended for his good.

*Crof.* But i'l not heare you wrong your former love, and judgement of him so, which made so deepe impression here, that I had lock'd his love up

as

as a Jewell in my Breast, and you in striving now to wrest it thence may breake the Cabinet ; I rather wish you'l be a friendly meanes to draw his presence hither, that I my selfe may mildly question him.

*Sav.* Are you serious Lady ?

*Crof.* I feare I shall not rest before I see him, but doe not tell him that, least in this fullen humour, hee force his absence to afflict mee more ; I'le hold you fir no longer, deale for me as you can, I know you have a gueffe at my desire.

*Sav.* I'le doe you service in it. *Exit Croftill.*  
I gueffe that her desire is to doe some act of Revenge upon him. And (so it be not mortall) it were but Justice in her for so grosse a scorne by him cast upon a well reputed Gentleman. Yet is it observ'd in her that shee has a violent humour to do, and not to doe things oftentimes wilfully against all good councell or perswasion, shee has the spirit of contradiction in her, and an unalterable resolution upon sodaine intentions, a most incorrigible will shee has that will not bow nor breake. This croffe abusive Letter therefore may doe good upon her, however mischievous hee might intend it. If shee meant well to him before, it may the faster bring her on, but it amazes me that hee should write so, bearing his Unkle, and my selfe in hand, that hee so fairely lov'd her, and besought us to negotiate with her for him, should shee forgive it, yet the wrong to us in his vile manners is unpardonable, and so fir, I come to you.

*Enter Careleffe.*

*Car.* O Mr. *Saveall*—

*Sav.* What mischiefe or despight have I e're done you,  
That could provoke your desperate spleene against mee,

To

To wound mine honour ?

*Car.* What doe you meane good sir ?

*Sav.* You have employed mee basely, made mee  
your

Carrier of scandall, and scurrility to the hands  
Of noblenesse and vertue. Could the Fiend  
Lust that is in you suffer you to write  
No other Sense or Language to a person  
Of her faire Name, and Worth, then such as Ruffians  
Would send to strumpets ? or it being such.

*Enter Wat.*

Could not a Porter, or your Pandare there  
Serve for the lewd conveyance ?

What a welcom's that !

*Sav.* You might safer  
Ha' sent it so, and your own right hand with it ;  
Then to have drawn my just revenge upon you.

*Draws.*

*Car.* Hold I beseech you, and sir, though I lose  
the Widow by my error (which was indeed but a  
meere accident) let mee not be so miserable made  
as to lose you, before you heare a shourt Examina-  
nation—

Deliver'd you the Letter which I sent  
Yesterday to the Damfell that you wot of ?

*Wat.* Yes sir, shée read it, kifit it a hundred times,  
Then made a bosome Idoll on't,  
And sayes you are the noblest Gentleman  
Under a Saint that e're tooke care for sinner.

*Car.* Hell take her for a mistaking whore,  
Shee has the widows Letter, and the widow hers,  
I found it sir, when you judiciously  
Said it was Ruffian-like, and Strumpet-language.

*Wat.* How could you erre so strangely ?

*Car.* O slightly, slightly, curse o' my heedless braine !  
And then too be trapp'd with carelesnesse,  
When I was so religiously resolv'd,

T'incline

T'incline to vertue, and a Marriage life,  
Thinking with one hand to cast off my follies,  
And to take hold of vertue with the other,  
For sir, (I will confess me selfe to you)  
The Letter you conveyed was in defiance,  
A loose liv'd wanton, intended to a whore,  
That impudently hopes an interest in me.

*Sav.* It was not so directed.

*Car.* I there was

(The Hell confound it on't) my giddness :  
I seald both Letters e're I supercribd 'em,  
And so gave each the contrary direction.

*Sav.* 'Twas a grosse carelesnesse, and if you  
lose

A fortune by't, do not blame your friends.

*Car.* That fortune should favour a whore before  
An honest woman. 'Twas the sweetest Letter,  
The daintiest winning things——(the Devills in't)  
Shee must not carryt from the widow so.

Fetch mee the Letter againe.

*Wat.* Do you thinke sheel part with't sir ?

*Car.* Cannot you beat it out of her sir ?

*Wat.* I cannot tell how to do that.

*Car.* Thus sir——i'le give you demonstration,  
you malicious Rogue, you that consipirst with her  
to betray me, so good a Master I have beene to thee,  
and so good a friend to her, i'le recompence you  
both.

*Wat.* You have undone us both, and will discard  
us now you are warme in your Unkles bosome  
agen—— but——

*Car.* But what you Traitor you ?

*Wat.* You put me in good minde, and if I do not  
somewhat.

*Car.* I owe you somewhat for your last-nights  
absence, too pernicious Villaine that kepst thy selfe  
out o' the way o' purpose that I should bee drunke,  
and

and abuse my self, and the house here all lay o'  
your absence, There's somewhat more for that.

(Beats him.)

*Wat.* 'Tis all upon account sir.

*Car.* Who knowes an honest Servingman that  
wants a good Master. *Exit.*

*Sa.* Was it your mans fault Mr. *Careleffe*? if I  
be not reveng'd &c.

*Car.* No faith, To speak truth he was as much  
abus'd in it, as you in doing a thing as contrary to  
his vile conditions, as you did to your noble Name.  
But I crave onely your pardon, I know not what I  
doe besides. This croffe blow of chance staggers  
my reason so—

*Sa.* Well sir, since I have found the error, my  
reason reconciles me to you, and since it grew out  
of your equall intent to cast off the evill, as to  
embrace the good, I will re-mediate for you to the  
widow.

*Car.* But yet shee'l know I have had a whore.  
Yet then you may say, 'tis such a running Disease  
among young Gentlemen, that not one of a hundred  
has scap'd it, that have prov'd stay'd men after-  
wards, and very sober husbands; As looke you  
yonders one may prove, whom now I have in good  
footh a great desire to beate.

*Enter Lady, and Bellamy talking.*

*Sa.* In your Aunts presence, and your Uncle's  
house; Though I were not his friend; could you  
be so outragious? I muse I see him here though.

*Car.* Cry you mercy sir, are you his friend?

*Sa.* I make my selfe so, hee being dependent to  
my noblest Lord, whom I am bound to honour.

*Car.* What Lord I pray, that I may honour him  
too.

*Sa.* The Lord *Lovely*.

*Car.* That loves women above wine, wine above  
wealth,

wealth, wealth above friend, and friends above himselfe. There's no scandall in all that sir.

*Sa.* It goes so of him indeed, but he loves honor above all those.

*La.* Mr. *Saveall* a word.

*Sa.* Your servant Madam.

*Car.* In the name of flesh, for what dos his Lordship employ that Angle-worme to my Aunt? Hee has had her this houre in private conference, close chamberd up together, not so much as Matron *Nurse* in the roome with 'em. 'Tis a fine fleeke thing, and almost pitty to hunt it, but sure I must beat it, as place and time convenient may serve.

*La.* Pray Mr. *Saveall* move you my Husband for it, I would not medle in his money matters willingly.

*Sa.* Five hundred pound for my Lord upon the mentioned security, I will break it to sir *Oliver*.

*Car.* Is that the businesse after so much privacy? very prety, my Aunts a woman too, and my Unkle may have as forked a fortune, as any of the City, that lend out money to hedge in Lordships.

*La.* I am his Lordships servant.

*Bel.* And I your Lordships good Madam. And yours Mr. *Saveall*.

*Sa.* I am for your way Mr. *Bellamy*.

*Car.* And I sir, and't please you. *Exit Sav. Bel.*

*La.* *George Careleffe*, I would speak with you.

*Car.* May I not wait upon your Gentleman to the Gate Madam?

*La.* No good *George*, though I commend your curtesie, yet would I not you should neglect your owne dignity.

*Car.* Umh—I am under Government.

*La.* The young man, if you have modesty will thinke you mock him, if not you'l make him become arrogant, know you not whose man he is?

(c)

*Car.*

to bed to you before foure men could force, or humour you into it.

*Car.* What an unhallowed Rascall was I !

*La.* 'Tis well you consider it now. And still consider *George*.

How ill exceſſe of Wine, Roaring and Whoring becomes a Gentleman, and how well sobrietie, curtesie, and noble action, and dangers wait upon the one fort, and what safety accompanies the other !

*Car.* Wine, Roaring and Whoring, I will lay that ſaying of yours Madam to my heart ; but Wine is the great wheele that ſets the reſt a whirling.

*La.* True *George*, for had you not firſt beene fullied with Wine, you would not have abuſ'd your ſelfe to ha tumbled in the dirt with your Litter-mules, nor offer'd to ſeduce my Chamber-maide. Suppoſe you had overcome her, how could you have come off but with shame to your ſelfe, and the utter ruine of the poore Wench ?

*Car.* Still ſhee corrects me for my meddling with base matters and people, ſhee is not angry ſhee ſayes, though I call'd for her laſt night i' my drinke, ſhee gives me mony, I will now understand her, and whereunto all her former favours and her later admonitions are directed, and preſently appeare a gratefull Nephew.

*La.* Nay, bee not ſad upon it *George*, as I would win you from your faults, I would have you ſtill be cheerfull. If any thought troubles you, you may be free with me *George*.

*Car.* O Madam you have made me, and now take me to you.

*La.* How meane you ?

*Car.* Freely and wholly, the trueſt, faithfu'lſt ſervant, and I thinke the ableſt that any Lady of your lacks and longings ever beſtowd a favour on, though

though I say't my self. You'l swear't when you have tri'd me, and't be but hourelly for a month together.

*La.* Is the man sound troe ?

*Car.* I defy Surgeon, or the Potecary can come against mee.

*La.* Sound i' your fenses sir, I meane.

*Car.* O for blabbing Madam never feare mee, now I am resolv'd to live soberly, and be onely yours. And with such pleasure, with such safety, secrerie, and fulnesse, I will so constantly supply you, that you shall not have time to dreame of the defects of your old man.

*La.* Doe you meane your Unkle, and not know whose wrong you unnaturally and sinfully pursue ?

*Car.* No man living Madam can doe it for him, more naturally and lesse sinfully ; I am of the same flesh and blood, and bring his youth to your pleasure, how can you thinke old Unkles children are got ? or how came up the proverbe, *Shee is one of mine Aunts*, doe you thinke ? You would have a child by him. All your Cawdells and Cock-broaths will never doe it, An old mans generative spirit runs all into braine, and that runs after covetousnesse too, get wealth, not children. Believe it, much Nephews helpe belongs to it, and then the children are not degenerate, I cannot thinke but many Unkles know it, and give way to it, because stranger bloods shall not inherit their Lands, and so sweet Aunt if I live not to inherit his, my son may, in your first born. There will be a sweete comfort to you.

*La.* But is all this in earnest ?

*Car.* In earnest ? yes, And I pray so take it, and let it be a bargaine, and now presently in the Chamber, I will make you my first payment for the purchace.

*La.* Fie, fie, you doe but say so?

*Car.* That shall be tri'd presently. Come sweet Madam, I finde you are willing, and I sweare I am resolute, and will be as secret as your own woman, if you will not goe I protest i'le carry you.

*La.* Nay preythee *George* set me down a little.

*Car.* Pfewgh—I need none o' these whefings I.

*La.* But prathee tell mee, dost thou not all this onely to trie me, or am I a Rogue thinke you, or wouldst thou ferioufly that thine own naturall Unkle, thy bountifull Patron, nay thy father on the matter, should suffer such a wrong, and done by us?

*Car.* Harke there againe, Madam have I not proved sufficiently and plainly, that I shall in doing the feate for him doe him the greatest right in the world, in getting him, and you an indubitable heire, and to give him both the comfort, and the glory of it?

*La.* Was ever such a Reprobate?

*Car.* And you can doe him no wrong (though you had not a Ladies priviledge) to Cuckold him, for assure your selfe hee Cuckqueanes you, now come Madam.

*La.* You speake not on your knowledge.

*Car.* I never was his Pimpe, but what I have heard I have heard. Now come Madam.

*La.* I heard Mr. *Saveall* protest within these three days that he thought my Husband the chasteſt man (of a Gentleman) that he knows.

*Car.* O did hee so, Madam, believe it they two have whor'd together, and that *Saveall* has pimpt for him oftener then you ever lay with my Unkle.

*La.* What! ſince he married me?

*Car.* What else? *Saveall*, is not onely his grave Parasite, but his Pimpe, and has ſpent my Unkle more in these civill punctuall wayes, then I in all  
my

my whole debauches, what did you thinke hee kept him for? O they are a brace of subtle dry Tweakes, come now Madam.

*La.* What an inhumane Villain's this!

*Car.* I'le tell you all now upon our inward acquaintance.

*La.* You have told too much already to have any acquaintance with me at all, nor shall you unlesse you presently recant all that you have, or would have said upon this subiect.

*Car.* Madam—

*La.* Stand further and replie not, lesse I call in those that shall sadly silence you. Have you abus'd your Unkle, and the next best friend you have i' the World, in hope thereby to abuse mee most, that was no enemy of yours till now you justly have provok'd me?

*Car.* I tooke not a right course.

*La.* Was this the best construction you could make of my love to you, or a fit requitall, to make me an incestuous Whore?

*Car.* Yes, yes, a pox my course was right enough, but I undertooke her at an ill season. Her spruce springall left her but now, i'le tell her so Madam.

*La.* Come I perceive you are sorry; and that's a part of satisfaction. Therefore for once i'le winke at your transgression, especially before others. Here's one you see.

*Enter Closet.*

*Car.* I doe, the Devill blind her.

*Nur.* Madam—

*La.* But tempt me so againe, and i'le undoe you.

*Car.* I know how you'l undoe mee witty Madam,  
Ah— *Aside.*

*La.* Nay be not sad *George*, discover not your selfe, and you are safe, for once I tell you.

*Car.* Shee'l come about I fee.

*La.* But will you Cozen goe, and doe that for me?

*Car.* Most readily good Madam, I have your full directions.

*La.* All Cosen, if you forget not.

*Car.* I cannot be so negligent in your service Madam, I finde by this fain'd errand shee dares not trust her trollop there, I love her wit now too.

*Exit.*

*La.* He is both schoold, and coold I hope. Now *Closet* what's your News?

*Clo.* Of a Citizen Madam that intreats to speake with your Ladifhip.

*La.* Doe you not know his Name, or Trade?

*Clo.* Yes, I had both eene now, but I have such a Head.

*La.* If you have lost 'em by the way pray go back and seeke 'em, or bring you his businesse.

*Clo.* I ask'd his businesse Madam, and told him hee might trust mee with it without a hand to his booke, but he said it could not be delivered, but by his owne word o' mouth to your Ladifhip.

*La.* What strange matter is it troe? or what Citizen, is not his Name *Saleware*?

*Clo.* Yes Madam, and he is a (O this head)

*La.* A Silkeman is he not? (a—)

*Clo.* Yes Madam the same.

*La.* I hope his impudent Wife has not told him all, if shee has, where's his remedy in this Womans Law-cafe?

*Clo.* There's a Gentlewoman with him too Madam.

*La.* Then we shall have it. 'Tis his Wife sure, well I am prepar'd for the encounter. Bid 'em come up, if they grow violent or too bold with mee, i'lle set my Nephew *George* upon 'em. 'Tis not his Wife, what Creature is it troe with me, Mr. *Saleware*?

*Enter*

*Enter Saleware, Phebe.*

*Sal.* Craving your pardon Madam, a few words in the behalfe of this poore Kinswoman of mine, touching a Gentleman, who I heare lives in your House, Mr. *George Careleffe*, Madam, by whom shee has received much injury.

*La.* How sir I pray ?

*Sal.* Pray Madam read this Letter, weepe not, but hold up thy head Cuz, wee will not be dasht, not basht in a good cause ; pray read you Madam.

*La.* *I am now (Lady) in favour with my Uncle, and in faire possibility of a good Estate, deporting my selfe (I intend to doe) a civill Gentleman. To which end (indue'd as well by reason, as by long continued affections) I tender my selfe to you in the holy condition of Marriage. If you vouchsafe your consent, (which is my most earnest request) I shall not onely declare my selfe a good Husband, but the most happy,*

GEO. CARELESSE.

*La.* Wherein appeares the injury to your Kinswoman ?

*Sal.* In flying from his Word, and Deed Madam. He has borne her in hand these two yeares, and use her at his pleasure, detaining her from her choyce of many good fortunes, and at last sends her this to make amends for all, and denies his act the next day, sending his man to take the Letter from her, pretending 'twas directed to another. But never the sooner for a hasty word Cosen, we will not be dasht nor basht, I warrant thee.

*La.* Here's the direction. *To the Lilly White Hands of Mistris Mariana Gymcrack*, is that your Name Lady ?

*Phe.* I am the forrowfull one that is knowne by it Madam.

*Sal.* Never the sooner for a hafty word Cofen.

*La.* I conceive the businesse, and find the error, and my great doubt is over.

*Sal.* Weepe not I say.

*La.* What would you have me doe Mr. *Saleware*?

*Sal.* You have discretion Madam, and I made choice of your Ladiship to open this matter unto you, rather then to Sir *Oliver* himselfe, whom I would not willingly exasperate against his Nephew, you may be pleased in a milder way to temper him, and worke a satisfaction for my Kinswoman; Sir *Oliver* and your selfe Madam, are noble Customers to my Shop, and for your sakes I would not deale rigorously with your Kinsman, if a gentle end may be made. But, if you cannot so compound it, the Law lies open, money and friends are to be found, a good cause shall not be sterv'd, I will not be dasht nor basht, *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, and so good Madam you know my mind.

*La.* 'Tis pity a Gentlewoman should suffer too much, and I like her so well at first sight, that I am easily mov'd to doe good for her, is shee your Kinswoman in blood Mr. *Saleware*, or your wifes?

*Sal.* Mine I assure your Ladiship, though my wife can boast as great and noble friends I thank fortune, as the wife of any Tradesman that carries a head in the City, (but that's by the by) yet I came of a better house, and am a Gentleman borne, none disprais'd.

*La.* Well Mr. *Saleware*, leave your Kinswoman with me a little while, you shall not be feene in my act, i'le try what I can doe for her.

*Sal.* With all my heart good Madam, and dee heare *Mariana*, This is a noble Lady, beare your selfe discreetly in the businesse, and towards her: you may get a Husband by't, or at least a composition that may purchace one to sholder you up.

But

But carry it high and worthy of the house I brag of, or— *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia tua tibi*,  
That's my sentence.

*Phe.* Well sir, you neede not doubt my high Carriage.

*La. Closet.*

*Enter Closet.*

Madam.

*La.* Take this Gentlewoman to your Chamber, and I charge you let none see her, or take notice of her, but your selfe and me, till I give order.

*Exit Closet.*

I shall doe something for her doubt not Master Saleware. *Exit Lady.*

*Sal.* I shall be bound to your Ladiship, now to my Shop, to which I thanke my Wife shee has beene a Wild-cat these two dayes, which must be borne with as wee are friends. And from my House all Night, and yet no Greene-goose-faire-time; Nor though shee were so absent must I be so unfriendly as to question her, where, or with whom shee was; a new Article this twixt Man and Wife! But *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia sua sibi*. Thus it must be where Man and Wife are friends and will continue so in spight of chance, or high heeld shooes, that will awry sometimes with any Women. Shee is not yet come home *The Shop* heere. What Ladies that, and not my *discover'd* Wife there to handle her handfomely *Alicia, &* for her Money? My servants are such *Bellamy.* Affinegoes! stay, are mine eyes perfect?

'Tis shee, 'tis my Friendwife, and in the Courtly habit, which so long shee has long'd for. And my Lord *Lovelies* Gammed with her. His Lordship lay not at home to Night, neither at his Lodging. I heard that by the way. I cannot thinke my Lord and shee both late up all Night to see the Taylors

at worke, and to haftten the finishing of those Cloaths, if shee were with him which I would not be so unfriendly to inquire for the worth of a Wife. 'Twas right honorably done of him to send her home as gallantly attended as attir'd, if shee die —a— a— lie with him all Night, which I will not be such a beast to believe although I knew it. I must come on her with a little wit though, for which I will precogitate.

*Al.* Once more your story, for I am not satisfied with thrice being told it.

*Bel.* Can a Woman take so much delight in hearing of another Womans pleasure taken?

*Al.* As it was given by you I can, for I am prepared by it to take pleasure from you, and shall with greedinesse expect it till I have it.

*Bel.* Then know I pleas'd her so, that shee protested, (and I believe her) her Husband never pleas'd her so.

*Al.* Or any other man you should ha' put her to that, her Husband's but a Bungler.

*Bel.* How know you that?

*Al.* I doe but guesse.

*Bel.* Nay shee swore deeply, and I believ'd her there too, no man besides her husband but my selfe had e're injoy'd her; but let me tell you Lady, as shee was amply pleas'd she may thanke you.

*Al.* For fending you, I know she did and will.

*Bel.* That was the first respect, but not the greateſt: For in our Act of love, our first and fecond Act —

*Al.* Indeed!

*Bel.* In reall deed, I can speak now like an embolden'd lover.

*Al.* Well, but what in your Acts of Love?

*Bel.* I had you still in my imagination, and that I mee to be more gratefull to her Ladyship, which

which wrought her thankfulnesse to you, exprest in a hundred pieces, sent by me, more then I tould before, which are your own shee fayes, since tother morning shee was here with you.

*Al.* That token confirmes all. Had I the spirit of Witchcraft, when putting upon chance for my Revenge, to find Reward! Have you the money?

*Bel.* Safe at my Chamber for you.

*Al.* O you are cunning, lesse I should breake with you you thought to oblige me by't.

*Bel.* I'le rather run and fetch you twice the summe, I conceal'd it onely to give it you unex- pectedly.

*Al.* Sweete Bellamy I am yours, I could be sorry now I have lost so much of thee. This Kisse, and Name your time—

*Sal.* Would they had done whispering once, that I might enter safe in my manners.

*Bel.* To morrow night.

*Al.* Shall you be ready so soone thinke you after your plentifull Lady-feast.

*Bel.* O with all fulnesse both of Delight and Appetite.

*Al.* And with all faith and secrerie I am undone else, you know my vowes unto my Lord.

*Bel.* And can you thinke I dare be found your meane, to break'em.

*Al.* No more my husband comes. Pray Sir returne my thanks unto my Lord for his right noble bounty, and not mine alone, for so my husband in much duty bound also presents his thanks unto his Lordship.

*Sal.* Yes, I beseech you sir.

*Bel.* I am your willing Messenger.

*Sal.* Hee is my most honored Lord, and has so many wayes obliged me both by my wife, and in mine owne particular that —

*Bel.*

*Bel.* I take my leave. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Still this is an Assinggo. I can never get him to stand a Conference, or a Complement with mee. But *Sapientia mea miki*, what was that friend you made mee send thanks for to his Lordship, what new favour has hee done us, besides his counsell—These Clothes, the cost was mine you told mee, out of the odd hundred pound you tooke, what late Honour has hee done us?

*Al.* Ist not enough I know Friend? will you ever transgresse in your impertinent inquisitions?

*Sal.* I cry you mercy friend, I am corrected justly.

*Al.* Will you never be governd by my judgment, and receive that onely fit for you to understand, which I deliver to you undemanded? Doe not I know the weight of your floore thinke you? Or doe it you on purpose to infringe friendship, or breake the peace you live in?

*Sal.* Never the sooner for a hasty word, I hope Friend.

*Al.* Did you not Covenant with mee that I should weare what I pleased, and what my Lord lik'd, that I should be as Lady-like as I would, or as my Lord desir'd; that I should come, and go at mine own pleasure, or as my Lord requir'd; and that we should be always friends and call so, not after the fillie manner of Citizen and Wife, but in the high courtly way?

*Sal.* All this, and what you please sweete Courtly-friend I grant as I love Court-ship, it becomes thee bravely.

*Al.* O dos it so?

*Sal.* And I am highly honor'd; And shall grow fat by the envy of my repining Neighbours, that cannot maintaine their Wives so like Court-Ladies, some perhaps (not knowing wee are friends) will say

*shee's*

shee's but *Tom Salewares* Wife, and shee comes by this Gallantry the Lord knowes how, or so. But *Sapientia mea mihi*, let the Affinegos prate while others shall admire thee, sitting in thy shop more glorious, then the Maiden-head in the Mercers armes, and say there is the Nonparrell, the Paragon of the Citie, the Flower-de-luce of Cheapside, the Shop Court-ladie, or the Courtshop Mistris, ha' my sweet Courtlie friend ?

*Al.* How do you talke ? As if you meant to instruct'em to abuse me,

*Sal.* *Sapientia mea mihi.*

*Al.* To prevent that I will remove out of their walke, and keepe shop no more.

*Sal.* Never the lesse for a hasty word I hope Friend.

*Al.* Fie, 'tis uncourtly, and now i'le tell you Friend, unaskd, what I have done for you besides in my late absence, and all under one.

*Sal.* Under one ! yes, I could tell her under whom if I durst.

*Al.* What's that you say Friend ? mee thinkes you mutter.

*Sal.* No Friend, I was guessing what that other thing might bee that you have done for mee, all under one. You have taken the House i'le warrant, that my Lord lik'd so.

*Al.* By my Lords favour and direction I have taken it, And I will furnish it so Courtly you'l admire.

*Sal.* Must I then give up Shop, or lie so far remote ?

*Al.* No you must keepe your Shop Friend, and lie here if you please.

*Sal.* And not with you but there ?

*Al.* No not with me at all Friend, that were most uncourtly,

*Sal.*

If hee has with that bashfull modesty  
Got any of his Mothers Maides with child?  
Or of his Fathers Tenants Wifes, or Daughters?  
I would have some assurance.

*Lo.* Then i'le tell you.  
Thefe Widowes love to heare of manly acts,  
And choose their husbands by their backs, and faces.

*Crof.* My Lord you said you'l tell me.  
*Lo.* Yes, but I would not have you cunningly  
To sift discoveries from me to his wrong.

*Crof.* I am loth to speake so plainly to you my  
Lord,  
But by the worft that you can speake of him  
I may the better like him.

*Lo.* That's her humor;  
Then hearke you Widow, to avoid his blushes,  
Suppose I tell hee has got a baftard.

*Crof.* You may as well suppose i'le say 'twas  
well.

*Lo.* What say you to two or three!

*Crof.* The more the merrier.

*Lo.* He has no leffe then five old Gentlemens  
Young Wives with child this Moone, but got all in  
One weeke.

*Crof.* Indeed!

*Lo.* Yes, in good deed, and lusty.

*Crof.* Good deed call you it, to get other Mens  
Children?

*Lo.* Suppose they have the husbands consents.

*Crof.* I suppose they are wittalls then.

*Lo.* No, they are wifealls, and 'tis a thing in  
much request among landed men, when old and  
wanting iffue of their owne, to keepe out riotous  
Kindred from inheritance, who else would turne the  
Land out of the Name.

*Crof.* An excellent policie!

*Lo.* You know the Lady *Thrivewell*.

*Crof.*

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*ACT. IV. SCENE. I.*

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*Enter Lord Lovely, Crostall, Bellamy.*

*Lo.* **L**ady, 'tis true hee is a bashfull Lover,  
Unskill'd to court a Widow, has not yet,  
The Act methodicall to sware he loves you,  
Must and will have you, nor the moving boldnesse  
To stirre your blood by putting of you to't,  
Or shewing you how tis, before the Priest  
Declares it lawfull. But he has love and sweetnesse,  
Which you will find with full and rich content ;  
And look (look here) what a long, middle finger he  
has,

Which with thin Jawes, and Roman Nose,  
Are never fayling signes of Widowes joyes.

*Crof.* Your Lordship is dispos'd to mirth ;

*Lo.* It is

My care to put you in a course of mirth,  
Nay of felicity.

*Crof.* In marrying of that stripling !

*Lo.* Do not thinke lightly of him, tho' he appeares  
Modest and bashfully, if I have any judgement,  
Hee's a fit match for you. His outward fortune  
For his estate, I will make good to him,  
And for his inward vertue never doubt  
Hee'l make that good to you : However still  
He holds his much commended Modesty.

*Crof.* My Lord you much commend his modestie,  
And bashfulnesse, urging your confidence  
Of his strange inward hid abilities  
(I hope your Lordships pardon) can you tell,

If

*Crof.* I doe commend your mirth my Lord, for the lusty straine you spoke him in, that he had yet five children in one weeke, wherein I may presume you thought you had mov'd to my liking, ha, ha, ha—

*Lo.* I am glad I have made you merry, But you will wish if you reject him —

*Crof.* If I reject one that tenders not himselfe ! yet I commend his caution.

*Lo.* As how I pray ?

*Crof.* As thinking I am one of your cast peeces (Knowing how well your Lordship loves the game) And now would put mee on him, But you misprise mee sinfully sweet Youth In such a thought, how e're you should not scorne To ride in your Lords cast boots, though you be Gentleman of's house.

*Lo.* Come now he shall have none of you.

*Crof.* I'le heare him say he will not first, by your Lordships leave.

*Lo.* Spirit of contradiction !

*Crof.* Stay sir, would you be content to have me ?

*Bel.* You heard my Lord say I should not.

*Crof.* But say he say agen you shall, speake, will you have mee ?

*Lo.* Say no (I finde her now) that is the way to win her.

*Crof.* Without instructions good my Lord.

*Bel.* Lady I finde so much your scorn already, That to be wedded to't, I should dispaire (My much unworthiness consider'd) to convert it Ever to love, and 'tis your love, before Your Person or Estate, that my affection Ought to direct mee to.

In answser therefore, to your will, you have mee, I must say no, till I perceive some signe

Of

Of love in you towards me.

*Crof.* I now he speakes!

Some signes of love in me? How would you have it?

Must I declare it to you before you seeke it?

*Bel.* No; I would seeke it zealously, but my Lord Is off on't now, and I may lose his favour.

*Crof.* Is your love limited by his favour then?

*Bel.* Not limited: but (as it is as yet, But in its infancy) a little checkt, Though it still growes, and may extend beyond All limitation to so faire an object

As is your selfe: But still my own demerit Curbs my ambition more then love emboldens.

*Crof.* He speakes within me now.

*Enter Saveall, Careleffe.*

*Sa.* Stay, let us retire. Here is the Lord *Lovely*.

*Car.* Be he a Lord of Lords i'le not retire a foot.

*Lo.* What servants Mistris *Croftill* doe you keep, To let intruders in?

O Mr. *Saveall*!

*Carleffe salutes*

*Sa.* The humblest of your Lordships (*Croftill*, servants. (& puts by

*Lo.* What Gentlemen is that you bring (*Bellamy*, with you?

*Sa.* It is the Nephew of the good Knight Sir *Oliver Thrivewell*, of which Sir *Oliver*, I have procured unto your Lordship the sum which you desired by your servant Mr. *Bellamy*.

*Lo.* For that I thanke him and you, but I could wish you had not brought that Nephew hither now.

*Sa.* Certes my Lord I am sorry.

*Lo.* My reason is, I have enter'd *Bellamy* a suitor to the Widow.

*Sa.* He also comes a suiter.

*Lo.* And is in deepe discourse with her already.

I'le see faire play.

*Car.* But you shall heare mee Widow, and that to the point and purpose.

*Lo.* Lady at my request, doe this Gentleman (who made the first approach) the favour to be heard, and answer'd first.

*Car.* As his approach was first my Lord, shée has heard him first already, and my request is to be heard now, and then let her answer both him, or me, or neither, what care I ?

*Lo.* Your name is *Careleffe* I take it.

*Car.* I came to talke with this Gentlewoman.

*Crof.* Pray my Lord forbeare him, and let him speake, what do you say sir ?

*Car.* I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I list.

*Crof.* I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I list. — *To Bell.* —

*Bell.* This to mee Lady ? i'le take you at your word.

*Crof.* Stay, I doe but tell you what he fayes.

*Car.* Take her at her word againe sir, and I shall take you by the luggs. I say againe you shall have none but me.

*Crof.* I say again, you shall have none but me. — *To Bel.*

*Car.* What, doe you foole mee, or him, your selfe, or all ?

*Crof.* Pray sir how old are you ?

*Car.* Are you good at that, pray sir, how old are you ? — *To Bel.*

*Lo.* You preffe beyond your priviledge, which is only to speake to the Gentlewoman.

*Car.* My Lord I am a Gentleman.

*Lo.* You may tell her so.

*Sa.* Let me beseech your Lordship. *Take him aside.*

*Car.*

*Car.* How can you use a Gentleman that loves  
you

Dearer then Life, and onely bends his study  
By all meanes to deserve you, one that (can not ?)  
Will not, while there are wayes to die, live out of  
Your favour, with so much despightfull scorne,  
That when he speakes his soul to you through his  
lips,

You make his Language yours, and giv't a Boy ?

*Crof.* What Gentleman's that you speake of ?

*Car.* The man that speakes it I am he.

*Crof.* All this sir in effect, and more of my affec-  
tion, can I speake to you.

*Car.* Uns, but you shall not, you mistake the  
person to whom you are, or ought to direct your  
affection, you mistake strangely.

*Crof.* No more then once a Lover, or at least,  
A bold pretender, having in civill language  
Exprest in writing his affection  
To a chaste Mistris seal'd, and directed it,  
And on the contrary, courted his vertuous friend  
in brothell language ;  
To a lewd strumpet. Have I hit you sir ?

*Car.* What can I say now ! Slife if that anger you  
after the errorr found, and confess, i'le write worse  
to you, and in earnest.

*Crof.* Mr. Bellamy some other time I shall be  
glad to see you.

*Car.* Shee meanes that to mee now, but i'le take  
no notice ; i'le finde as good a Widow in a Taverne  
Chimney, O shee's a dainty Widow !

*Crof.* Hee lookes with scorne at mee, I must not  
lose him, yet dare not stay, for feare I tell him so.  
I humbly crave your pardon good my Lord,  
For my ill manners, and abrupt departure ;  
The cause is urgent, and I beseech your mercy,  
Question it not.

home Drunke by his not comming to Supper.

*Clo.* Then he may forget what he so much expected, or sleepe away his expectation.

*Phe.* No, hee will then be the more vehement till his desire be over.

*La.* You know his humour best it seemes, away, away, my husband comes. *Exit Clo. Phe.*

*Enter Thrivewell and Wat.*

*Thr.* Well *Wat.*, for this discovery i'le make thy reward worth ten such masters services.

*Thr.* Sweet heart I have a suit to you—But first what Woman's that with *Nurse*?

*La.* A Kinswoman of hers whom shee would preferre to mee, but I have answer'd her, I will not charge your purse with more attendants ; onely I have given her leave to entertaine, and lodge her this night.

*Thr.* That's my Good Girle.

*La.* Now what's your suite sir, (as you are pleas'd to call it) which I would have to be your free command?

*Thr.* 'Tis for my absence from thee, to accompany *Mr. Saneall*, to bring a deare friend on his way to Gravesend to night, who is sodainly to depart the Land.

*La.* These sodaine departures of friends out of the Land, are so frequent, and that I may believe you intend really, and no fained excuse ; now will I thinke as long as you have good and substanciall Made-worke at home, that you will seeke abroad for any more flight sale-ware.

*Thr.* No more o'that Sweet heart, farewell, expect me early in the morning. *Exit.*

*La.* I am glad of his absence to night, lest there should happen some cumbustion in the house by his unruly Nephew, in case hee should discover my deceipt in beguiling him with his own wench instead of

of me, I do even tremble to thinke upon the un-naturall Villaine, that would offer so to wrong his Uncle. I thought I had school'd him sufficiently, and beaten him off at his first attempt, and hee to assaile me againe with more forcible temptations urging me to a promise.

*Enter Closet.*

*Clo.* The young Gentleman is come in Madam, and as you foresaw very high flowne, but not so drunke as to forget your promise! Hee's going to bed in expectation of your approach.

*La.* And have you put his Damsell into her night-attire?

*Clo.* Most Lady-like I assure you Madam.

*La.* And let her be sure to steale from him before Day.

*Clo.* Yes, with all silence Madam, she has promised.

*Ex.*

*La.* May Ladies that shall heare this story told, Judge mildly of my act since hee's so bold.

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*ACT IV. SCENE III.*

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*Saleware, Bellamy.*

*Sa.* **N**ay but looke you Mr. *Bellamy*, it is not I protest that I am jealous, I make this inquiry for my wife. I jealous? I an Afinego then, I am as confident of my wife, as that she is in this house, how ere you deny her to me.

*Bel.* Why Lady, you are not jealous now? If you were not, you would believe me she is not here.

*Sa.* Without equivocation, Mr. *Bellamy*, shée is not here—indeed, under your foot, but shée's here in the house, and under some body for aught any

*Lo.* Let your will guide you.

*Crof.* Mr. *Saveall* I thanke you for my Suitor.

*Car.* Nay but Lady.

*Crof.* Yes you shall controwle mee in my owne  
House. *Exit.*

*Car.* Yes, yes, I meane so too, but you shall  
wooe mee hard first.

*Lo.* 'Tis a mad Widow, which of these two now  
think you has the Better on't?

*Sa.* I thinke he shall in the end have the best  
my Lord, that can flight her most.

*Lo.* 'Tis my opinion too, and heare mee —  
*Aside.*

*Car.* Sir, I have seene you but twice, and it has  
beene at places where I cannot allow of your re-  
forts, firs't at my Aunts, and now here at my  
Widowes.

*Bel.* Your Widow sir! I thought shee had beene  
the Widow of one deceas'd.

*Car.* Thou art a witty, pretty Child. But doe  
you here use your wit, out of the smell-reach of  
your Lords perfum'd Gloves, and I shall take you  
by the Nose.

*Bel.* Forbeare sir, I have a Handkercher.

*Car.* And let me finde you there no more, nor  
here I charge you.

*Bel.* I heare your charge sir, but you must leave  
it to my discretion to obey it or not.

*Car.* Trust to your discretion!

*Lo.* And so commend me to my Lady *Thrive-*  
*well.* Come *Bellamy* away, what's your discourse?

*Bel.* All faire and friendly my Lord.

*Car.* Very good.

*Lo.* So should it be with Rivals, fare you well  
Mr. *Careleffe*.

*Car.* Your Lordships——with a whew.

*Sav.* Will you walke homewards?

*Car.*

*Car.* Excuse me sir, I pray.

*Sav.* It will not be convenient to returne this day unto the Widow.

*Car.* Feare it not sir, I like her not so well now.

*Sa.* Doe your pleasure. *Exit.*

*Car.* Ha' you croffe tricks Mistris *Croftill?* well I will goe drinke your Crotchets out of my Pate, then home, and doe that which mine Aunt and I must only know. This is her Night of Grace, if shee keepe touche with me. *Exeunt Omnes.*

---

## *ACT IV. SCENE II.*

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*Enter Lady, Phebe, Closet.*

*La.* IN truth your story is pittifull, but your own folly has brought your scourge upon you.

*Phe.* 'Twas through the blindnesse of my love, and my credulity Madam, wrought by his strong Temptations.

*La.* Well, for this once i'le straine a point of honour for you, chiefly indeed in answer of his rude unnaturall presumption in attempting mee. That a Villaine can still be so barbarously lustfull! If in this way I fit him not, and cause him to desist his beastly purpose, I will discover all to his undoing. *Close* you know my minde, and full directions for the conveyance of our designe.

*Clo.* Yes Madam, doubt not. Though I have but a naughty head at most, other matters, I dare not trust it for a sure one at such conveyances.

*La.* I presume to further the matter, he'l come home

*Al.* Or did you court me to a promise onley to try my fidelity to your Lord, and then betray me ?

*Bel.* Deare Lady think not so, but that I am struck into stome with wonder, and amazement at the most unexpected accident that ever croft a Lover.

*Sa.* Dainty waggery this, what little mad Rogues are these to plot this to make me jealous ?

*Al.* Pray, are you serious ? what is the accident ?

*Bel.* I will not be so croft, but kill him rather. To injoy such a Mistris, who would not kill a horn'd beast ? yet blood is such a horror —

*Sa.* Very pretty.

*Al.* Will you not tell mee ?

*Bel.* Speak lower gentle Lady.

*Al.* Why prithee, who can heare us ?

*Bel.* I know not by what Magick your jealous husband has made discouery of our being here, he wrought sure with the Devill !

*Al.* I am undone then. He will tell my Lord.

*Sa.* I shall undoe my selfe then Friend. No, *Sapientia mea mihi*. Be not dasht nor basht for that good Friend, if there were any such matter : but this is waggery, fine waggery plotted betwixt you, to tempt my jealousie, but never the sooner for a hasty word I warrant you, Mr. *Bellamy* that my Wife is here I thank you ; But how I came to know it you shall never know from me ; you sent not for mee, I am sure you were not the *Anomimus*. Indeed it should have been *Anomina* Friend-wife : for it was thy act I dare sweare ; However you doe not heare mee say I was sent, or writ for at all, more then by a Dreame or Vision : But here I am and meane to remaine to night ; I hope the house can afford you another Bed in't Mr. *Bellamy*, and you to leave mee to my owne Friend-wife, I like the lodging most curiously sweete Friend, and I prethee

prethee, lets try heartily what luck we may have, in a strange place, I would so faine have a little one like thee.

*Bel.* I'le leave you to your wishes, a good night to you.

*Al.* Pray sir a word first, husband be farther.

*Sa.* Faces about *Tom Saleware*, and march forwards.

*Al.* You told mee sir, of a hundred pound that your sweete Lady *Thrivewell* sent me.

*Bel.* 'Tis true I have it for you.

*Al.* But shee has since countermanded you to keepe it, has shee, and to mock my expectation of that, and you? why have you foold me thus?

*Bel.* I rather should suspect your craft in this prevention: but love forbids me and I must conclude, 'tis witchcraft in your husband.

*Al.* Come let's kiffe friends, and (sweet) to morrow night I will prevent his Witchcraft, in the full enjoyment of our free pleasures: be you true to me.

*Bel.* May all that's Man in me forfake me else.

*Al.* Another kiffe and then good night.

*Sa.* Are you still whispering? no matter, let'em whisper.

*Bel.* Good night. *Exit.*

*Al.* Now may the spirits of all injur'd women, be added to mine owne, for my revenge, which I this night will dreame of flighted and mock'd hee and his like shall know,  
That when a yielding woman is so croft,  
All thoughts but of revenge with her are lost.

*Sa.* O hee's gone—*Ally*, Friend I would say,  
And now I prithee tell mee how, or why thou cam'ft hither.

*Al.* Will you pardon me?

*Sa.* Yes faith, I were no friend else.

*Al.*

*Al.* 'Twas but to try if I could make thee jealous.

*Sa.* In wagery ! did not I say so ! when doe my prophecies faile ?

*Al.* But what brought you hither think you ?

*Sa.* A letter from one *Anonimus*, but i'le eate Spiders, and breake if you sent it not.

*Al.* Give me the Letter.

*Sal.* Where is it ? facks I ha' lost it.

*Al.* 'Twas I indeed that sent it.

*Sa.* Did not I say so too ? and that it should ha' been *Anonima*, *Sapientia mea mihi*, when doe my prophecies faile ? i'le to bed instantly while the prophetick spirit is in mee, and get a small Prophet or a South-fayer.

*Al.* No, i'le have no bed-fellow to night.

*Sa.* Nere the lesse for a hafty word, I hope Friend.

*Al.* I am at a word for that.

*Sa.* I'le lie upon thy feet then.

*Al.* Well, you may draw the Curtaines, and sleepe by me.

*Sa.* *Sapientia mea mihi, stultitia tua tibi.*

*Puts in the bed, Exit.*

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## *ACT IV. SCENE IV.*

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*Phebe passes over the stage in night attire, Carelesse follows her as in the darke.*

*Car.* M Adam, Madam, sweet Madam, 'twill not be day these three hours, stay but three minuits longer, but a touch more, she's whipt into her Chamber. Could I but finde the Dore—— I know my Unkle's from home——O shee returnes with light : that's well.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady, a light.*

*La.* What aile you! Are you mad?

*Car.* Would not any man be mad for losing such a Bed-fellow? sweet Madam, let us retire without any noise.

*La.* What an infatiate beast are you? would you undoe for ever both me and your selfe?

*Car.* Not with one doe more I warrant you, come away Madam, Madam, somebody knocks mainly at the gate; and I believe it is my Master return'd before his time!

*Enter Closet.*

*La.* I cannot think 'tis he.

*Car.* 'Tis the Rogue my man I warrant drunke, and has forgot I turnd him away, but he shall spoyl no sport. Come away Madam.

*La.* Closet, goe your wayes downe, and hearke before you—

*Clo.* —I will Madam—*Exit.*

*Car.* So now come Madam, I commend you in the charge you have given your watch-woman.

*La.* What charge doe you guesse?

*Car.* Why to tell my Unkle (if he be come) that hee must not come neare you, that you have had no rest to Night till just now you are fallen asleepe, and so forth.

*La.* Goe you are a wicked fellow; I am sorry for any the least favour I have done thee, and doe thou dare to attempt me once more, i'le ha' thee turnd headlong out of my dores.

*Car.* I have got her with child to-night, with a sparke of mine owne spirit, and longs already to doe me mischiefe. The boy will be like mee, therefore 'tis pity to knock't o'the head: But come Madam tother crash and good night, must I drag you to't?

*La.*

*La.* Touch mee but with a finger, and I'le raise the House.

*Car.* You dare not sure, and now take heed you vex me not, have you not been my whore?

*La.* You dare not say so, for spoyling your fortune.

*Car.* Faith but I dare, and if you will not obey me in a course of further pleasure to night, fetch me a hundred peeces to take a course abroad with-all, doe yee looke? I'le make you fetch me hundred after hundred Huswife, when I want it, or shall be pleas'd to call for't. All comes out else, the gates of your fame flies open Lady. I will proclaime our Act,

*La.* Dare you forfit your own Reputation so?

*Car.* I shall gaine Reputation by't in the company I keepe abroad, and if the Cuckold my Unkle come to the knowledge of it at home, I shall possesse him that you lustfully tempted me to it.

*La.* Canst thou be so villanously impudent to destroy thine own fortune to ruine me?

*Car.* You may conceale all then, and so will I, and mend my fortune by yours, I will live bravely upon your fortune, and the heire which I have got to Night shall inherit it, my Unkles estate. And therefore indeed I would have all conceald; for my childs good, or rather for mine owne: for it shall goe hard if I put him not into a course in his minority to consume the estate upon me before he come to age.

*La.* I am undone.

*Car.* And O that ever I did it!

*La.* Thou Villaine hast undone me.

*Car.* Come i'le do you agen, and then all's whole agen;

Y'are both undone, O you prodigious monsters  
That have betwixt you made me monster too!

What's

What's to be done, but that I kill you both,  
Then fall upon my fword.

*Enter Thrivewell, Saveall.*

*Sav.* Sir, you resume the temper of humanity,  
And let the Law distinguishe you from them,  
You neither are to be their Executioner,  
Nor to fall with them.

*Thr.* Life to me is torment.

*Car.* O the Devill, what a case am I in now!

*La.* Pray heare me sir?

*Thr.* Can more be said to aggravate thy shame,  
Or my affliction, then I have heard already?

*Sa.* Let me intreat you heare her.

*La.* What shame did you, or what affliction I  
Suffer, when you discoverd unto me  
Your bargaine of a hundred pound in *Saleware*,  
You understand me. How was life a torment  
To me then thinke you?

*Thr.* Did you not vow forgements then? and  
thus,  
You freely would forgive my act? and thus  
Now to revenge it on me to my ruine,  
And your owne endlesse infamy? O 'tis horrid.

*La.* 'Tis no revenge at all, onely a shew  
To startle you, or try your manly temper,  
And so neare to be even with yee as to let you  
know, what some wife might perhaps ha' done being  
so mov'd. It was my plot indeed to straine you  
hither to this false fire discovery, for which i'le give  
you reasons.

*Thr.* O grosse dissimulation.

*La.* Mr. *Saveall*, you have done many faire offices  
for his Nephew, doe this for me, intreat him to a  
Conference a few minutes in my Chamber; if I  
cleare not my selfe in his and your opinion, and  
that by witnessses, let me be found the shame of all  
my Sex.

*Sa*

*Sa.* Sir, my councells have been prevalent with your judgement, let me perswade you.

*Thr.* But I will have that friend thrust out of dore first.

*La.* I would not that you shoule, nor give a looke, or word to him till you have heard me ; Then exercise your Justice.

*Sav.* Sir be induc'd to it.

*Thr.* You have prevayl'd.

*La.* Goe to your Bed agen *George*, and sleepe, be not affraid of Bug-beares. *Exit.*

*Car.* Hows this ? She's come about agen, and has patch'd all up already. I hope shee'l worke mine Unkle to reward mee for my Night-worke, and bring him in time to hold my stirrop while his *George* mounts her ; Shee's a delicate well-going beast ! I know but one to match her in a course, just the same pace and speede as if I had onely had the breaking, and managing of her my selfe, but the marke goes out of *Phebes* mouth now ; and i'le play my Aunt against all the Town. But how shee thought to fright mee with villaine and impudent.

And now goe to bed *George*, ha, ha, ha, I find her drift.

No wit like womens at a fodaine shift.

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*ACT V. SCENE I.*

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*Enter Old Bellamy, Lovely.*

*Lov.* **B**Ellamy thou art welcome, and for thy Nephew I must ever thanke thee, he is my best companion.

*Old Bel.* O my good Lord without boast be it en, I have ever beene right and straight to your

your honour, and never did you an ill office in in Man, Woman, or Child, *what I have said of 'em they have proved at first, or I have wrought 'em to at last.* But what doe I speake on't, I have ever beene for your Lordship, all things I have sworne for you, I have fought for you, I have brok'd for you, I have pimpt for you, but what doe I speake on't?

*Lo.* You need not *Bellamy*: for I know all.

*Ol. B.* Oh the Gentlemens Wives, and Farmers Daughters that I have presented to you in your Summer Progresses, and winter Journeys about the Countries. But what doe I speake on't—

*Lo.* Because thou lov'st to champ upon the bit to please thy old coltish tooth still, thou lov'st the memory of the former sweets which now thou canst not relish.

*Ol. B.* And here i' the City, I have pledg'd more of your severall Mistresses, then in my conscience there be honest Women in't. But what doe I speake on't?

*Lo.* I never had so many man.

*Ol. B.* Or if you had, what doe I speake on't? and in my conscience agen, I have drunke more to your Lordships health in my dayes, then any Wine-cellar in the City at this day, containes of Spanish, French, and Rhenish; but what do I speake of that either?

*Lo.* True *Bellamy*, fall then upon some other subject.

*Ol. B.* Yes, my good Lord, and I pray your Lordship tell me, dos not my Nephew drinke and wench pretty handsomely? I would faine have him take after me, and not his drunken father.

*Lo.* How well he shifts his subject, wicked old fellow?

*Ol. B.* Dos he not begin to fall to yet?

*Lo.* Not he.

*Ol. B.* Not a bit nor a soope? dos he doe nothing by example? or has your Lordship left it? or dos he carry it like a Gentleman?

*Lo.* Discreetly and Virgin-like.

*Ol. B.* Pretty commendation for a young Courtier.

*Lo.* I would for my deserved love to him have put him upon a faire young Widow of a great fortune, but could not make him looke upon her like a suitor.

*Ol. B.* Just such a bashfull puppy was my brother, his Father; I wonder how my Mother came by him; My Father was right, and she was right, and I have beene right, but what doe I speake on't?

*Lo.* True *Bellamy*, speake of somewhat else.

*Ol. B.* The Boy will nere grow up to me, I thought to have left him somewhat, I must discard him.

*Lo.* If you do, he is in me provided for.

*Ol. B.* What can your Lordship love him for?

*Lo.* Come i'le tell thee, and be comforted. Hee has something of thee in him. Hee will pimpe most conveniently.

*Ol. B.* That's something indeed.

*Lo.* And for his modesty which is a rare benefit of nature in him, I dare trust him with a Mistrisse, as I would an Eunuch.

*Ol. B.* Benefit! A defect I feare, yet I may hope in time some Mistris of your Lordships may tempt, and bring him forwards.

*Lo.* No I am confident—Now your news.

*Enter Page, whisper.*

Good *Bellamy* walke in the Gallery a while.

*Ol. B.* Some Mistris is comming to him, but what doe I speake on't? *Exit.*

Goe bid her come in. *Exit Page.*

What brings her so unseasonably?

*Enter*

*Enter Alicia, Saleware.*

*Al.* Stay you at distance yet a while Friend, till  
I call you.

*Sal.* Faces about *Tom Saleware.* *Exit.*

*Lo.* How now! How is it with my love? Ha!  
How comes a trouble on this Face, where my de-  
lights are ever wont to Revell?

*Al.* O my Lord——

*Lo.* Say who has injur'd thee? Has thy husband  
taken up the uncivill boldnesse to abuse thee? or be  
it any other man, it shall be death, or an undoing  
to him.

*Al.* My Lord, I am wrong'd, but would be loth  
to ingage your noble person in my quarrell, some  
servant of yours may do it.

*Lo.* Of what condition is thy wrong? tell mee;  
and who of my Servants thou wouldest have to right  
thee?

*Al.* I would have *Bellamy*, how thinke you? is  
hee faithfull to you?

*Lo.* How canst thou question it? Has hee not  
ever been so?

*Al.* Your Lordship has well trusted him I know.

*Lo.* I doe not know the man, I trust, or love so well.

*Al.* But would your Lordship part with any  
Jewell, or choyce thing you love and have intended  
onely for your own particular use, to him, or let  
him be your own partner in it?

*Lo.* Troth I thinke I should; onely thy selfe  
excepted, but what's thy wrong, I prithee, or  
wherein should *Bellamy* right thee?

*Al.* *Bellamy* has wrong'd mee to thinke me so  
unworthy as to be tempted to his lust; *Bellamy*  
has wrong'd your honour in that ambitious attempt.

*Lo.* Thou amazeſt me.

*Al.* And *Bellamy* must right me, and your  
honour; or you must cast off him or me.

*Sa.* And did not I tell you Friend, it should ha' been *Anonima?* *Sapientia mea mihi.*

*Lo.* Within there call *Bellamy.*

*Enter Page.*

*Pa.* Hee's not within my Lord, and has not beene to night.

*Al.* His absence is another circumstance to a probability my Lord.

But hee was feene this morning to goe in at Sir *Anthony Thrivewels.* *(Exit*

*Lo.* Goe let my Coach be ready presently. *Pa.* He should receive 500l. there for me, I trust he will not furnish himselfe with it for a flight.

*Al.* My Lord I gave you an inkling of a familiarity betwixt him and the Lady *Thrivewell*, he has since declar'd their act of lust to me, and urg'd it for an instance to my yielding.

*Lo.* Can you affirme this?

*Al.* Yes, to his face and hers.

*Enter Saveall.*

*Lo.* O Mr. *Saveall!* welcome.

*Sa.* My Lord your servant *Bellamy* is receaving your money at Sir *Anthony Thrivewells.*

*Lo.* I thanke you.

*Sav.* But my Lord, there is fallen an unhappy accident betweene Sir *Anthony*, his Lady and his Nephew, in which your servant *Bellamy* alfo is concern'd; and your Lordship is much, and most humbly besought by the Lady to heare, and examine the difference.

*Enter Old Bellamy.*

*Lo.* I was preparing thither. Oh, Mr. *Bellamy*, you have not eavesdropt, have you?

*Old Bel.* Will you pardon me my Lord?

*Lo.* Yes, if thou hast.

*Old Bel.* I have my Lord, and am overjoyd to heare so well of my Nephew.

*Lo.*

*Lo.* You may heare more anon, come all along with me. *Ex. Omnes.*

*Old Bel.* I may heare more anon, your Lordship tho' knowes not of what so well as I doe know.

*Exit.*

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## *ACT V. SCENE II.*

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*Enter Thrivewell, Careleffe, Lady, Phebe,  
Closet, Wat.*

*Thr.* I Need not cast thee off, or bid thee goe  
Now, and for ever from me, thine own shame  
Will force thee hence.

*Car.* You are deceiv'd in that.

*Thr.* What is thine own take with thee, here  
'tis all *Phebe*

Thou ever getst, or canst expect from me.

*Car.* Shee was mine own before your wife became  
our coupler, in English plaine our Bawd.

*Thr.* Use no uncivill Language while you are well.

*Car.* For which you have your witnesses, this  
false, Traytor that brought you on.

*La.* By my direction *George*.

*Wat.* No Traytor neither since you left to be my  
Master, wounded and turnd me off.

*Car.* And this darke Lanthorne here, this old  
deception visus, That juggled the wrong party into  
my Bed.

*Clo.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Car.* Doe you grin *Grim Malkin*? But sweete  
Madam, if your fine Springall *Bellamy* had lien  
there in my stead she would ha' brought the right  
party; your Ladiships Lilly white selfe.

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*Thr.*

*Thr.* How's that?

*La.* No more o' that good *George*.

*Car.* Nay, it shall out, since you have wrought my ruine, I will be the destruction of you all ; And therefore now heare mee O Knight, and first resolve to make me rich in my reward, for wonders i'le unfold.

*Thr.* Canst thou expect reward from mee for any thing that can by thee be uttered ?

*Car.* Reward ? why not ? why should not you reward my good Offices as well as punish my ill ? I must and will rely upon you for all the good that can befall mee ; or if I must expect no further from you, i'le give't you *gratis*, And if you be any thing but a Wittall heare mee.

*La.* What doe you meane ?

*Car.* To set you out livelyer, then all your paintings : or dee heare, will you give mee a hundred pound a quarter for my silence ?

*La.* Not a penny ; if you seeke my undoing, heaven forgive you.

*Thr.* What (Villaine) canst thou speake to her prejudice ?

*Car.* That which (if you are no Wittall) you'l be loath to hear, but you shall have it.

*Thr.* Darst thou talke so ?

*Car.* And since you hold my attempt at her, so haynous, you may be pleas'd to know I was incited to't by example of him I nam'd, that smooth Fac'd *Bellamy*.

*Thr.* Darst thou accuse her with him ?

*Car.* You may aske her bolster there, her Madam Nurfe old Mother *Cockbroth*.

*Clo.* O me.

*Car.* I, O you aske her fir, what shée did with him, or he with her, in their two hours privacy in her chamber, when hee came to take up five hundred

hundred pound for his Lord, There was a sweet taking up, sir shee confessed all to me, and on purpose, I dare be sworn to embolden mee in my attempt to her Ladyship.

*Clo.* I confess ?

*Thr.* What did shee confess ?

*Car.* That hee made use of your Bed with your wife, what language shall I utter't in ? you were best see it done before you believe it.

*Thr.* O me most miserable if this be true !

*Car.* Well, there's for them two.

*La. Goe Closet till I call you.* *Exit Clo.*

*Car.* Now for that Rogue (because I must expect no further good of you, but this which is mine owne you say) i'le lay him open to you, you remember how once I ingratiated my selfe to you by rescuing you from a Robbery and Murder (as you suppos'd) for which you took me into favour—

*Thr.* Yes, and have wish'd a thousand times since, that I had lost the thousand pound I had about me then, and tane some wounds for't in exchange rather then by that rescue to have taken thy Viperous selfe into my bosome.

*Car.* This Rogue plotted that busynesse, 'twas a mere trick of his invention. The supposed Theeves were his companions, and wrought by him only to scare you and run away when wee came to your succour, onely to indeare mee to you. There was no hurt meant, but the slap I gave him over the Pate to colour the busynesse, with little blood, I wish now I had cleft his braines.

*Thr.* Your wish tho' againt your will is a good reward to him, for I love him the better for his wit in that plot, and care of his then Master.

*Car.* Doe you so sir ? Then 'twas mine own invention, let him deny't if he can.

*Wat.*

*Wat.* Indeed the plot was his fir, I onely found the Actors.

*Thr.* I cannot condemne the conceipt however; and am something taken with the wit on't, would all the rest were no worse.

*Car.* And now I have uttered my whole mind fir, and you declard I must expect no further good of you, come away *Phib*, I have injur'd thee long, i'le make thee now amends for all; i'le marry thee, and sell Tobacco with thee.

*La.* Let him not go fir, I beseech you in this desperate way, not till I answer to his accusation.

*Thr.* Sir you shall stay, and make your selfe good before authority, or cleare my wife.

*Car.* You'l have your house then known to have beene a bawdy-house?

*Thr.* The Courts of Princes and Religious Houfes

May so have been abus'd.

*Car.* Under such Governesses.

*Thr.* You'l anon be silent, what's the matter? wee are busy.

*Enter Closet.*

*Ser.* Mistris *Croftill*, Madam is come in great hast to visit you, and a Kinsman of your Ladifships with her.

*Thr.* At such a time? excuse your selfe.

*Ser.* They are here fir, enterd against all resist-  
ance.

*Enter Croftill, Fitzgerald.*

*La.* Mistris *Croftill*! you have much honord  
me — Cozen *Fitzgerald*! welcome.

*Fit.* I have a private fute to you Madam.

*La.* Pray Mr. *Thrivewell* entertaine the Lady.

*Car.* Another sprunt youth.

*Crof.* Sir, I perceave some discontent here, I hope  
your Nephew has not againe displeas'd you?

*Thr.*

*Thr.* He is a villaine, seekes my utter ruine.

*Crof.* Pray say not so, for feare you force mee  
love him.

*Thr.* You are undone for ever if you doe.

*Crof.* Doe not say so, for feare I fly to him,  
The thought of him already breakes my sleeps,  
I could not rest to night for thinking of him,  
Which made my early hast to unload my minde,  
Presuming that your judgement may excuse  
A simple Womans weaknesse, what is shee  
That hee courts so ?

*Thr.* I tell you, shee's a Whore with Child by  
him, layes claime to him, and I think hee'l marry  
her.

*Crof.* Still you speake better of him, and my love  
must not see him so lost, sir let me speake with you.

*Car.* Me Lady ? I am busye ; I am busye.

*Crof.* What mettall am I of ? his scorne's a Load-  
stone ;  
No Courtship like his carelesnesse to mee ;  
And all dispraise speakes for him,  
Sir I will speake with you.

*Car.* I blush for you, what would you say now,  
were it not too late ?

*Crof.* Nay onely to your eare.

*Car.* Stand off a while *Phib.* *Goes aside.*

*Fit.* His Lordship Madam shall give me accompt  
To each particular.

*La.* You shall doe well to put it to him Cofen——  
Husband, I overheard you, and commend you,  
That tho' you cast your Nephew from all hopes  
Of good from you, you will not yet destroy  
His fortunes other wayes.

*Thr.* How doe you meane ?

*La.* For that I finde by your reviling him  
You more inflame that crosse phantastick Widow  
With eager love to cast her selfe upon him.

*Thr.*

*Thr.* Had I thought so, I had spoke well of him  
Against my conscience.

*La.* No, let me intreat you.

Be that way charitable, and speake worse ;  
The worse the better.

*Car.* Tempt me not good Lady,  
To your own prejudice, your destruction ;  
I am one you cannot live and lie withall  
A fortnight you, alas y'are but a griffell,  
Weake picking meat ; Here's one will hold me tack,  
Seaven constant ordinaries every night,  
Noonings, and intermealiary Lunchings,  
At freedome every day, hold belly hold,  
The Cupboard never shut.

*Crof.* I understand you not.

*Car.* Nor mind me Lady ; Twill be better for  
you.

You had a thin chin'd husband, plaid at Doublets  
with ye,  
And that perhaps, but twise or thrice a weeke,  
You are incapable of better Game,  
Here's one shall hold me *Tick tack* night by night,  
And neither of us guilty of a Why-not,  
Shee's bred up to my hand, and knowes her play.

*Crof.* Can you so flight me ?

*Car.* Slight ? I honour you.

In caring for you to preserve your life,  
And your estate, which I confesse my selfe  
Unworthy of : besides I am ingag'd  
To doe a poore soule right for my issues sake  
Shee goes withall.

*Crof.* But say on composition shee acquit you.

*Car.* O but conscience is conscience.

*Crof.* I'le die or have him prestantly.

Can you refuse me for a prostitute whore ?

*Car.* Take heed what you say, i'le shake your  
estate,

If you dare call her whore 'fore witneses.

*Crof.* Call all the World to hear me Madam, Sir *Anthony*, and the rest, be all my witnesses ; Give me your hand sir, here before you all I plight my faith upon this Gentleman, He is my Husband, and I am his Wife.

*Thr.* You are then undone.

*Crof.* I care not sir, for your ill will : no more shall hee.

*Car.* Are you catch'd Widow ? *Futre*, for Unkles now ?

*Crof.* Why answer you not me, in troth plight ?

*Car.* I doe, but yet I tell you againe conscience is confience ; The Woman's not compounded with.

*Crof.* I'le give her a brace of hundred pounds.

*Phe.* The Woman will not take it.

*Wat.* The Woman shall take it, for now know sir, I love you not so ill as to undoe you. This Woman has beene mine as much as yours, shee has done as much with mee for Offices, and Service I have done for her, as shee has done with you for Love and Money, let her deny't.

*Car.* I have lately suspected so.

*Wat.* And if her Friends will make her brace of hundreds a leash i'le marry, and honestifie her.

*La.* Honest *Wat* in good earnest ! Gentlewoman with your hand give him your consent, and i'le supply you with the od hundred pound, for *Wat's* love to his Master.

*Thr.* Will you ?

*La.* Yes, and with your allowance ; it shall be in lieu of the hundred I tooke in Commodity of her Kinswoman Mistris *Saleware*, which would never thrive with mee (as it may properly with them) as 'twas the price of lust you know it was, and how untowardly things have chanc'd amongst

us since it was so ; And now that I have declin'd it, you shall see how sweetly all will be reconcil'd.

*Thr.* Doe as you please.

*La.* Goe get you to the Priest presently, and bring him hither for thy Master, *Wat.*

*Exit Wat. Phe.*

*Enter Lord Lovely, Old Bellamy, Saveall,  
Saleware, Alicia.*

*Lov.* Madam you sent for mee, though I had former cause to require a conference with you.

*La.* My cause my Lord, is almost ended among our selves. Pray let your former therefore be determin'd first, your Lordship may be pleas'd to sit.

*Lo.* I desire first by good Sir *Anthony's* patience, Madam a word with you in absence of all the rest, except this Gentlewoman.

*Thr.* With all respect my Lord.

*La.* No you shall stay, and all the rest, speake openly my Lord, I doe beseech you.

*Lo.* My modesty forbids.

*La.* I'le speake it for you then ; Good my Lord fit judge, This Woman comes to accuse me of incontinency with your servant *Bellamy*, is it not so ?

*Old Bel.* I marry dos shée Madam to make her word good to my Lord that he would have lien with her too ; And fayes that *Bellamy* affirm'd to her that he did, I mary did he with your Ladiship.

*La.* Ha, ha, ha, I have a Nephew here affirm'd as much.

*Enter Wat whispers.*

*Car.* I am sorry I said so much, 'twas but my suspition in the dayes of my wickednesse, I am honest now, and can thinke no such matter — O is the parson come — *Exit Ca. Crof. Wat.*

*Thr.*

*Thr.* I feare I shall be wretched.

*Sav.* You are wretched in your feare, note your Wifes confidence; Can Guilt looke with that Face?

*Lov.* I understand that *Bellamy* is in your house.

*La.* Forth comming my good Lord. Good Master *Bellamy*, fetch your Nephew, you'l finde him in my Chamber. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* And in this respect you shall give me leave My Lord to call your honour into question.

*Lov.* Y'are very round with mee Mr. *Fitzgerrard*, What is your question?

*Fitz.* Where is my Sister *Amie*?

*Lov.* Aske you mee?

*Fitz.* Yes, and in honour y'are to answere me, It is too evident, your courtship wonne Her Virgin honour.

*Lov.* Then I forc'd her not.

*Fitz.* The blame of that lay therefore on her selfe, That losse I seeke not after: but I aske Her life and being (if shee live or be) Of you my Lord, since it is manifest, Shee left her friends, and Country shortly after Her folly had betrayd her into shame, To be at your dispose, as we presume She is since in her two yeaeres absence; we Have fought all other wayes in vaine; you shall Do therefore well my Lord to render her, Or give me leave to urge you t'an accompt Of what's become of her.

*Lov.* You cannot sure Compell mee sir.

*Fitz.* To hazard of my life I will my Lord.

*Lov.* That shee is lost I am grieved; But for your stout demand i'le answere you at Weapons, time and place convenient.

*Enter*

ship to take notice? *Lov. Salutes the Brides.*

*Car.* Unkle and Madam, I am come to call you to my house to Dinner, and your Lordship if you please, and all the rest here, I want one, my Rivall *Bellamy*, where is he? wee'l be all friends to day; and at night sweete heart,—at night, at night, at night—

Wee'l get the Boy that shall become a Knight.

*Crosf.* You promise lustily.

*Wat.* And *Phebe* if thou beest not better provided already, if I get not thee with Squire, let me turne clown.

*Car.* But where's this *Bellamy*, what new Ladies that?

*Old Bel.* This new Lady sir, is that *Bellamy* you inquire for. \*

*Sav.* The same Gentleman that you accus'd your Aunt with.

*Clo.* That I confesse had line with her.

*Car.* Ha, is't so ifaith? and (now I thinke on't) introth I thought fo; would I have tax'd her thinke you, but with a Woman? pray Mr. *Bellamy* let me salute your lips, and good Unkle now wee are Neighbours, and both good House-keepers, let us not be strangers to one another.

*Thr.* Well sir, as I shall finde you by your wifes report I shall be still your Unkle.

*Car.* I shall be his heire in spight o' the Devill, and all his workes and mine.

*Lov.* Come Madam, I finde here's Musick, let's leade the Brides a Dance to stirre their appetites to Dinner. *Daunce.*

*Car.* And now my Lord to grace our Wedding feast,

As you in honour are the greatest Guest  
You have full power to welcome all the rest.



## EPILOGUE.

Well ! had you Mirth enough ? much good may't  
doe you,  
If not, 'tis more then I did promise to you.  
'Tis your own fault, for it is you, not wee  
Make a Play good or bad ; and if this be  
Not answerable to your expectation  
Yee are the free-borne People of this Nation,  
And have the power to censure Worth and Wit,  
But wee must suffer for what you commit.  
Yet wee're resolv'd to beare your gentle Hands,  
And if you will tie us in any Bands,  
Let us be bound to serve you, and that's thus,  
To tell you truth, as long as you serve us.

H 2

T H E



THE  
NOVELLA,  
A  
COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Black-Friers*, by his  
MAJESTIES Servants,  
*Anno, 1632.*

---

WRITTEN  
By  
RICHARD BROME.

---

MART.  
*Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.*

---

LONDON.  
Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and  
Tho. DRING, and are to be sold at their  
Shops in Fleet-street, 1653.

general government



## The Persons of the *Play*.

*Pantaloni*, } Two Senators.  
*Guadagni*, }  
*Urbadio*, Sonne to *Pantaloni*.  
*iso*, His Friend.  
*Francisco*, Lover of *Flavia*.  
*Eratio*, His Friend—  
*Uzzio*, } Servants to *Guadagni*.  
*Uffetta*,  
*Nicolo*, Servant to *Pantaloni*.  
*Victoria*—The *Novella*.  
*Uaconetta*, Servant to *Victoria*.  
*Flavia*, Daughter to *Guadagni*.  
*Paulo*,—By-named *Burgio*.  
*Swatzenburgh*.  
*Cheqinno*, } Two Lawyers.  
*Prospere*, }  
*Padier*, Woman.  
*Zaffi*, an Officer.

## *The Sceane Vessels.*



## PROLOGUE.

**S**hould I not speake a Prologue, and appeare  
In a starch'd formall Beard and Cloake, I feare,  
Some of this Auditory would be vext,  
And say this is a Sermon without a Text.  
Some thinke it so essentiall, that they say  
Nor foole, nor Prologue, there can be no Play.  
Our Author's unprovided, and doth vow,  
What e're I say must stand for Prologue now;  
Then have at wit for once, why mayn't I be  
Inspir'd with wit, and sence extempore?  
But first I le tell you, that I had commission  
From him to tell you that hee'l not petition  
To be dubb'd Poet, for he holds it fit,  
That nought shoulde make a man a wit, but wit,  
Hee'll bide his triall, and submits his cause  
To you the Fury, so you'l judge by Lawes.  
If Pride or Ignorance shoulde rule, he feares  
An unfaire tryall, 'cause not try'd by's Peeres.  
Faith be your selves awhile, and pass your vote  
On what you understand, and doe not dote  
On things 'bove nature or intelligence;  
All we pretend to is but Mirth and Sence,  
And he that lookes for more, must ee'ne goe seeke  
Those Poet-Bownces that write English Greeke.  
Our Author aims only to gaine your laughter,  
Which if you won't, hee'l laugh at you hereafter.

THE



# THE NOVELLA.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*Enter Piso, Fabritio.*

*Pi.* Come, I protest i'le have you home againe,  
And tell all to your Father, if you goe not  
More chearfully on about this busynesse.

*Fab.* O *Piso*! dearest (dearest?) only Friend,  
That Name of *Father* tis, that checks my blood,  
And striketh a filiall Reverence through my Soule;  
Layes load upon my loynes, clogging my steps,  
And like an armed *Angell* warnes me back.

*Pi.* So, so, he runs away to proper purpose  
That beares his Hue and Cry in's conscience.

*Fab.* It is not yet day-light: night will conceale  
My secret purposess. I will returne.

*Pi.* Do so: and damne thee blacker then the  
night,  
Thee and thy Father too for company  
Expresse your filiall Reverence so, doe so.

*Fab.* Deare *Piso* peace.

*Pi.* Peace fond *Fabritio*.  
Dost thou not fly from him to save his Soule?

His

His and thine own to boot? will not thy stay  
(Stay not to answer me!) ruine your Family;  
Cut off all hope of *Blessing*, if not *Being*  
Of your Posterity? and all this by obeying  
A wilfull Father in a lawlesse Marriage;  
More fatall (I foresee't) then ere our State  
Of *Venice* yet produc'd example for.

*Fab.* O now thou tear'st my very bowells *Piso*,  
Should I consent (as I dare not deny  
My over-hasty Father) to this match,  
I should submit my selfe the most perfidious,  
That ever shadow'd *Treachery* with *Love*.  
No, my *Victoria*, sooner shall this steele  
Remove thy hindrance from a second choyce,  
Then I give word or thought, but to be thine.

*Pi.* Why flie we not to *Rome* then, where you  
left her,  
And shun the danger of your Fathers Plot,  
Which would not only force you break your Faith  
With chaft *Victoria*, but to wed another,  
Whose faith is given already to another?  
Double damnation! 'Twere a way indeed  
To make your children bastards o' both sides.

*Fab.* Can there no way be found to shun the  
danger  
Of this so hastily intended Marriage,  
But by my flight, and the most certaine losse  
Of mine inheritance?

*Pi.* That would be thought on.

*Fab.* Stay; who comes here?  
*Musick, and divers Gentlemen passe to and fro with  
lights, at last Enter Pantaloni, lighted by  
Nicolo, with darke Lanthorns.*

*Pi.* Some Night-walkers, that throw  
Balls at their Mistresses, well of all Citties  
Under the universall raigne of venery,  
This is the civill'st! in what sweet tranquillity,

The

The subiects passe by and salute each other !  
Stay, what grave beast, what reverend *Gib* is  
that ?

(I' th' name of darknesse) dropt out of a gutter ?  
O age what art thou come to !

*Fab.* Pray forbear.

*Pi.* Looke there *Fabritio*, *Venus* can it be ?

*Fab.* Come y'are deceav'd.

*Pi.* Nay now I know I am not,  
For by that little loving glimpse of light  
That leads him on, *Fabritio*, tis thy Father.

*Fab.* I pray thee peace.

*Pi.* What will this City come to ?  
A young man shall not shortly venture to  
A vaulting Schoole for feare he jumpe in the  
Same sadle with his Father, to the danger  
Of his old bones.

*Enter Francisco, and Horatio.*

Stay here comes more. This is  
Some speciall haunt ! sure tis the habitation  
Of the *Novella* lately come to Town,  
Which drawes the admiration of all  
The Rampant Gallantry about the City !

*Fab.* They say shee's yet a Virgine.

*Pi.* And is like  
So to continue, still shee prove stale fish,  
At the rate shee's stamp'd for : for she has set  
Such a large price upon her new nothing,  
That Venerie and Prodigality are at odds  
About her, it feemes thy *Father* could not bargaine.

*Fab.* Fie ! 'twas not he.

*Pi.* Not hee ! peace and stand close.

*Fran.* Is shee so rare a Creature, this *Novella* ?

*Ho.* Rare ? above excellent (man) it is unpossible  
For a Painter to flatter her, or a Poet to bely her  
In ayming to augment her beauty : For

I saw her that can judge;

*Pi.* Now if a man

Were to unkennell the handsomest shee Fox  
In *Venice*, let him follow these doggs. Sure  
Shee is earth'd hereabouts. They have the sent.

*Fran.* You have not seene her often?

*Hor.* Onely thrice.

At Church, That's once for every day, that shee  
Has beautified this City.

*Pi.* What rare helpe

May this be to *devotion*, that he speaks of!

*Fran.* And all this *Beauty*, and this seeming  
virtue

Offer'd to sale?

*Pi.* I thought 'twas such a peece.

*Hor.* Thence only springs the knowledge of her  
worth

Marke but the price shee's cry'd at: two thousand  
Duccats

For her Maydenhead, and one moneths society.

*Pi.* What a way, now, would that money reach  
In Buttock-beefe.

*Hor.* Shee is indeed for beauty,  
Person, and Price, fit onely for a Prince:  
I cannot thinke a lesse man then the *Duke*  
Himselfe must beare her; and indeed 'twere pitty  
That shee should finne at lesse advantage.

*Fran.* Why do we then make way to visit her  
By our expence in Musick?

*Pi.* A wary whore-master: I like him well:  
A penneyworth for a penny would be look'd for.

*Hor.* Why *Francisco*? Why?

*Pi.* *Francisco*! is it hee?

*Hor.* Although her price be such to be sold for  
In ready money, shee is yet allow'd  
To give herfelfe for love if shee be pleas'd.  
Who knowes how well shee may affect a man

(As

(As here and there a Woman may by chance)  
Onely for *vertue*? That's worth our adventure,  
But I wish rather we could purchace her  
At the set price betwixt us for a twelvemonth  
Our friendship should not suffer us to grudge  
At one anothers good turnes.

*Pi.* There's love in couples,  
What whelpes are these? sure this *Francisco* is  
The late forsaken lover, betroth'd to *Flavia*  
Whom now thy Father would so violently  
Force thee to marry.

*Fab.* Would he had her *Piso*.

*Pi.* O here they pitch, stand close, wee'l heare  
their Musick.

*Song.*

*Hor.* Come sad *Francisco*, wee'l tomorrow see  
This Miracle of nature, whose meere sight  
Will wipe away the injury thou sufferd'st  
In *Flavia*, and make thee quite forget her.

*Pi.* Tis he, and I will speake to him.

*Hor.* Good forbeare.

*Pi.* *Francisco* must not so forget his *Flavia*.

*Hor.* What are you?

*Pi.* Men, that would have you be so,  
And not to wanton out your holy vowes *Drawes*.  
Dancing your selfes to th'Devill.

*Fran.* What doe you meane?

*Pi.* I meane, *Francisco*, you too much forget  
The love you bore to *Flavia*, shee to you.

*Hor.* Shee has forsaken him, and is bestow'd  
(Forc'd by the torrent of her fathers will)  
On young *Fabritio*, *Pantalonies* Sonne.

*Pi.* Here stands the man denies it, speake  
*Fabritio*.

*Fab.* Not that I undervalue *Flavius* worth,  
But not to violate her faith by breach

Of

Of mine, were all this signiory her dowry  
(Here is my hand *Francisco*,) i'l not wed her.

*Fran.* I must embrace you fir.

*Hor.* And Gentlemen,  
My Lodging is not farre, please you retire,  
And there repose your selfes, untill the light  
That now is near at hand, shall point you forth  
A way to future comfort ; you shall finde  
Good wine and welcome, please you to accept it.

*Pi.* Your offer fir is large: yet let me aske  
If we may rest securely for a day ;  
Lurke close and private, till the appointed houre  
For this forc'd Marriage be over-flipp'd,  
In case that our necessity may require it ?

*Hor.* I understand you, Take mine honor of it.

*Pi.* Be cheard *Fabritio*, thou shalt not to *Rome*,  
We may prevent thy danger nearer home.  
Now night we thanke, and follow thee away  
(As being thy servants) from th' approach day.

*Hor.* You conclude well, lovers and sprights are  
Night-walkers, warn'd away by th'morning Starre.

*Ex.*

---

## ACT I. SCENE II.

---

*Enter Guadagni in his Study.*      *A Taper, Baggs,  
Books, &c.*

*Gua.* Whilest yet the Leaden finger'd god of  
sleepe  
Keeps close the eye-lids of phantastick *youth*,  
Feeding their airy fancies with light dreames,  
inton pleasures ; giddy, vaine delights,

The

The ever watchfull cares of aged Parents  
Throw ope the gates and windowes of soft rest,  
Making our midnight noone, to guard and order  
The wholsome fruits of our continuall labour.  
Wholsome and happy off-springs of my paines  
Thus I salute you and implore your safty,  
And thus that you may rest, grow and increase  
Mine eyes prevent the breakers of your peace.  
But see the morning hastens to relieve me!  
Day spreads apace, and warnes the provident  
hand  
Doe out the uselesse taper. Hoe! what hoe!

Enter Nanulo, Aftutta.

*Nanulo! Aftutta!* is it midnight with you?

*Nan.* Your servants are all here and ready sir.

*Gua.* About about, you drowsy headed drones,  
Where is my Daughter?

*Aft.* Up and ready too sir.

*Gua.* Sirrah haste you to *Pantalonies* house.

*Nan.* The rich *Magnifico*?

*Gua.* Who else, you Rat?

Tell him I doe attend his comming hither,  
To expedite the work we have in hand.

*Nan.* It shall be done sir, please you give me  
passage. (him

*Gua.* Here take the Keys; lock the dore after  
Then call my Daughter to me.

*Aft.* See shee's here sir. *Ex. Nan. Aft.*

*Gua.* *Flavia* my Girle, see how my early care  
Provides for thee, The toyle of many yeares  
By dayly travaile, and my nightly watches  
Lies here in readinesse to build thy fortune.  
And take it willingly, since thou consentst  
To match unto my will; whereby this Coyne,  
Thy selfe, and both our joyes may finde increase.  
I can no lesse then thanke thee *Flavia*,  
Although I must confesse, my sute was long,

And

*Fla.* Nay deare sir flie not off.

*Gua.* Well, on then, on.

*Fla.* I say you gave consent, that I shoulde be  
Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray sit still sir)  
As you had foreseen my future happines  
Only in him confissted —— sir untill  
This wealthy heire, young *Fabritio*,  
Your Neighbour Trades-mans Son, of great estate,  
Was by his father tender'd unto you  
For me a husband, then unseene by mee :  
But since I must confesse a proper man,  
Worthy a fitter Wife ——

*Gua.* Sweet Modesty.

*Fla.* But that your wisdome needs will have it so,  
By reason that his heapes may purchase honour,  
Which to'thers wants can never wash away,  
But farewell him : I must looke this way now ;  
And crown your wisdome with this closing point,  
That whereas I betroth'd was to *Fraucisco*,  
And *Pantalonies* Sonne unto another,  
(A Lady as tis justified at *Rome*)  
You force me on this man, the fitteſt husband  
On whom to make my party good hereafter,  
Who ſhall not dare to upbraide my breach of faith.

*Gua.* And iſt not a found policy my *A Bell*  
*Flavia* ? *rings.*

But now no more ; old *Pantaloni* comes,  
I take it. How now ! dos he not come ?

*Enter Nanulo.*

*Nan.* Signor *Pantaloni*, ſir, intreats you  
Meet him on the *Rialto* instantly,  
That you may goe to the Advocates together.

*Gua.* It is my *Flavia* interchangeably  
To ſeale your Marriage covenants ; make thee  
happy,  
Looke to my house and havings ; keepe all ſafe,  
e absent most part of this day.

Be

Be carefull Girle, thine own speciall good  
Requires thee to't : and therefore I dare trust thee.

*Fla.* Happy successe attend you sir, whilst I  
Rest here in prayers for you.

*Gua.* Thanks my child,  
Come sirrah lock the doore. But first (dee hear)  
Beware that none have entrance in my absence  
Except *Fabritio, Pantalonie's Sonne* ;  
Or such as I have warranted, looke to it.

*Nan.* With due respect.

*Gua.* Come lock the doore I say. *Exit.*

*Fla.* I be sure of that, and I could wish (fly  
My thoughts were prisoners too : that they might  
No further then the casement, or the wicket ;  
Where they (loose things) get out, and nothing bring  
Back to this heart, but cold and sad returns.  
O my *Afletta*—

*Enter Afletta.*

*Af.* Now or never helpe me !

*Fla.* As thou didst ever dreame what true love  
was,

Fancy some way to quit me of this bondage ;  
Or else contrive this houre to be my last. (what !

*Af.* What ! would you disobey your *Father* ?  
So good, so carefull, and so wise a *Parent* ?

*Fla.* O doe not vex me into longer life.  
Either speake helpe, or let me die in silence.

*Af.* Yes, at sixteene ; you would die at sixteene ?

*Fla.* Else let thy pitty of my youth preserve me.

*Af.* O *Cupid* what a *Termagant* tyrant art thou  
Over poore subjects of sixteene ! There is not one  
Among a hundred of those ticklish *Trifles*  
But is more taken with a *Toy* at sixteene  
Then six and twenty : because by that time  
The edges of most maydenheads are allayd.

*Fla.* Nay deare *Afletta* hast thou thought a  
course ?

*Aſt.* What to prevent your Father, my good Master?

Thinke you I can turne traytor to his trust,  
And crosse his purpose for your Marriage?

*Fla.* If Knife, or Poyfon, Fire, or Water may Remove this wretched cause, i'le do it else. (house

*Aſt.* Yes, you were best leape from the top o' th' Into the *Cavail grande*: and there perhaps Some courteous *Gondaliar* may catch you up, And waſt you to ſome house of deare delight.

*Fla.* Thou torturſt me.

*Aſt.* You ſee the doore is ſhut, And *Go-by-ground* your fathers Giant here More ſterne then *Cerberus* holds fast the Key, You can make no excursion; nor let in Any attempt for your redemption: No Letter or a Message can approach you, But by this Gyant-dwarfe your Fathers Agent, Though I my ſelfe were wicked to affiſt you.

*Fla.* O couldſt thou be ſo vertuous! Then I know Some quaint devife would iſſue from thy braine To conjuſe and controwle his weaker ſpirits. Thou knowſt I have command of Gold and Jewells Enough to buy a Senators large conſcience: Doe thou command it all to win him to us, That petty thing. Dos he appeare bribe-free? Is he the only officer uncorrupted?

*Enter Nanulo.*

*Nan.* *Madona Flavia* newes.

*Fla.* What I beſeech you? (Fabritio.

*Nan.* From your elected Bridegroome, brave

*Aſt.* Diſſemble patience as you are a woman, Or hope to be; and heare him handſomely.

*Fla.* How dos hee *Nanulo*?

*Aſt.* That was well ſaid.

*Nan.* Well and reſpectfull towards you it ſeemeſ, For

For hee desires you not to stir abroad,  
As I could wish you would not—

*Fla.* Insolent slave !

You know I may not stir beyond the Key  
You keepe, and yet you wish me stay within.

*Aft.* Will you marre all ? the reason ?

*Nan.* The reason is, he meanes to fend anon  
A *Mercadante* from the *Merceria*,

The famous Pedler woman of this City  
With her most precious wares; for you to choose  
What you shall like and take them as his presents,  
(A ceremony us'd on wedding Eves)

Such Rings, such Things, such Knacks, such Knots  
& Bobs ;

Such Curles, such Purles, such Tricks and Trilly  
bubkins 'hem !

As Mayds would turne no Mayds almost to see  
And can you yet be angry at such newes  
With me the gladsome bringer ?

*Aft.* Very good !

I have heard of this rare Pedler-woman ;  
And that shee is much us'd in close affaires  
Twixt parties *Hee* and *Shee* ; and doe not doubt  
Since you make golden offers (gentle Mistresse)  
To work her to your ends, as neare (dee marke ?)  
As womans wit may reach at such a pinch,  
Pray let her come.

*Fla.* Well sir, you know I shall not stir abroad ;  
When shee is come shee's welcome with my thanks.  
Returne so by the messenger.

*Nan.* Most readily.

*Exit.*

*Aft.* Now Mistris if I chance to set the sadle  
On the right horse ; that is, to place your Mayden-  
head

Where you would faine bestow it, I trust you will  
Out of your store reward me with a dowry  
Fit to convey me to a *Tradefmans* Bed.

*Fla.* Yes, and wish there a second Maydenhead,  
On the condition.

*Af.* Well, be chearfull then,  
And cleare those cloudy looks, awake your sences,  
Refresh your temples, rowse invention up.  
I have found ground to build on ; but there lacks  
Much rewing, squaring, joynting, to make sure,  
Against all stormes, our lofty Architure,  
Come up to councell ?

*Fla.* Now thou comforts me. *Exeunt Om.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

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Enter *Pantaloni, Guadagni, Nicolo, with a Zaffies habit under his arme.*

*Pan.* Is this *Checquino's* house, your Advocate ?  
*Gua.* It is, and *Prospero* your learned Councill  
Is with him here, attending too, our comming.

*Pan.* Tis well, Give me my writings *Nicolo,*  
Please you to enter : I'le dispatch my man,

*Exit. Guad.*

And follow instantly. Now *Nicolo,*  
About the serious busines *Nicolo,*  
In which this morning I instructed you.

*Nic.* For your revenge sir.

*Pan.* Right my Apprehension  
On that discourteous, cursed *Curtezan,*  
Twill breed me more delight, then all the dalliances  
I could have found in her most free ambraces ;  
I hug my quick and sweet invention for it ;  
Here take this *gold* ; this bright resulgent *gold*,  
Twenty *Checquines*, and promise twenty more  
On the performance of the brave employ't

*Twill*

Twill take unto my wish, I doe foresee't.

*Nic.* Twill be sir, such a notable Revenge  
That the report of it in after-ages  
Will either mortifie concupiscence  
In young lascivious Harlots ; or, at leaft,  
Fright out of 'em their itch of wronging age :  
They ſhall no more dare to put youthfull tricks  
On yeares, and gravity.

*Pan.* Right my *Nicolo*.

*Nic.* Sli'd fir, and if you ſhould not be revengd,  
An old man ſhould not ſtep in the *Bordello*  
Without the taunts of Boyes and Gondeliers,  
Crying take heed, old man, you be not ſerv'd  
As the *Novella* fitted *Pantalon*.  
So, in ſhort time, the City were well ſerv'd  
When age ſhall be afham'd to crawle to lechery.

*Pan.* Right, witty Knave. Goe heartily about it,  
Thinke what a Master tis thou doſt it for,  
That has no ſlender tie upon thy duty ;  
One that has bred thee from a youngling up  
To this maturity.

*Nic.* I muſt acknowledg it.

*Pan.* And *Nicolo*, it was no petty kindnes  
To manumize your Father from the Galley  
Which you cannot forget.

*Nic.* Yet muſt I heare it——?

*Pan.* But i'le urge thee no further. Boy be  
carefull ;  
Worke but this for me with effect and ſpeed,  
And bind me as a Father to thy need. *Exit.*

*Nic.* You have even ſpoyl'd all now. I had as  
good a mind  
And thought to ha' gone as heartily about  
This peece of villany as the Devil, that  
Is in my Master could devife, or wiſh  
Till that ore-doing ſpirit put me out ;  
Could he not ſee 'twas well ; and miſchievous

Enough in conscience, but himselfe must crosse it ?  
 Dos he thinke by redeeming of my Father  
 To flave me with his boasts, and foule upbraydings ?  
 Had he still rowd i'th' gally, I not knowing,  
 The toyle, the smart and grieve had been his own :  
 Now I inherit what was then his paine,  
 Hearing continually the clash of's care,  
 And his fell stripes, out of this Bablers mouth,  
 Which more then kills my thanks ; it wreaks my  
 Spleen.

To brag of benefits one hath bestowne  
 Doth make the best seeme lesse, and most seem none :  
 So often times the greatest curtesie  
 Is by the doer made an injury.

*Enter Fabritio.*

*Fab.* Nicolo well met, I saw you house my Father,  
 And waited for you. Come you shall draw neare.  
 This is a neare friends Lodging (*Piso, Fran-*  
*Gentlemen,* (*cisco, Hora.*  
 My fathers speciall man I told you of ; (*at a Table,*  
 Pray bid him welcome. (*Wine, &c.*

*Hor.* Most intirely,  
 Please you to sit sir : Here's a short potation.

*Pi.* But good *Lyatico* I assure you sir  
 I'le be your taster to quit feare of danger, *Piso*  
 And now i'le let you know we have made *drinks.*  
*oath*

Upon this nimble master of invention  
 This sprightly liquor to be firme, and faithfull  
 To one another in a present project.  
 Take you the same, and grow in one with us.

*Nic.* May I not aske what end your project  
 aimes at ?

*Fra.* Nor what, nor unto whose —

*Pi.* Let it suffice,  
 We carry that about us shall end you, *They draw*  
 And presently, if you comply not with us, *Stillettoes.*

*Nic.*

*Nic.* Nay, nay, by faire meanes Gentlemen I  
pray.

I am apt enough to mischiese of my selfe.  
Looke yee. I fweare with you. *He drinks.*

*Hor.* Tis well. Now know.  
Tis for the good of your young Master here.

*Nic.* Then you would use me in some treachery  
Against my old one.

*Pi.* Thou art a Soothsayer.

*Nic.* Look you, i'le fweare againe, I like your oath,  
Your deep *Lyatic oath* here, wondrous *He drinks*  
well. *thrice.*

*Fab.* Tis well done *Nicolo*: try the bottome of't.  
*Nic.* I will comply now and complot with you,

And was indifferently prepar'd before.  
Provided alwayes that it tend not to  
Danger of's Life.

*Fab.* Couldst thinke me such a Villaine?  
*Nic.* Nay, if it were, 'twere no disparagement  
To stake my head with yours. But Gentlemen,  
Please yee fall roundly now upon the busines,  
I have now fworne enough,

*Pi.* Then you must answer  
To these intergatories. First do you know  
If the old men *Guadagni* and *Pantaloni*  
Doe hold their purpose for their match to morrow  
Betwixt *Fabritio* here, and *Flavia*?

*Nic.* They are marrying of 'em now at their  
Lawyers,  
By Deed and Covenant, under Hand and Seale.  
I left them, and their Bookes there now together,  
And for the Priest to morrow is the day.

*Hor.* Is not *Fabritio* mist at home this morning?  
*Nic.* No, not at all, the old man's mind's so carried  
Upon the wings of this new marriage fortune——  
I cry you mercy sir, you are the Gentleman  
I thinke, that should have had her.

*Fra.*

*Fra.* In good time sir.

*Nic.* In good time may you i'le do something  
for you.

*Fab.* Honest, deserving *Nic.*

*Nic.* Sir thus it is :

My Master sent in my young Masters name,  
(The more to indeare his service and his care  
To the young Lady) that the Merchantesfe,  
The rich Shee pedler of the *Merceria*  
Should visit her to day with all her wares,  
For her to take her choyce to deck her Brideship ;  
If you know how to plough now with that Heyfar  
You may perhaps convey a message to her.

*Hor.* I know her, and will fit you with directions.

*Fra.* Thou haft given a hint, for which I will  
renown thee.

*Pi.* But *Nicolo*, where was your reverend Master  
Attended by your selfe before day-light ?

*Fab.* Prithee inquire not further, 'twas not he :

*Nic.* The doubtfull light deceav'd you sir.

*Pi.* No more then Noon isaith, a man may spie  
An old whote-master in the darkest night  
Like an old Cat, by th' gloring of his eyes.  
Will his old Mutton-mongership nere leave ?  
He is already known sufficiently  
Through the City for his gift that way ;  
And yet he will deny his sonne free choyce,  
And force him marry one hee not affects.

*Hor.* That is his drift, whereby he may inherit  
From him the same licenciousnesse ; and make  
The World acknowledge him the more his Son.

*Pi.* But has he made the purchace ? has he  
bought

The famous peece of flesh, the rare *Novella* ?

*Nic.* I could unshale a plot.

*Hor.* Nere doubt but doe't then.

*Pi.* My noble *Nicolo* out with't I say.

*Nic.*

*Nic.* I would intreat the favour of this *Senate*  
I might unfold it only unto one.

*Fra.* Take your free choyce.

*Nic.* To you young Master then,  
Take heede wee render not ridiculous  
Your Father to the wildnesse of their youth :  
But to your selfe I will disclose a secret  
That may be wrought to your advantage.

*Fab.* On.

*Nic.* Tis true, my Master was with the *Novella*,  
Drawne by the loose desires of wanton flesh ;  
But such a foule affront he did receave  
As justly doth provoke his dire revenge,  
Which he hath trusted me to execute.

*Fab.* How *Nicolo* ? but first what was th' affront ?

*Nic.* He bargain'd with her ; and for some large  
Shee yielded to be his. But in the night (price  
In the condition'd bed was laid a *Moore* ;  
A hideous and detested *Blackamore*,  
Which he (demanding light to please his eye,  
As old men use all motives)  
Discoverd and inrag'd, forsooke the house ;  
Affrighted and ashamed to aske his coyne againe.

*Fab.* But seekes Revenge ! How, how, good  
*Nicolo* ?

*Nic.* Thus sir, you know what common disrepute  
Falls upon Man or Woman that is found  
Conversing with the common City-hangman,  
That nearest Kindred after such converse,  
Shun their society, as they would doe him  
(The Hangmans selfe) so odious are they held  
Except it be those officers allowd  
By the *State-publick* to negotiate with him.

*Fab.* I know it *Nicolo*. But what can follow ?

*Nic.* Tis plotted that the Hangman shall go to  
And be discover'd with her in such fort, (her,  
As her disgrace shall force her fly the City,  
And

Thinke tis your person beautifies the Dresse,  
Not it, your perfon.

*Vic.* Why not it my person ?

*Pau.* Yes, as the flame the fuell ;  
To worke it into coales, and so to ashes.

*Vic.* Still *Borgio* in your old morality !

*Pau.* These Tires, these Chaines, these Paintings,  
and these Gawds  
Are but the sprigs and leaves the butchers use  
To set out flesh to sale with ; or, at best,  
But the gay *Garlands* which adorne the Beast  
Prepar'd for Sacrifice —

*Vic.* Peace *Borgio*, peace.

*Pau.* And as those Beasts, so senselesse are you  
women  
Of the most certaine danger you put on,  
With your vaine glorious gayety ; chips and  
strawes,  
To kindle fire of lust, in whose lew'd flame  
Sinkes (with *Troyes* Buildings) Natures choycest  
Flame.

*Vic.* I would I understood this misery !  
Deale freely with me *Borgio*, what new art  
Haft thou in practise, that thou setst a face  
Shiningly varnish'd with Divinity  
On a profession, that makes Nature vile  
In her own shame ? Lust's instrument !  
Nay case of instruments holding all meanes  
For propagation and maintaining of it ;  
To make thy Gaine out of its dregs and fragments.  
Tell me, dost thinke by preaching modesty  
To quit thee of the basenesse of thy trade ;  
A poore necessitous *Bravo* ? or haft hope  
To live upon my honesty, and yet be still  
Thy selfe a *Ruffiano* ?

*Pau.* I would give o're, would you ; and change  
my Function.

*Vic.*

*Vic.* Ha, ha, ha,—

*Jac.* What meane you *Borgio*, would you now  
spoile all?

Did you instruct her in this way of profit,  
And no leſſe pleasant too, then profitable  
(As most of my Bookes titles are) whereby  
Shee was so well resolued to goe on—

*Pau.* Hold thy peace foole: ſhee will runne on  
the faster,  
Thou knowſt not how much harme, preaching has  
done  
'Mongſt women. ſhewill prove the only Sweep-stake  
In all the City.

*Jac.* O are you there Devil?

*Vic.* Sir, leave this grumbling, or i'le turne you off  
Amongſt your Brothers, and your Sons *Ruffianos*,  
To lurch i'th'night betwixt eleaven and two  
To rob and drown for prey; till being taken  
Immediate Hanging follows.

*Pau.* I'm now your Creature;  
My noble resolute Miftris; now I adore you:  
Now you ſhine bright; your bravery now becomes  
you,  
Yet (let me tell you under faire correction)  
I have ſome cause to hinder your desires,  
And theyrs that ſeekē you more, yet, for a time.

*Vic.* Your reaſon ſir?

*Pau.* You know I was preferrd to you for a *Bravo*  
Of long and deare experience: I have ſerv'd  
Six, the moft famous *Dames*, this City bred  
These ſixty yeaſes; none ſcorning my advise,  
By which, and their endeavours they grew up  
To purſe the price of *Providences*; which beſtowd  
The moft in publicke, ſome in pious uſes  
Purchas'd them fame, almoſt Canonization.  
The laſt and leaſt of them *Margarita Emiliana*  
Founded the *Auguſtinian Monaftry*

I shoud you late ; where shee has daily prayers.  
 These women, whom successsively I serv'd,  
 Fell not by rash adventure unto all  
 Great *Fortunes* offers ; but by sound advise  
 (Which kept their Bodies sound and rich'd their  
 coffers)

Were long e're they embrac'd ; by which their price  
 And beauty grew of greater estimation,  
 My profit in this too is unneglected :  
 For long suspense, and tedious Expectation  
 Bring me more certaine fees ; where, if you fell  
 Imediatly to work, my work were done,  
 And your own too, perhaps too soon ; witnes the  
 falls

That *Pox* and *Poverty* have brought on many !  
 When their youths flame was spent and they re-  
 jected,  
 When others of their *Sisterhood* were embrac'd  
 Into a wholesome *Nunnery*.

*Vic.* This fellow speakes my thoughts. *Borgio*,  
 I thought

You had respect to your particular profit  
 In all this winding wariness for my good.

*Pau.* You may conceive, 'twould grieve me, that  
 (where now  
 You have continuall new, and bounteous suitors,  
 That yeild me fees for the bare sight of you)  
 You should in yielding to their common use  
 Send one man cloyd away, t'affright another  
 From his approach.

*Vic.* *Borgio*, no more of this,  
 A deare friend put you to me, for whose sake  
 I hitherto have follow'd your advise,  
 In hoysting up the price of my *virginity*.

*Jac.* To such a rate no common purse dares  
 venture,  
 Nor common folkes presume t'approach the house.

*Vic.*

*Vic.* And such as did attempt, by offering leffe,  
I have fent back with shame; as the old *youth*  
Last night, for which I thank thee *Facconetta*.

*Jac.* I thinke I coold his grave concupiscence.

*Vic.* And therefore, doubt not, carefull *Borgio*,  
Unleffe I meet a husband by the way  
I will not stoope this moneth at a leffe rate,  
Then the proposed sum and your consent.

*Pau.* I thanke you more then if you had posses'd  
Me of the value of that sum propos'd.

*Jac.* He meanes her Maydenhead! Ifaith good  
sir,  
The mark's grown out of your old chaps, or else  
Hang me if I believ'd you, by that little  
I know of man.

*Vic.* So now about our businesse.  
Some of my visitants I know are neare,  
Wayt circumspectly *Borgio*.

*Pau.* You need not doubt me. *Exit.*

*Vic.* There is some hidden vertue in this fellow,  
Or dangerous ill: but whether let it be;  
As was my Birth my purpose shall be free.  
Make fit my Chamber *Faconet*. But first  
Give me my Lute; and set me for the signe  
Of what I meane to be, the fam'd *Novella*.

*Song.*

*Whilst she playes and sings above, Paulo waits  
below. Many Gallants passe over the stage  
gazing at her. Piso is received in by Paulo,  
after him a French Cavalier, then a brave  
Spaniard, and after him a glorious German.  
Paulo takes fees of all as they enter the house.*

The Song ended, Paulo appeares above  
with *Victoria*.

*Vic.* Now *Borgio*, how speakes your muster roll?  
What? are you full?

*Pau.* I have an army royall

K

Of

Of Princely spirits, ready for encounter.

*Vic.* But one at once good *Borgio*.

*Pau.* I have encamp'd them each in severall quarter.

Here lies the no lesse politick then stout

*Italian* force, and there your sprightly *French* ;

Here the brave *Spaniard*, there the *German* bold ;

Here the *Polonian*, and *Sclavonian* there ;

*Persian* and *Grecian* —

*Vic.* Pray thee hold. No more.

*Pau.* 'Tis not your house can hold, (would I admit 'em)

One of each severall nation would throng in

To make his battery on your virgin Fort.

The rich *Piazza*, on her greatest Mart

Boasts not more Nations ; nor *St. Marke* himselfe

The understanding of more Languages

Then I (could I find house-roome) could receave,

To be made one by your interpretation.

O what a Daring glasse is sparkling beauty ;

Fetching ambition from above the pitch

Of towring Eagles, or Sky-touching Larks

Down with a glance into the Nets of Love !

*Vic.* Praythee speake nearer home, who hast thou hous'd ?

*Pau.* I have cull'd from the pack a speciall prince ;

Foure glittering Gallants ; one of *Italy*,

For our deare Countries sake ; But then a *Monsieur*,

A joviall French-man, all of flame and spirit.

*Vic.* I shall not dare to meddle with his glory

For feare I fall with *Semele*, who next ?

*Pau.* A *Spaniard* next, that, to adorne his pride,  
Weares an Epitome of both the *Indies*.

*Vic.* I saw his punctuality passe by.

*Pau.* And did you note his stiffe reservednesse ?

He dares not cough for breaking of his chaine,  
    en there is a *Dutchman*, (*Cargo luflick* !)

A jolly strong chind *German*, princely borne ;  
A *Landsgrave* at the leaſt ; whose very bluntnesse  
Promises more then the sharp-set *Italian*,  
The fiery *Frenchman*, or the doughty *Diego*  
In all their eager purſuit.

*Vic.* That man *Burgio* !  
You have beſtowd them all in ſeverall Roomes ?  
*Pau.* O like fierce Beasts, from ſent of one another.  
*Vic.* Then firſt, in faire requitall of the Muſick,  
I doe imagine ſome of them beſtowd  
On me, this morning e're my Love appears  
To feed their eyes, let Muſick eaſt their eares.

*Exeunt Om.*

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*ACT III. SCENE I.*

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*Piso, Victoria.*

*Pi.* **W**hy not me, Lady ? ſtand not I as faire,  
And fit for your embraces as any man ?  
*Vic.* Yes fir, tis granted ; and as acceptable  
I yeild to none.  
*Pi.* Tis but to try my Courtſhip, I preſume,  
That you put on this coynesſe, and to draw  
More ample testimony of affection,  
By Protestation, Prayers, Compliments ;  
The weakeſt ceremonies due to love ;  
Meere noyſe and Lip-labour, with loſſe of time.  
I thinke with ſcorne upon ſuch poore expreſſions,  
And am above the art of *Amorifl* ;  
That cringe and creepe by weake degrees of *Love* ;  
To Kiffe the hand, the Cheek, the Lip, then cry  
O Divine touch ! then ſmirk, and then embrace,  
Then nuzzle in the *Elizium* of your boſome,

K 2

And

And be entranc'd ! meanes fit for duller spirits,  
 To gather heat and strength of appetite.  
 My desire speakes in *Loves* true dialect ;  
 And, from my heart inflam'd, you may perceive  
*Loves* fire rage in mine eyes, enough  
 To melt to yeildingnes a frozen breast.  
 In this I talke too much. I finde you yeilding.

*Vic.* And I my selfe too blame —

*Pi.* Let us retire then.

*Vic.* Mistake me not good Signior. Keep your  
 distance :

I blame my selfe to let you overweene  
 By my long silence, that immodesty  
 To be in me, that might embolden you  
 To your and my dishonor. Pray desist,  
 And let the friendly welcome you have found  
 Perswade your faire construction.

*Pi.* Is this earnest ?

*Vic.* Yes in sooth is it.

*Pi.* I'le be playner then,

What make you here i'th' *Smock-Faire*, precious  
 Mistris ?

Or why these dressings, these perfumes and paint-  
 ings ?

Doe you weare the habit of our *Curtezans*,  
 And, by their art, call Gazers to your beauty,  
 Full of high hopes and flames of ardent Love,  
 Thus to delude, and make them witnesses  
 Of a cold seeming *Chasfity* ? what new Art  
 Is this ? it cannot be to get a husband !

*Vic.* Nor a child neither sir, that's lesse.

*Pi.* That's soone believ'd, yet, no disparagement  
 To your expert sufficiency in the trade :  
 For the best Carpenters make fewest chips,  
 There's very few of all your function fruitfull :  
 Yet some there be approved men at armes  
 Famous in publique service : and a many

Good

Good handy craftsmen in the *Arsenall*  
Bred by this bounteous City from such mothers  
That nere could boast their fathers ; and as many  
Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature)  
Succede their active Mothers in their fortunes.

*Vic.* You are better read then I fir.

*Pi.* Tis common knowledge Lady. Nor do I  
Read this t'informe your selfe, who were instructed  
(I make no doubt) before your price was set,  
By all examples to your present practise.

*Vic.* Sir, I must tell you now, you grow too lavish ;  
So, as I feare foule language ; to'avoyd which  
Let me intreat a faire departure hence.

*Pi.* Lady, this overacted State might fit  
The wife of a *Clarissimo*, or the bashfull  
Daughter of some *Patrician* : but in you,  
A piece set out to sale, it but appeares  
Affected singularity, more unsutable  
To the temptations you weare about you  
Then th'holie seeming pictures in your Chamber.

*Vic.* Why should it trouble you fir ?

*Pi.* It dos, to thinke what new and secret aime  
You may intend by this ; in taking on you  
The habit, and the name of *Curtezan* :  
And, first, to set a price so far beyond  
The strength of any ordinary meanes ;  
And then to shew a carriage that may strike  
Lust out of countenance ! O the Knot's dissolv'd !  
O *Oedipus* ! O *Sphynx* ! I now have found it  
You fish for Fishermen (tis pregnant truth)  
Shee claps a Cardinall aboord at least :  
Tis not a Lay-mans purse, or Learning can,  
Or purchace, or confute you, ist not so ?

*Vic.* Now you are foule indeed, and I must plead  
My privilege against you fir, you know  
I have a freedome grounded upon custome  
Here in this City, for a moneth to make

Choyce of my Lodging, set what price I please  
 Upon my selfe; admit what visitants  
 I shall thinke fit; no other, nor no more;  
 And this without controule, or least exception  
 Of you or any man; secur'd by th' City,  
 So safe from out-rages, that least abuse  
 May, on my just complaint, be punishable  
 In whomsoever by affront dares grive me.

*Pi.* I feare shee'l prove another creature then  
 The Beast I tooke her for: shee knows her strength.

*Vic.* Yet thus much (for you are a Gentleman)  
 I'le yeild for satisfaction unexacted:  
 If in this Moneths space, in that honor'd way  
 (For I despaire not of a husband sir)  
 Of holy Marriage, I be not promov'd;  
 Nor, by that time prefix'd, the Great Sum tenderd  
 (Great as you terme't) for my virginity;  
 And that I stoope for lesse, here is my hand  
 I will be yours as freely as mine owne  
 At your own price.

*Pi.* Said like a noble Wench,  
 Onely a word by way of friendly advise,  
 And so farewell. This Maydenhead of yours,  
 By you so highly pris'd; now being ripe  
 (And therein only merchantable ware)  
 Will, if you overslip the seafon, grow  
 Sodainly fulsome, st freight way stale, then Rotten:  
 Think upon choycest Fruit, or Foule, or Fish,  
 Rich Wines, or any Rarity; how foone  
 Their vertue's lost.

*Vic.* I am enough instructed.

*Pi.* Once more farewell—pray ponder on these  
 things.

*Vic.* Feare not I shall.

*Pi.* Could you consider how 'twould grieve a  
 foule

Indued with Reason, Knowing, the true use

Of

Of *Nature's* delicates, to see 'hem lost,  
Or spoil'd for want of seasonable taking,  
I know you would, and thanke me for my counsell.

*Vic.* Indeed and so I doe.

*Pi.* Indeed farewell then. *Exit.*

*Vic.* Hee's gone, at last the tedious storme is  
over.

I shall want day, as well as patience  
T' indure and answer all the rest so largely.  
See my sprightly *Frenchman* ! I must looke  
For a hot Onset now, though a shourt Skirmish.  
*Enter Horatio, like a French cavalier, Paulo presents him.*

*Hor.* Let me in my approach admire that Object  
That vindicates the voyce of Fame, in proving  
Shee was no Lyer in the lowd reports,  
That blaz'd it for the Beauty of the World !

*Vic.* Good sir beware idolatry.

*Hor.* The *Egiptians*,  
Would they forbeare their wonted heathenish wor-  
ship,  
And fall in adoration of this face——

*Vic.* Indeed i'le heare no more.

*Hor.* Lady you must,  
You are so farre above the pitch of flattery  
That highest courtship in our best of Language  
Wants due expression of your supreame graces :  
And not to tender you the heighth of prayse  
Were mere Rusticity, rather prophanation.

*Vic.* Yet. Let me stay you there, and let me tell  
you

You have worded well your high conceipt of me,  
But in a way so low, so undeferving  
A courtiers art, that I have found you none.

*Hor.* No Courtier Lady ?

*Vic.* No, no Courtier sir,  
How can it fall in courtly understanding

That beauty can be conquer'd by it's praiſe ?  
 It breeds but leſſe respect, and oft times ſcorne  
 From thoſe that are ambitious of praiſe  
 On ſuch praiſe-givers. And if you came onely  
 Thus to pronounce my praiſe, you have ſaid enough.

*Hor.* Nay deareſt Lady, ſaving your diſpleaſure —

I muſt come cloſer to her, ſhee'l forget *Aſide.*  
 Shee is a whore elſe.

*Vic.* Sir, your further pleaſure.

*Hor.* To tell you, Lady, now I like your wit  
 Equally with your beauty ; briefly of which  
 A word or two, and ſo unto our buſineſſe.  
 (You tax me with the loſſe of time already)  
 You doe conſider fitly, that to praiſe  
 What we would purchace makes the value higher :  
 It is the chapmans rule to diſcommend.

*Vic.* Right ſir, were you to buy a Horse or Jewell,  
 You would not praiſe it paſt the price propounded.

*Hor.* Yes, where I finde the worth exceed the  
 price.

*Vic.* (I am betray'd. Hee brings the Money  
 ſure.) *Aſide.*

*Hor.* And, that you know I doe eſteeme your  
 worth

Above all Salary, I yeild my ſelfe,  
 Fraught with unvaluable Love and Honor  
 To be the due reward of your embracēſ.

*Vic.* What's this ſir, to a thouſand double  
 Duccatts ?

*Hor.* You cannot thinke ſo poorely, or if ſo,  
 Perceive them in a taste of my endowments.  
 First ſee my late compoſure ; where the flame  
 Of the foule-ravifhing art of *Poefy*  
 May light your judgement 'bove the love of money.

*Vic.* You'l ſay my foule is noble, then if I  
 (As I protest I doe) complaine the wants

Of

Of even the best professors of that art.  
The words are set.

*Hor.* To notes my voyce can master?

*Vic.* Please you to read 'hem sir, and in requitall  
Of such a debt, my mayd shall sing 'hem for you.

*Enter Faccionetta.*

*Faccionetta, observe this Dity.*

Hee Reades the Song.

*Let not the corrupted steame  
Of invective breach blasphemie,  
Ladies for those artfull graces  
Which they lay upon their Faces :  
Ceruse and Vermillion there  
As aptly may be layd,  
As (to cover Nature bare)  
All other parts be clad.*

*Be wee sick in any part,  
Pain'd, or Lame, we seeke to Art,  
(Nature's Rector) to restore  
Us, the strength we had before.  
Who can say a Ladies Face  
Leffe merithe the cost,  
Or the priviledge, or grace  
Her other parts may boast?*

*Ladyes no, since Time may steale  
Natures bounty, learne to heale ;  
And with nimble hand repaire  
Teeth and Lips, Cheeks, Eyes and Haire ;  
Filling wrinkles, purling veynes :  
That unperceav'd may be  
Upon your lookes, the stroakes and paines  
Of Age and Casualty.*

*Vic.*

*Vic.* Now try your voyce, Maide.

*Jac. Sings.*

*Hor.* However 'twas well Sung, you feeme to  
flight

In fuch requitall, my esteeme of you :

But yet there rests in me a quality,

I may suppose not so to be requited.

Pleafe you command your Musick, I will Dance,  
To what you firſt ſhall name of lateſt praetice.

*Vic.* Your ſkill hath made you conſiſtent; and I  
Do ſo muſh honour theſe endowments in you,  
That I my ſelfe will anſwer you in this.

Name you the Dance fir.

*Hor.* To come the cloſer to you, the *Novella*.

*Vic.* I am but weakly praetis'd yet in that.

*Hor.* Some other then.

*Vic.* No let it be the ſame.

Goe play it *Jacconetta*, the *Novella*. *Exit Jac.*

*Hor.* I doe begin to doubt my qualities  
Will not paſſe here in payment at the rate  
My ſchooling cost me, when ſhee repayes all  
I can beſtow, in the fame coyne againe :  
But ſince I'm in, i'le on, and make the beſt  
Both Face and Legs I can in't.

*Dance.*

*Hor.* How like you it Lady ?

*Vic.* For ſo muſh fir as you have excell'd me  
I crave your kind acceptance of my thanks.

*Hor.* I ſtill had rather you were pleas'd to accept  
Me and my whole deſervings. I come to you.  
If you eſteeme of Courtſhip, Language, Quality,  
Sorting a Gentleman of beſt degree,  
The Mixture of whose knowledge with his praetice  
Cost thrice your golden Sum ; let me and thoſe  
Be made the meed of your moſt ſweet enjoying.

*Vic.* I will not make you ſuch a loſer fir,  
But rather wiſh you had your money againe

*Thoſe*

Those excellencies cost.

*Hor.* You doe not flout me Lady ?

*Vic.* No, i'le speake plainly sir, these qualities  
Might on some thriving Stage, and lucky legs  
Bring you your money againe, winning, perhaps,  
The love of some old Lady, by stirring up  
The embers of affection, rather lust.

*Hor.* Did ever woman talke so ?

*Vic.* But certes here  
They will not passe for ready money sir.

*Hor.* I dreampt as much. Shee has a devillish wit.

*Vic.* My curtesie sir forbids me bid you hence ;  
But having private businesse of my own  
I must crave leave to leave you to the thought  
Of what two thousand Duccats are. *Exit.*

*Hor.* Be hand'd.

*Enter Paulo.*

*Pau.* Is it perform'd sir ? have you done thefeat ?

*Hor.* Pox o' your Feates,

*Pau.* Just as the Musick playd I warrant you  
Sir, 'twas a moving Lesson ; playd to th'lfe.  
We struck it home, that you might do so too.

*Hor.* The Rogue, too, jeeres me ! sir I should  
doe well  
To strike, or beat your undeferv'd Fee  
Out of your bawdy Pocket.

*Pau.* As if you had not done the doe you came  
for !

What pretty wayes can Gentlemen find out  
To save their moneys ! 'Tis worth praise in some,  
That have but little, or come hardly by't,  
By travaile, study, or laborious toyle,  
Deare shiffts sometimes, and dangerous wayes with  
hazard —

*Hor.* Very good !

*Pau.* But for you Gallants, that have, as it were  
Wealth above wit borne with you, and still growing  
Up

Up with you, past the reach of your expences ;  
 And never sweat, but for your exercise,  
 Or what your exercises bring you to !  
 For you to thinke your pleasures costly ; faine  
 Excuse for petty fees, now the great charge  
 Is paid, and your desire satisfied —

*Hor.* No more.

*Pau.* Alas sir, what is a poore Duccatoun  
 After a thousand Duccats ? —

*Hor.* Ha' you done ?

*Pau.* Would you had not ; 'leffe my reward were  
 better.

See, see, the bed made smoth againe and all !  
 (O precious craft !) as here had nothing been !  
 Well would yee were all as wife in greater matters.

*Hor.* Tis the Rogues humor : I will give him  
 something  
 For abusing me. There's your Duccatoun  
 To worke more affability in your Mistris  
 Against my next approach.

*Pau.* It seemes then yet  
 You are not cloyd with her deliciousnesse.

*Hor.* Nor had one taft (I sweare by life and  
 honour)  
 Of all my hopes, more then her Hand and Lips.

*Pau.* Have you not in that a double meaning sir ?

*Hor.* I vow, for ought I know shee is a virgin.

*Pau.* Y'have satisfied me, and perhaps my art  
 May in your absence worke a little for you.

*Hor.* Thinke of me then.

*Pau.* My profit pricks me to it.

*Hor.* Respect it then, Adieu. *Exit.*

*Pau.* Serviteur Monsieur.  
 The feare of thee is past. I was almost  
 In a cold sweat : but all the danger now,  
 Lyes on the tother side o'th'house ; my Don  
 My hot Goat-liver'd *Diego*, should he now

Discharge his Pistols on her, they would prove  
More forcible then Cannon-shot on me.

*Enter Pedro, Victoria.*

Faith quit me of suspect. How big hee lookes!  
As if he scorn'd repulse. If he grow violent  
I'le bring the Dutchman in to coole his pride,  
And set them by the eares for our *Low Countries.*

*Exit.*

*Ped.* I have not in all *Spaine* (where Majesty  
Enthroned sits upon the brow of beauty,  
And crowne the Ladies with prerogative  
'bove all the women of the Earth) incountred  
With such a scorne, as here. Discourteous woman,  
Worthlesse and ignorant of the weighty trust  
Was tenderd to thee in my blood and honour.

*Vic.* Your blood and honour, will not feed or  
cloath mee.

*Ped.* I will not change a word more with a mouth  
So full of rudenes, and mechanick basenesse.

*Vic.* Not upon my subission sir?

*Ped.* It must be great and sodaine if it move me.

*Vic.* Hee lookes that I should kneele and beg a  
Kisse.

*Ped.* Why seeke you not to expiate your trespassse  
By tender of your selfe to my embraces?

*Vic.* I cannot doe't; My virgin Modesty  
Denyes that freedome.

*Ped.* I'le no more delay,  
I see tis only force must conquer you.

*Vic.* You will not ravish me! within there! help!

*Enter Paulo, Facconetta.*

*Pau.* What! is the great some tender'd?  
Doe you want hands to tell your money Mistris?

*Vic.* No, to take off the hands of Rape and Out-  
rage

This proud imperious Spaniard grip'd me with.

*Pau.* Signior you must not gripe nor grope here  
(c) Under

Under the sum prefix'd ; two thousand Duccats.  
 We have arithmetique to receave them by  
 In your own Pistolets, or peeces of Eight  
 In Rialls, if you please ; but not one single one  
 To be abated, my most thrifty *Don* ;  
 Whom I cannot abuse enough me thinks,  
 I have seene one in your shape so well presented.

*Ped.* Villaine, i'le have thee whipp'd for this  
 Thy fault is punishable by the Law. (affront,

*Pau.* Not in defence of honour deare *Don Tar-*  
 Preventing Rape and Murder. (quin.

*Ped.* Villaine die.

*He drawes*

*Pau.* Not at this distanee sir, *Pistoll.*  
 Besides here's ayd.

*Enter Swatzenburgh.*

*Sw. a.* Hence you Muskitta. Give a look more  
 this way

I'le force thee take thy wings out at the window.

*Ped.* Borne down by *Bravoes* ! let the place pro-  
 tect ye,

By my few minutes patience. My revenge  
 Shall shortly speake in thunder.

*Sw. a.* Hold your peace ;  
 And vent not here your lowd *Rodomontadoes*  
 Lest I spit lightning.

*Ped.* Well sir I am silent. (snapt her ;

*Pau.* Be so my politique *Don.* This *Hans* has  
 The Dutch man carries her from your great claime :  
 And this may be an ominous portent  
 Against your title to the *Netherlands*,  
 It may hold in the great worke sir, as well  
 As in this small assay.

*Ped.* Abus'd and Jeer'd !

*Pau.* Nor they heare me not my noble *Signior*,  
 I'le tell you for your satisfaction  
 This *Alinanie* is a younker that would marry her,  
 And shee nor I durst beare it otherwise,

(Knowing

(Knowing by chance he flipp'd into the house,  
And overheard us) when you come againe  
I will informe you further, you shall finde  
My information worthy of a fee.

*Ped.* Take from my hand a peece of foure  
Gazetts.

*Pau.* That's three pence sterlنج, you are boun-  
teous sir,

So, now, looke bigge and vanish. *Exit Pedro.*

*Vic.* I have not sir, in my short story strayd  
In the least fillable from truth, and were  
The eyes of all the world fix'd upon  
My seeming Levity, my mind should be  
Still constant as the center to that end  
Reserv'd in my free thoughts.

*Swa.* Why was the sum, then, of two thousand  
duccats

Proclaim'd the price of your virginity?

*Vic.* To keep the flesh flies off, you know my  
aime sir.

*Swa.* I find the noble Lady; nor can I  
Further attempt a breach upon your honor.

*Vic.* Upon those termes I pray sir be my Guest,  
I have by this time a flight Dinner staying.

*Swa.* Your favours make me bold.

*Vic.* See all in readinesse *Jacconet.* *Exit Jac.*

*Swa.* I'le drinke a frolick Lady;  
Mirth and good wine take me: My loose desire  
Is to chaste love refin'd by *Vesta's* fire. *Exit.*

*Pau.* Am I a prophet? sure the Dutchman's tane  
In a chaste snare indeed. I did but forge it  
For an excuse to calme and rid the Spaniard,  
And he seemes to prevent my fiction: yet  
Presumption shall not sway me. Womans wiles  
Are oft times past prevention, and men catch  
Sence of the wrongs, which to prevent they watch.

*Exeunt Omnes.*  
*A C T.*

That have prefix'd the time. Good *Aftutta*,  
Breake with her by your selfes ; I cannot speake :  
My teares forbid me.

*Aft.* I hope you will not offer it. (one ?

*Fra.* Come Mistris, see. What weep you, pretty  
What ! and the great good turne so near you ? ha !  
What will she doe to morrow night ?

*Aft.* Even cry out right perhaps.

*Fra.* Perhaps so too ; and laugh as fast e're  
morning,

Come Lady, come, hear me, and see my ware :  
Tis from *Fabritio*, he, that noble Gentleman,  
Dos not your heart leap now ? Now but suppose  
French chaines here of five hundred crowns a piece ;  
A rich Pearle Neck-lace, Saphire and Ruby Brace-  
lets ;

Variety of Jewells, and a Diamond work —

*Fra.* I hate their price and them, the Sender

*Aft.* Pray peace. (more.

*Fra.* I cannot : let mee goe.

*Fra.* Pray stay sweet Lady.

I doe not say *Fabritio* sent such things,  
I said I came from him, that noble Gentleman.

*Fra.* He is not noble.

*Fra.* Judge him by his presents,  
And see the things he fends.

*Fra.* I would not heare

A mention of him ; much lesse would I see  
The least relation from his hated hands.

*Aft.* Pray Mistris see 'hem ! Open your Box !  
pray. (coales,

*Fra.* Had she there *Lucrece'* Knife, or *Portias*  
Or *Cleopatra*'s ashes I could embrace 'em.

*Fra.* Look you how near I fit you. See what's  
here (A Halter, a Knife, a Viall.  
What a choyce chaine is this ! and here's a Knife,  
As sharpe as that of *Lucrece*. And, for coales,

Here

Here is a poisonous juice, whose every drop  
Would eat through Iron. These *Fabritio* sends you.

*Fla.* I doe accept them.

*Fra.* Stay ; conditionally  
If you refuse another present here.

*Fla.* I must reject any from him but these.

*Aft.* What a scorne's this ! This Bawd nere scapes  
alive

Out of these doors. Pray what's your other present ?

*Fra.* Here Lady, look on't pray ; examine't well.  
And take or this or those. (A Picture.)

*Fla.* Ha ! look here *Aftutta* ;  
The lively image of my love *Francisco* ! (troe ?

*Aft.* It is exceeding like him ! what's the plot

*Fla.* A thousand kisses shall thy welcome be,  
Happy resemblance of my hapleffe love ;  
As many thanks to you, good, vertuous Woman,  
O let me fall and bleffe the ground that beares thee,  
And aske forgiveneffe for my late rude trespassse.

*Fra.* Recall your selfe, sweet Lady, tender heart !

*Fla.* And could *Fabritio* (I can name him now)  
Shew me such Kindnesse, and himselfe so noble,  
To send mee this ?

*Fra.* On this condition (as I was to say)  
That you embrace it in the memory  
Of him your Love, namely his friend *Francisco*,  
And that you ever love, and onely him.

*Fla.* Ever and onely (though I thanke him for't)  
He need not have urg'd that.

*Aft.* Nor threatned thefe ;  
(Your Rope here, and the rest) had she refus'd,  
And to expresse their needleffes the better  
I pray returne them to him with great thanks.

*Fra.* 'Twas his great care to worke mee to this  
Message,

*Fla.* Let then the charge be mine. Here's forty  
duccats.

I am constrain'd to fetch. Now where's my Girle ?

*Aſt.* Above fir, busy with the daintiest things,  
That e're allur'd a virgin into wedlock.  
Out with your purse fir, for you cannot see 'hem,  
But they will ravish you to large expence :  
Besides fir, 'twill be fit you give her something.  
Coming so jumpe as 'twere into the Market.

*Gua.* I will not see 'em. Put the woman by  
Into the Gallery, or somewhere remote,  
Quick, quick, dispatch.

*Aſt.* You shall not need to urge it. *Exit.*

*Gua.* No no : my cost is amply shwon already :  
And will be more, before the Wedding's over.  
Without a needleſſe waſt in Gawds and Trifles,  
*(One rings*

See who's at doore. *Exit Nan.*

A fathers care consists not in expence  
That is not qualified with providence.

*Enter Nanulo.*

*Nan.* Signior Pantaloni, fir sends after you  
He and your advocates expect you in haſt  
To bring away the Writing.

*Gua.* Say I am comming. *Exit.*

*Aſt.* What have you done with him ?

*Enter Flavia, and Aſtutta above.*

*Fla.* Our haſt and feares could not find time to  
dress him  
But I have lock'd him up into that preſſe.

*Aſt.* Your Father's coming up to ſeek a writing,  
Pray Love it be not there.

*Fla.* I am undone then.

*Aſt.* Well hold you peace, looke bold and chear-  
fully,  
And be you ſilent, youth : nor cough, nor ſtink ;  
Nor let your feare run forth in ſtreams of urine  
To make him thinke his *Aqua vita* ſpilt.

*Gua.* Where are you *Flavia* ? *Within.*

*Fla.*

*Fla.* O me he comes !

*Aſt.* Why speake you not ?

*Gua.* *Flavia.*

*Aſt.* You were best betray all with your filliness.

*Gua.* Why *Flavia* I say ?

*Aſt.* Here father, here sir,

You will not I shall answser for you when hee's here ?

Come, look as nothing were, all will be nought else.

Beare up hee comes.

*Enter Guadagni above.*

*Gua.* Tis here that I would have thee *Flavia*.

Give me the Key of this preſſe here.

*Fla.* O Father, Father—— *Shee falls.*

*Gua.* What's the matter ? ha !

*Aſt.* Alas poore heart ! you know sir, in her in-

You beat her once for losing of a Key : (fancy,

For which ſhee trembles ſtill, being ask'd in haſt.

Are you a child ſtill in your feares, and muſt

Be wed to morrow ? Fy, fy upon you,

Shee thinks ſhee has loſt it, but I ſaw her look it

Togither with a writing which you dropt

Out of this preſſe this morning, ſafe enough

Here in her Cabinet.

*Gua.* Tis like I let it fall.

*Aſt.* Where is your Key of this ? Give mee't, give  
mee't.

How haſt and feare perplexes her ! I could

Have pickt it open.

*Gua.* Doe, or break it open. (Shee lets the

*Aſt.* Ay me the fruits of rashnes ? See, (Cabinet  
.tis fallen (fall out of the

With all her Jewells and your writing too (Window.

Into the ſtreet. O my unlucky hand !

*Gua.* Peace giddy headed harlot, watch that none

Take it away, while I runne to recover't, *Nanulo*,

*Nanulo.* *Exit.*

*Aſt.* Will you be nimble yet to finde a way

" VOL. I.

L 4

By

By the back-dore into the *Gondalo*.

While I lock him and's man into the street ?  
 I know their haft will leave the Keyes i'th'dore.  
 Quickly unpresse him ; and take as much gold  
 As you can carry, i'le along wy'e too.  
 Stay not to think, or thank me for my wit.

*Fla.* What shall we say ?

*Aft.* Do as you are bidden, and say nothing.

*Fra.* Lovers shall faint thee ; and this day shall be  
 For ever callenderd to *Love* and thee. *Exit.*

Enter a *Zaffie*, taking up the *Cabinet*, to him *Nicolo*  
 in a *Zaffies habit*.

*Gua.* *Nanulo* ! The Key to let me forth. *Within.*

*Zaff.* *St. Marke* and fortune make it a good prize.

*Nic.* Hands off Sir, that's not yours.

*Zaff.* Nor yours I am sure.

*Nic.* Halfe part then brother *Zaffi*.

*Gua.* The Key I saw.

*Zaff.* Sir you are none oth' *Zaffi*.

*Gua.* Villaine, slave ! come open the dore.

*Zaff.* How came you by this habit ?

*Nic.* Perhaps to trie sir how it will become me  
 When I have a minde to be as very a Knave  
 In office as your selfe. But shall we flip  
 Aside, and share, before the dog that ownes it  
 Take the bone from us both ?

Enter *Guadagni, Nanulo*.

*Gua.* I feare you can be quicker in my absence.

*Nan.* The fault was in your haft sir.

*Gua.* Took you not up a Cabinet, friends ?

*Nic. Zaff.* Not we sir, we saw none.

*Gua.* O you watch well above there.

*Nan.* This fellow has it under his coat sir.

*Zaff.* But who shall know't for yours sir ?

*Nic.* May we be bold to aske what marks it  
 has,

Or what's within it ?

*Gua.*

*Gua.* I'le have you ear-mark'd Villaines for your  
Know you not me? (theft,

*Zaff.* I cry your worship mercy, and am glad  
I was your instrument to preserve this treasure  
From this false counterfet.

*Nic.* Fortune has sent my master to relieve me.

*Enter Pantaloni, Checquino, Proffero.*

*Pan.* Signior *Guadagni* our Councell have  
thought fit,  
For better confirmation of our act,  
That it be past here in your Daughters presence  
Together with my Son, whom I have sent for,  
Why doe you seeme thus mov'd?

*Gua.* An accident hath crost me. Look you sir,  
You have authority; Here's a Counterfet  
(Deserves examination) would have rob'd me.

*Nic.* I sav'd you sir from being rob'd. Heare  
me aside

Sir—*Nicolo whispers Pant.*

*Gua.* Carry this in; and send away the woman.  
(*He gives the Cabinet to Nan, who knocks at dore.*)

*Nic.* Now do you know me, I have done the feat.

*Pan.* Hast treated with the Hangman *Nicolo*?

*Nic.* The *Carnifex* is fitted for your service,  
In a most gorgeous habit of a Dutchman,  
And about five i'th' evening will be with her.

*Nan. Aſſutta!* Madona *Flavia!* *Aſſutta!*

*Gua.* What's the matter there?

*Pan.* The best jest, ha, ha, ha.

*Nan.* You'l open the dore?

*Gua.* What's that?

*Pan.* It will be mirth to morrow at our feast  
To laugh our bellies full.

*Nan.* I am sure you heare me

Foole me, but not my master: he is here.

*Gua.* Why stay you there sirrah?

*Pan.* I let him goe: a merry harmlesse fellow.

I'le

I'le answer for him. Hence, away, and shift you,  
And quickly send my Son. *Exit. Nic.*

*Nan.* The dore is fast sir, and they will not heare  
mee.

*Gua.* I feare I am undone. *Flavia, Astutta, hoe!*  
Tis so, tis so, some Robbers are slipt in,  
And now make havock of my goods and Daughter.

*Pan.* It is no dallying. Run and fetch a Smith  
To force the Lock. *(Ex. Nan.*

*Gua, Astutta, Flavia!* O this cursed chance  
I feare will ruine me and all my hopes.

*Enter Pedler woman.*

How came you hither ?

*Ped.* Sir by good appointment  
To bring Bride-laces, Gloves, and curious Dressings  
To deck your Daughter on her Brideale-day,  
To morrow as I weene, holds it I pray ?

*Gua.* Were you not here before, and in the house ?  
*Ped.* If you could put it off sir one day longer  
I could fo fit her with new fashions tires  
That shee should thanke me.

*Gua.* I fear a new, and further secret mischief.  
*Nan.* Hence let me fall to earth ; I *(Nanulo*  
may not see *above.*

My Masters fury rife out of his ruine.

*Gua.* How gotst thou thither ?  
*Nan.* By the back-dore which I found widely  
O sir your Daughter *—* *(open.*

*Gua.* Ravish'd or murder'd is shee ?  
*Nan.* Worse, worse, by far sir, shee is conveyd  
hence,

The Neighbours from the windowes o're the way  
Saw her, the Mayd, and a young Man take boat.  
They guesse it was *Francisco.*

*Pan.* How, how, how !  
*Nan.* Loaden with Caskets sir. Here's his *Deception*  
*vifus,* *The*

The cursed cloak, that charm'd my honest care ;  
*(Nan. shows the habit, the cord, &c.)*  
And here's his jugling Box. What toyes are these !

*Gua.* O me accursed wretch.

*Enter Nicolo.*

*Nic.* O sir, your Sonne !

*Pan.* Where is he ? speake.

*Nic.* Sir, no where to be found  
In private let me tell you, he slipt forth  
At four i'th' Morning ; sir, when you and I  
Were you knowwhere. He cast forth doubtfull words  
Of a vagary he would fetch at *Rome*.

*Pan.* We both are wrought upon by hellish  
Magick.

*Gua.* Devills are in this plot.

*Chec. Prof.* Thinke you of Devills ?

*Pan.* Though you sirs, being Lawyers, think  
there's none

We may both thinke there are, and fear 'em.

*Chec.* Forbear such talke ; and think upon the  
mirth,

The jest you have in hand against to morrow.

*Pan.* Sir, use your jerks and quillets at the bar.

*Gua.* Cast there your petulant wit on misery.

*Chec.* Sir, you mistake, my counsell is to comfort,  
Be not dejected, but seeke speedy way  
To circumvent the wit has wrought upon you.

*Gua.* Good sir, your best advise.

*Chec.* First charge this officer  
Here, with this woman ; who by examination  
May make discouery —

*Ped.* I can discover nothing but my ware sir,  
Nor part with that for lesse then ready money.

*Pan.* Take her to custody.

*Zaff.* Mistris come with me.

*Ped.* Whither ? for what ?

*Zaff.* You shall know that hereafter.

*Ped.*

*Ped.* What can I discover ?

*Pan.* Away with her.

*Ped.* What can I discover ? *Exit Zaff. Ped.*

*Chec.* Into your house sir now, and secure that ;  
Come, recollect your selves, call home the strength  
Of your approved judgements, wee'l assist you.

*Prof.* You must be foddaine too in this your  
pursuit ;

Advise and do at once, use no delay ; *(Om.*  
The speediest course is now the safest way. *Exeunt*

## *ACT IV. SCENE II.*

*Fabritio like the glorious Dutchman, Horatio, Piso.*

*Fab.* F ound you the Fort, then, so impregnable ?  
*Hor.* Against all force of armes, or braines.

*Pi.* No way but by the down-right composition  
Of the two thousand Duccats to be enter'd.

*Fab.* Sure tis some noble wench then you imagine,  
But my disguise shall put her to the test. *(Ship.*

*Hor.* I'm sure she jeerd me out of my *Monseur*-

*Fab.* Did she, and all thy fine French qualities ?

*Pi.* And is as like to make a skitter brooke  
Of you in your Dutch flops. For if she be not,  
After all this, a cunning whore, i'me couzen'd.

*Hor.* Shee lives at a good rate how ere maintained.

*Pi.* The secret way, man, by her commings in  
Too common among women for their livings,  
I'le not believe her wit and feature are  
Allyed to honesty.

*Fab.* Thou art no worshipper of faire women

*Pi.* No, If I worship any of 'hem more *(Piso.*  
Then

Then in the Knee-trick, that is necessary  
In their true use let me be eunuchiz'd.  
Looke here's your fathers Pimpe againe.

*Hor.* Now *Nicolo*?

*Nic.* Saw you my young Master Gentlemen?

*Hor.* Yes, there he standes, translated out of sober  
Italian into high Dutch.

*Nic.* I sweare he was past my reading,  
Slight, he appeares as like the noted *Almaine*  
Late come to town, if he had but his beard —

*Fab.* How like you this for a beard?

*Nic.* Most excellent!

But pray take heed your stay spoyle not the purpose  
Of your disguise.

*Fab.* Why what news *Nicolo*?

*Nic.* Your Father is in busy quest of you.

*Fab.* Then he dos misse me?

*Nic.* Pray *Phæbus* he misse as much of Madnesse,  
He and his vertuous brother old *Guadagni*,  
Who misse too his Daughter. *Francisco* has her.

*Hor.* Has he got her off?

*Nic.* And shee has got him on by this time: they  
Are silly fooles else.

*Pi.* *Hymen* be their speed.

*Hor.* But how I pray thee scap'd they?

*Nic.* Firft, fir, know

There's a strange fellow without desires to speake  
w'ye

I guesse hee is some *Bravo*.

*Hor.* A *Bravo* speake with me?

*Nic.* Yes, and inquires here for my Master too,  
And Signior *Pifo*, you are all known it feemes.

*Pi.* Come leave your fooling.

*Nic.* By mine Eares tis true.

*Hor.* Goe call him in, I feare no Knavery.

*Pi.* Your lodging protects me.

*Fab.* My disguise me. *Puts on his false beard.*

*Enter*

*Enter Nicolo, Paulo.*

*Nic.* This is the Gentleman.

*Pi.* Tis the proud Braches whiske !

*Pau.* I cry you mercy sir, are you Signior *Horatio*?  
I tooke you sir this morning for a Monsieur.  
I thanke you for my Duccatoun.

*Hor.* What ! Is shee come about ? Has shee sent  
for mee ? (sir,

*Pau.* Good sir ! are you here too ? I thank you  
You payd me your entrance, but no parting fee.

*Pi.* Prithee deserve no beating till thou hast done  
Thy errand. What dost come for ?

*Pau.* Sir, to intreat this Gentleman to bring  
With him one Signior *Piso*, and *Fabritio* —  
Beyond my hopes ! Good sir, are you here too ?

*Fab.* This is a Devill ! could he know me else  
That nere saw him before ; in this disguise ?

*Pau.* Cry'mercy sir : you would not these should  
know  
Nor shall they (I feare it not) but hark you sir.  
*Nic.* What Familiars these Bawds are. They'l  
talke yee  
Thus to Lords in private.

*Pi.* Sure he takes him for the Dutch loggerhead  
We saw to day in the *Piazzo*.

*Hor.* So would any man : Hee has hit his shape  
so right. (you

*Pau.* I am sure I rejoice in these Dollors, that  
Give me to day, and are as certaine, that  
My Mistris wish'd a better dinner for you  
For frightening of the Spaniard with your fireworks.  
But, by your strangers it seemes you repent  
The Marriage offer that you made my Mistres.

*Fortune* direct you to no worfe a wife,  
And so I leave you to your choyce.

*Fab.* I have found the error, and will make good  
use on't.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Your businesse then is to that strangers  
fir—

*Pau.* Only your selfe, and briefly from *Francisco*.

*Hor. Francisco!* where?

*Pau.* Where but at our house sir? he and his  
Bride

Craving your company and those Gentlemen  
I nam'd unto you.

*Pau.* For no disparagement unto their worths, sir,  
But private reasonys yet unknown to me  
Wherein you shall be fatisfied at your comming.

*Hor.* But are they Married?

*Pau.* I brought the Priest to'em;  
And saw them lawfully coupled, and before  
Sufficient witnesses, that saw 'em chamberd,  
Shee was his own Church-sure before I left'em,  
And he has made her Cock-sure, sir by this time,  
Or else he is a Bungler.

*Hor.* Goe i'le follow thee.

*Piso* is here.

*Pau.* But where is that *Fabritio*?

*Pi.* Wee'l finde him too. Jog you sir on before:  
You are no street companion for us.

*Pau.* I am gone sir—*Exit*.

*Hor.* You have heard all *Fabritio*; what dee  
thinke on't?

*Fab.* Nothing; nor nothing will till I arrive  
There at the full knowledge of all together.

*Pi.* But prithee hang thy Hangmans project now,  
And beare us company in thine own shape.

*Fab.* Not for the price of the *Novella Piso*,  
I'le try her to the quick. You'l give me leave  
To make prize of her if I can, I croft not you.

*Hor.* We wish you safe aboard sir.

*Fab.* On before then. *Exit Hor. Piso.*  
Now *Nicolo*; your disguise againe oth *Zaffi*.

*Nic.* O, it is ready; and I know my quee.

*Fab.*

*Fab.* Who see me, in this straine, seeme to outstrip  
The bounds of filiall duty, let (withall)  
Their observation, by my just ends, gather,  
Tis not to lose, but to recall a father.

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*ACT V. SCENE I.*

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*Victoria, Francisco, Flavia, Astutta, Jacconetta.*

*Vic.* Now Lady, has your entertainment pleas'd  
you

In the *Novella's* house? is all well yet?

*Fla.* So well, that now come Father, Friends,  
and all

The friendly Foes that did oppose my blisse  
I can maintaine my cause in these safe armes  
'Gainst all their Frownes and Furies.

*Vic.* And your Mistris is over, too, I hope sir  
The place is not so dangerous as it was.

*Fra.* Lady your noblenesse shown in this great  
bounty,  
Hath not alone wip'd off my foule suspition :  
But scor'd upon my breast an endlesse summe  
Of thanks ; which I, unable to discharge,  
Must not presume to live, but as your Creature ;  
Nor will I further dare to tempt your goodnesse  
In deeper search of what your reason was  
(Past all my hopes and wishes) to provide  
For me ; I will not sum in such a scruple :  
For sure, I hold you for a power Divine  
(Past all the fictions of the fabulous times  
Fashioning out the Gods in earthly formes)  
Sent by the highest providence to helpe me.

*Vic.* You take too deepe a fense of curtesie !  
But see, are these your friends ?

*Enter*

*Enter Paulo, with Horatio, and Piso.*

*Fra.* And let me beg  
Your suffrage Lady, I may bid them welcome.  
*Vic.* Your Bride and I will both supply you in it.  
Neither of these is he they call *Fabritio*?

*Pau.* No, but hee's sent for; and comes instantly.  
*(Exit.*

*Fra.* This is the Lady I am bound to serve.  
*Hor.* And I to honour.  
*Vic.* Setting aside your fuit fir.  
*Hor.* I cannot promise that.  
*Vic.* And I doe wish

I had her double price in ready Duccats,  
For what she has done, and tother doe besides.

*Vic.* You still stand in your good conceit of me.  
*Pi.* Yes, and I would so stand to't, ha ——  
*Vic.* You are a merry Gentleman.

*Fra.* I will not whisper it, *Horatio*,  
The woman that I dealt with for disguise  
Was wrought before by this most matchlesse Lady  
To crosse the Match twixt *Flavia* and *Fabritio*;  
And had undone it though I had done nothing,  
And ere she would condition with me,  
Oblig'd me, by an oath, (in case we scap'd)  
To bring her hither to this Ladies houſe.  
I kept that oath, and here you find us welcom'd.

*Pi.* Then thou haſt done't, would I had ſtill the  
Duccats  
To pledge thee here.

*Enter Paulo, whispers with Victoria.*  
*Vic.* Wee'l talke of that hereafter.  
*Pi.* What a&ted you, *Tit*, in this Comedy?  
*A&t.* The Chambermayde, a kind of putter for-  
wards,

Sir, to the businesse.

*Fra.* Shee has done ſo well,  
That, if a Match in *Venice* may be found

By my best care, i'le helpe her to a Husband,  
For shee deserves a good one.

*Af.* And if he prove not so, I am like to prove  
A good one my selfe, and make him something.

*Pi.* Thou wilt, I find it in a villanous cast  
Of that eye there.

*Hor.* And what thinke you of this? *By Facco-*  
*Pi.* Even such another, of another hue, *(netta.*  
Shee has a devilish gloat too.

*Vic.* Gallants, I find you merry, y'are more  
welcome :

My man acquaints me with a present businesse  
Requiring privacy. Please you, with your friends  
Goe up to the Bride-chamber, There is musick.  
Waite you respectively. *To Jac.*

*Hor.* Wee'l all observe you Lady. *Exeunt.*

*Pi.* But Lady, if you receive the Duccats  
Before you come to us, pray bring our shares,  
Wee all coynive you know.

*Vic.* Pray be not jealous.  
Follow your Friends, i'le follow you streight  
way. *(Ex. Pi.*

How dreames he of this money? he knows nothing,  
An English Factor, say you *Borgio*?

*Pau.* Yes Mistris, a brave fellow.

*Vic.* And is he so well money'd as to spare  
Out of his Masters trust so great a summe?

*Pau.* Oh hee's a master here himselfe. They are  
Abroad, the royllist Nation of the World.  
What rich Venetian Rarity has not  
The English Money-masters purchac'd from  
Princes and States, to beare home as their triumphs?  
And for their pleasures ——but i'le say no more;  
Hee thinks I stay too long for him to wait  
Without, with so much money.

*Vic.* Didst thou fee't?

*Pau.* Most brightly shining! Hee's now telling it  
In

In the next roome ! He comes not to tender  
The value of it in fine qualities  
Like your suppos'd *Monsieur* : but in cash !  
Cash ! cash of Gold ! Oh tis a tempting sight ;  
Able to damne a Noble womans honour. (tion :  
What's your descent ? But poore I make no quef-  
Why, this will set you up and make you noble.

*Vic.* This way of his might serve to turn the blood  
That has but any tincture of good in it  
From touching such a bait, yet he thinks now  
He spurres me to it. But *Bravo* I will fit you.  
Goe call him in goe.

*Pau.* Now my Blood and Braine,  
Be strong and fodaine, stay,

*Vic.* Why stop you *Borgio* ?

*Pau.* To see him weigh his gold. Oh dainty sight !  
He brought his weights in's pocket : just Gentleman  
He will be sure you shall not want a graine  
Of your full price of sweet damnation.

*Vic.* Hee's doing no such thing.

*Pau.* No, no, I have it now.

*Vic.* I pray thee goe, thou knowst not how the  
thought  
Of so much gold, and the conceit o'th' Maydenhead  
Lost i' the house to day sets my virginity  
On edge now to be a going.

*Pau.* Are you so ready ? then I fly.

*Enter above, Piso, Horatio.*

*Vic.* What ayles the fellow troe !

*Pi.* I must yet have an eye upon this female  
To quit my jealousy, or catch her i'th' nick.

*Hor.* Here we may see, and heare all undiscover'd.

*Pi.* Watch close, he comes.

*Enter Swatzenburg, like a Merchant with a full Bagge.*

*Swa.* By your leave Lady, I come not a pure  
Sutor

(With studyed Oratory ; nor addresse a Sonnet,

This shall prevent your cruelty. *A Knife*

*Pi.* Shee'l prove honest o' my life.

*Swa.* What meane you Lady?

*Vic.* Keepe at that distance sir, and you shall know:

Come nearer, and I will not live to tell you.

*Swa.* Pray rise and speak your story: yet I tell you,

I hold it very strange, that so much money  
And such a one as I (none of th'unhandsomft)  
Should not goe down with a young wench, and one  
Of the profession you pretend to be of  
Before cold Iron ! Me thinks most unnaturall.

Thinke better yet before you utter further.

*Vic.* Indeed I may not.

*Swa.* Well, well, on then.

*Vic.* Tis true, I am indeed a meere pretender  
To the profession you suppos'd me of;  
A spotlesse Virgin (by my utmost hopes)  
And will remaine so till I am a Bride.

*Pi.* Too honest to be a woman !

*Swa.* Why tooke you this deceiving habit then ?

*Vic.* I am about to tell you for your pity.

I am a *Romane* borne, of good discent ;  
My father noble (of the *Candiani*)  
How ere decay'd in fortune, ere he dyed ;  
Which drew on my Misfortune: For, being betroth'd

Unto a wealthy heire, here, of this City,  
Who sojourn'd then in *Rome*, his covetous Father  
Ravish'd his faith from me, to give't another ;  
And calld him hastily from *Rome* to *Venice*.  
I followd him, in hope to crosse the Match,  
And so regaine him ; towards which already,  
I have done something.

*Pi.* *Fabritio's* wench my life on't.

*Swa.* What in this habit, as a *Curtezan* ?

*Vic.*

Below the sence of Beasts, to part with that,  
Allotted for his livelyhood and honour  
To wast it, and himselfe in beastiall Lust.

*Sw. How's this ?*

*Pi. I know not what to make o'this wench.  
Shee preaches me thinks.*

*Vic. Besides sir, were it well examin'd,  
The golden summe you tender is, perhaps,  
None of your proper own : I understand  
You are another's Factor, I presume  
In all your Catalogue of Merchandise  
You finde no warrant to buy Maydenheads.  
Is such a thing in all your bills of Lading ?  
They are no way transportable, tho' you allow  
For fraught and leakage halfe the worth ; and lesse  
Returnable by way of exchange. How can  
You take up a virginity in *Venice*,  
And make a *London*-payment of it, on  
Sight of your bill, or six or ten dayes after ?*

*Pi. Good !*

*Sw. Nay then you dally with me, and I must  
Deale plaine and briefly with you. Here's the  
price,  
And either render me my just demand,  
Or I shall take for your disgrace an order  
Shall spue you forth the City.*

*Vic. Now I feare  
I am infnar'd. I have but one way left  
To fly from shame, or fall to utter Ruine.*

*Pi. I begin to suspect her honest.*

*Sw. Your answser Gentlewoman.*

*Vic. Gentle sir.  
The Law hath made me yours. And I have now  
No Court but Conscience to relieve me in. *Kneels.**

*Sw. What may this meane ?*

*Vic. If the strong passion of a Virgin soule,  
Exprest in bitterst teares, move not your pitty,*

That in this shift, reducing of my beard,  
With this supply of money came to try you,  
I finde you noble, and above it, honest.

*Pi.* This is the *German* that *Fabritio* apes.  
*Hor.* And he should come now.

*Enter Jacomo to them above.*

*Jac.* Gentlemen forbeare ;  
Indeed it is not civill in you to pry beyond  
Your hospitable usage, pray forbeare.

*Hor.* Tis timely chidden wench, we will obey  
thee.

*Jac.* Besides the Bridegroome, and the Bride  
expect you. *(Hor. Pi.*

*Pi.* O ha they done, we come, we come. *Exit*

*Vic.* This jealous tryall now of yours (how ere  
You have exprest strong arguments of love)  
Has not augmented you in my affection.

*Sw. O say not so sweete Lady, i'le redeeme it.*

*Vic.* I cannot yet believe you are the Man,  
You are so chang'd from what you seem'd to day,  
Must the minde alter with the outward habit ?

*Enter Paulo.*

*Pau.* Mistris the *German* —

*Vic.* Here he is man, he fayes.

*Pau.* I say he is without, and craves to see you.

*Vic.* How can this be ? or who can I believe ?

*Pau.* Good sir depart and make roome for your  
selfe

Your proper selfe to enter the Dutch Prince.

*Sw. I tell thee I am he, and here already,  
I am Swatzenberg.*

*Pau.* Yes in your tother beard sir.

*Hans Snortanfart,* are you not ? well I can but  
warn you,

If you will needs stand to the taking off  
A mans good name from him before his face,  
n take what followes, I will fetch him in

Mistris

Mistris, you were best be out of sight a while ;  
Your presence with this stranger may whet up his  
fury  
To cut all our throats else.

*Vic.* I'le take your councell. *Exit.*

*Pau.* For sir i'le tell you, if you had but seene  
How he worried a *Spaniard* to day, you would  
Have beene able at your returne to make  
As many of your Countreymen, as thrive  
By serving of the *States* to laugh ifaith.

*Swa.* I tell thee I am he ; 'twas I that chac'd  
The *Spaniard* hence.

*Pau.* I tell you yet againe  
You were best be gone before the He indeed  
Come in to chace you after him.

*Swa.* I'le stand the hazard.

*Pau.* See his impatience pulls him in already.

*Enter Fabritio in the Germans habit.*

*Fab.* Where is this Lady ? Dos her beauty flie  
me ?

*Pau.* Shee is at hand, but first here is a stranger,  
A most strange stranger that fayes he is you sir.

*Swa.* *Was oder wer bistu ? Bistu ein Deutscher ?*  
*Sag mihr in was ort Du gelebst hast ?*

*Fab.* Who's this ?

*Swa.* *Ich denke du bist ein heuchler ; bistu aber*  
*ein Deutscher so anwort mihr in deutscher sprach.*

*Fab.* Good sir speake in the proper language of  
The Nation we are in, though it come brokenly  
From you that this good fellow here may under-  
stand us.

*Swa.* Thou son of impudence, and imposture,  
speake ;

What is thy end in this ?

*Fab.* Thinke what thine owne must be, thou son  
of flander.

*Swa.* Precious counterfeit !

But

But I am weaponleffe, and must fetch strength  
Of officers to right me. *Exit.*

*Fab.* What dos your shame remove you sir?

*Pau.* What can this Rascall meane?

*Swa.* I care not honest fellow, where's thy  
Mistris?

Good Angells guard me.

*Enter Victoria.*

*Pau.* Dos flee fright you sir?

*Fab.* I aske thee for thy Mistris, the *Novella*.

*Pau.* What appeares flee to you?

*Fab.* Thou powerfull man in *Magick*, I will tell  
thee.

Th' haft rays'd an apparition, that has damn'd thee  
Blacker, then thy black art ; nay hell it felse.

*Pau.* Blesse us ! more madnesse yet !

*Fab.* The heavenly spirit, that inspir'd this forme,  
(When the unworthy world enjoyd her being,  
Which thou haft conjur'd into this lewd habit)  
Has, at this instant won the powers above  
To sinke thee and thy forcerers.

*Pau.* What may you meane ? Here is no sorcery,  
This woman's Flesh and Blood.

*Fab.* I would not dare to try to be the Duke.

*Pau.* You may depart, pray hinder not the house.

*Fab.* Hadst thou but seen, as I have, one like her,  
And noted the divinity in her lookes  
(Although in those adulterate incitements  
Shee feemes to wear) she would have struck thy  
soule

With fervent adoration, not base lust.

*Pau.* I know not what to say to 'him. *Bell rings.*

*Vic.* See who rings. *Exit Paulo.*

What divine creature, sir, was that you mention'd ?

*Fab.* I dare to name her to thee, though thou be  
Her incens'd Ghost, to worke me to despaire,  
It was *Victoria*.

*Vic.*

*Vic.* This sounds most strangely! Have you  
beene at *Rome* sir?

*Fab.* 'Twas there I saw and lov'd her.

*Vic.* Answer me pray sir, why could not this fall  
In your discourse to day, when I related  
My Life and Fortune to you? why do you start?  
I am no shadow; but suspect you rather,  
To be not as you seeme, the noble *German*  
That vowd me love, dos that too startle you?  
See sir, to prove I am no aery spirit,  
I'le trust your hand (if you be mortall substance)  
With so much flesh and blood as may resolve you.

*Fab.* I find tis she, and having found her thus  
Shee's lost for ever, and my selfe no leffe.  
That was the cause of this her desperate fortune.

*Vic.* What's that you say? what aile you sir?  
how ist?

And what moves thy destraction? *Borgio*, speak.

*Enter Paulo.*

*Pau.* Horror and shame invades us, all the house  
Is round beset with officers. The Magistrates  
Are entering now, for what, or whom they search  
I cannot gueſſe, unleſſe this be fome Murderer  
Slipt in, to draw our lives in question.

*Vic.* Deale plainly sir, what are you? hee's  
stuſified!

*Pau.* The Spanyard's with 'hem too that took  
th'affront  
By the ſuppoſed Dutchman here to day;  
And he that fain'd himſelfe to be that Dutchman  
Desires their aid againſt this unknown perſon.

*Enter Pantaloni, Pedro, Guadagni, Swatz. Prospero,  
Checquino, Zaffi, Pedler-woman.*

*Gua.* This is the houſe you ſay.

*Ped.* And this is the Gentlewoman.

*Gua.* Give me my Daughter, Harlot.

*Vic.* Here's no ſuch creature, here sir, if ſhe be  
Your

Your Daughter, this woman directed hither,  
 Shee is no Harlot, but an honest Bride ;  
 Lawfully wed and bedded ; as may appeare  
 By the strong testimony of divers friends :  
 Call them all downe. *Exit Paulo.*

*Pant.* Unheard-of impudence ! Are Bawdes, and  
 Whores

Fit Matchmakers for *Magnificoe's* Daughters ?

*Vic.* Speake lower, or at home sir, you know not  
 What we are : Harke you fir—your last nights  
 Did not enough informe you. (trall

*Pant.* We shall know more anon ;  
 I'th' meane time what are you ?

*Fab.* A stranger sir.

*Pant.* We shall know more of that anon too.

*Ped.* This is the stranger, that affronted me ;  
 'Gainst whom I crave your Justice.

*Pant.* You shall know more anon too.

*Swat.* And this is my Abuser.

*Pant.* You also shall know more anon.

*Gua.* You are well met Gentle-woman — I  
 gave you lost.

*Enter Paulo, Francisco, Piso, Horat, Flavia,*

*Afutta, Facconetta.*

*Aft.* What will you whimper now ? will not  
 marriage

Make you bold, that makes so many impudent ?  
 Shee was not lost fir ; nor in danger of losing,  
 Shee was but mislayd a little, as your Writing was  
 to day.

*Pi.* Well said my chattring Magpy. I will fide  
 thee.

*Gua.* Audacious strumpet that seduces my  
 Daughter.

*Pi.* You are Mistaken, shee did but wait upon her.

*Aft.* Right sir, and did but duty i'le be sworne.

*Ped.* Nor I, I will be sworne.

*Gua.*

*Gua.* Not, in consenting to the stealth ?

*Ped.* It was my duty sir for the reward,  
Wee all would live you know.

*Gua.* Will you be gone ?

*Ped.* I hope I am discharg'd : for looke you sir,  
I brought you where you finde your Daughter safe.

*Gua.* Begone I say.

*Ped.* No whit the worse for wearing, as they say.

*Gua.* Goe thrust her out of dores.

*Ped.* At my owne liberty I hope.

*Gua.* How thou wilt to be rid of thee.

*Ped.* May you see your Childrens, Childrens,  
Childrens, Children. *Exit.* (of thee.

*Pant.* And thou misledst my Sonne, I aske him  
*Pi.* You shall know more of that anon sir.

*Pant.* Out-brav'd and scornd by Strumpets,  
Bawds, and Bravoes !

Call in the Officers.

*Pi.* And call the common Hangman if you please,  
And end all 'mong your selfes, if your grave wif-  
domes,

And Lawyers, here, can find one guilty person

*Horatia and Francisco, &c., talke aside*  
*with Fabritio and Viatoria.*

Wee'l all submit our necks to you.

*Gua.* Tis boldly spoken.

*Pi.* I will speake but truth.

And you, opposing it, shall wrong the dignity  
You beare i'th' City, to your utter shames.

This Gentleman and your Daughter were con-  
tracted,

Your selfe a willing witnesse ; your Son likewise  
Unto a noble virgin (Sir of whom

You shall know more anon)

It pleas'd diviner providence to take

From eithers chosen mate their earthly fortunes ;

Yet each had person, blood, and virtue left

Above

Above the value of a Princes dowry.  
 Would you so Kick at heaven then, in despight,  
 Of its great Ordinance, as to force your children,  
 To forfeit both their faiths, thereby to lose  
 The never-sayling hope of future blessings,  
 To pull withall a curse on your own heads,  
 That could no lesse then ruine your estates,  
 And render you most wretched in your dotage,  
 Past helpe or hope how to relieve your selfes :  
 Your consciences still groaning underneath  
 The lashes that your Childrens bastard issue  
 Should lay upon you ? more, you may consider —.

*Pant.* We doe consider fir, this place and people  
 No fit receipt for warrantable busynesse.

*Pi.* This was no bawdy talke sir, nor have I  
 Heard worse from any mouth in this free place  
 Till your arrivall here.

*Vic.* I cannot be so happy.

*Fran.* Let her see your face. } *Aside.*

*Vic.* O my *Fabritio* —

*Pau.* You see the worst of us, I should be loath  
 Any unwarrantable act should passe among us.

*Gua.* Thou lookst like one indeed of upright  
 Conscience !

*Pau.* And for the Marriage fir, it is as lawfull  
 As if your selfe had given her in *St. Marks*.  
 I'le fetch the Priest t'avouch it.

*Gua.* Fetch that Priest.

(*Paulo joynes*

*Pan.* But i'le be so reveng'd (in conference  
 Upon this instrument, this un- (with *Victoria*  
 knowne Trull here — (and *Fabritio*.

*Hor.* Our Eares and Eyes, *Fabritio*, witnesse for  
 her.

*Fab.* You have told me wonders,  
 Yet with such faith as I shall ever wish  
 Lockt in this heavenly Cabinet I take all.

*Pi.* You may *Fabritio*, for as I prize Life ;  
 Honour

Honour 'bove that ; and above both thy friendship,  
My soule is not assur'd of firmer truth,  
Let thy Dutch habit drinke off jealousy,  
And take her to thee.

*Fab.* 'Tis done my *Piso*.

*Vic.* And I made happy past my height of hopes.  
*(Kiss.)*

*Pant.* Good, you shall see how I shall coole those  
Kisses.

*Pau.* May I say boldly you are man and wife ?

*Fab. Vic.* We are most faithfully till death ;  
I'le fetch a Priest shall streight pronounce yee so.

*Exit.*

*Pant.* You say that is a Dutchman sir, that  
wrong'd you.

*Ped.* Right, worthy *Signior*, that's the man I  
Challenge.

*Pant.* You say you are the man confronted *Don*  
here.

*Swat.* Yes, and will still mayntain't, for violence  
He offerd to that noble vertuous Lady.

*Pant.* Good ! vertuous Lady ? Let mee joyne  
your Friendships.

*Ped. Swa.* You have done it sir.

*Ped.* That is the man I challenge.

*Swa.* The same man I. He has not left the house  
Since my abuse ; I feare to her much wrong :  
For he is some disguis'd Knave on my life.

*Pant.* Now you are in the right.

*Swa.* Hee could not weare those Cloathes and  
speake no *Dutch* else.

*Pant.* Still i' the right ; i'le shew you what he is,  
And out of him, what shee is, whom you call  
So vertuous and so noble ! and you sir,  
That mentioned the Hangman, come all and see  
The commendable port this Lady beares.  
It seems, sir, you affect this Gentlewoman.

*Fab.*

*Fab.* The best of any living.

*Pant.* And you him Lady?

*Vic.* Yes, he is my husband.

*Pant.* Would that were true ifaith. The rogue  
your man

Sayd he would fetch a Priest — —

*Enter Paulo in Friers habit.*

*Pau.* No verier Rogue then my selfe sir.

*Pant.* Thou art a mad fellow for a Priest indeed ;  
But fuch a Priest, such a Marriage,  
Put 'em together.

*Pau.* I doe pronounce them lawfull man and  
wife.

*Pant.* The Bridegrome thankes you, but you  
Mistris Bride  
For the fine trick you put on me last night,  
Looke now upon your husband,  
Who would you speake with fellow ?

*Enter Nicolo, as the Zaffi.*

*Nic.* With Signior *Rastrofico* here, the Hangman,  
I come to call him to State-businesse sir.

*Pant.* Can this be he ? (you said he was a coun-  
terfeit)  
I saw him ride the Wooden-horse, last day  
With lesse then halfe this beard, unbeard him sirrah.  
I'le beare you out. So rest you Gentlemen  
With your so vertuous Lady, and her husband.

*Hor. Pi. &c. Fabritio!*

*Vic.* Sir I must crave your pardon, This is he,  
My first love that I told you of.

*Swa.* You have it freely Lady.

*Pant.* I am abus'd and couzend. (me

*Vic.* I thanke you sir for all the harme you did  
In your Revenge — — And harke you, be at peace,  
And i'le be silent for your last nights worke.

*Gua.* Forbeare mee, I am off againe.

*Fran.* Good sir,

Stop

Stop not the blessing you were about to give us.

*Gua.* I am off againe. The pandare was the Priest,  
The Match is no Match, you no more my Children,  
But Knave and strumpet.

*Pant.* I'le not be so couzend.  
This is no Priest ; and all that's past unlawfull.  
*Pi.* You will know more anon. *(Paulo.)*  
*Pau.* Then cast your eyes on me, who dare *(casts*  
maintaine *(off his Perruk*  
My Priest-hood lawfull ; it being deriv'd *(and Beard.*  
From th' holy Order of St. *Augustine?*

*Vic.* Let me not surfeit with exceffe of joy ?  
My brother *Paulo* !  
*Pau.* Thy brother and thy father, vertuous sister :  
Be ever subiect of my dearest care ;  
And pardon me, who *(jealous of thine honour*  
In flam'd by the same heart, of the same blood :  
For we are all the Relicts of our Parents)  
Watch'd nearely, and pursu'd thy scape from *Rome.*  
For which I had good warrant, Gentlemen  
See there my dispensation with th' allowance  
Of all the holy brotherhood of my *Covent.*  
My ends were faire, though in this uncouth way  
Tho' *(heaven I beg thy pardon)* as my care  
Was to preserve her life and more her honour ;  
Fearing her violent and abusfed spirit,  
Might have made wrack of either, or of both,  
I once had secref purpose to have ta'ne  
Her Life, in case shee had forfooke her honour ;  
And with her cut off *Candianies Line,*  
Which now branch'd here, may touch the worlds end  
With faire succession ! Be you blest for ever.  
And now, grave firs, let me intreat your likings,  
And cheerefull reconcilement to your Children :  
That so you may your Childrens, Children see,  
Crownd by the prayers of your prosperity.

N

*Gua.*

*Gua.* I am content.

*Pant.* And I, but for one scruple.

Cleare me this point, how had you fav'd your honor  
If the old youth, last night (who shall be nameleffe)  
Had but mis-spent his time upon your moore here?

*Vic.* 'Tis easily done sir, see my lov'd *Fabritio*  
The Eunuch moore you gave me.

*Fab.* My boy *Jacomo*, turn'd Chambermayd !  
Has thy Mistris us'd thee well ?

*Vic.* Not without much desert.

*Jac.* Shee meanes for your deare sake sir.

*Fab.* I see, sweete Heart, you have an honest  
Family.

*Vic.* Here you see all, and all that came i'th'  
house ;  
(Since it was made mine) in this Convention,  
I dare them not ; but give them freest leave  
To speake the worst they found in the *Novella*.

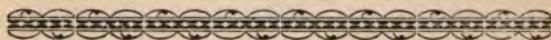
*Omnes.* Wee all conclude y'are noble.

*Pau.* All's well accorded then. Wee all are  
Friends,  
And may Priests travaile never to worse ends.

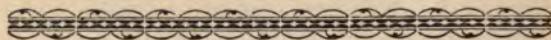


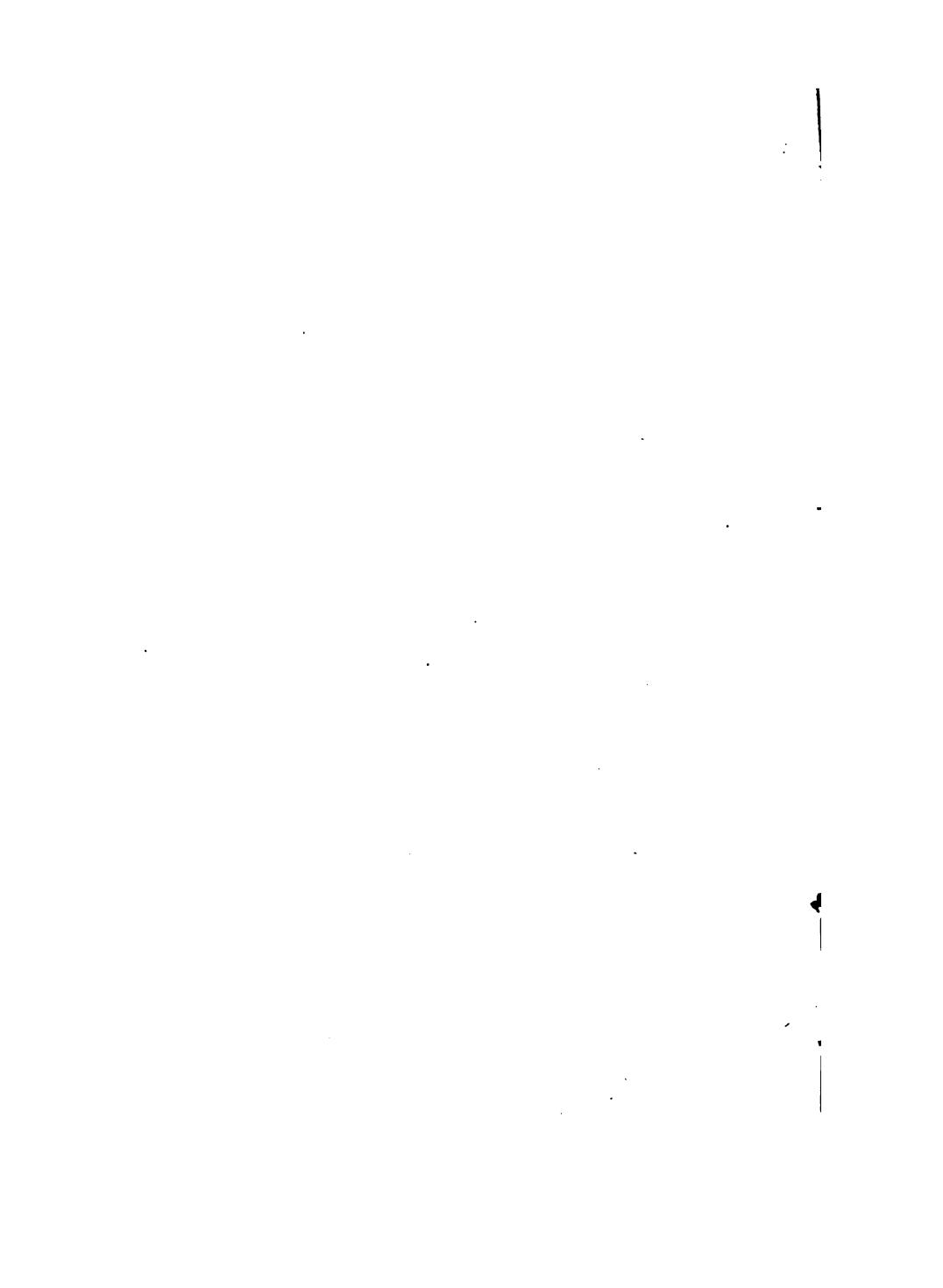
## EPILOGUE.

**C**ause 'tis the Custome, By the Poet, Sirs,  
I'm sent to crave a Plaudit, and the Spurrs  
That prick him on to't, is, his promis'd Pay  
May chance to faile, if you dislike the Play,  
But don't if you be wise; for hee has vow'd  
To write farre worse if this be not allow'd.



*FINIS.*





THE  
COURT  
BEGGER.  
A  
COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Cock-pit*, by his  
MAJESTIES Servants,  
*Anno 1632.*

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WRITTEN  
By  
RICHARD BROME.

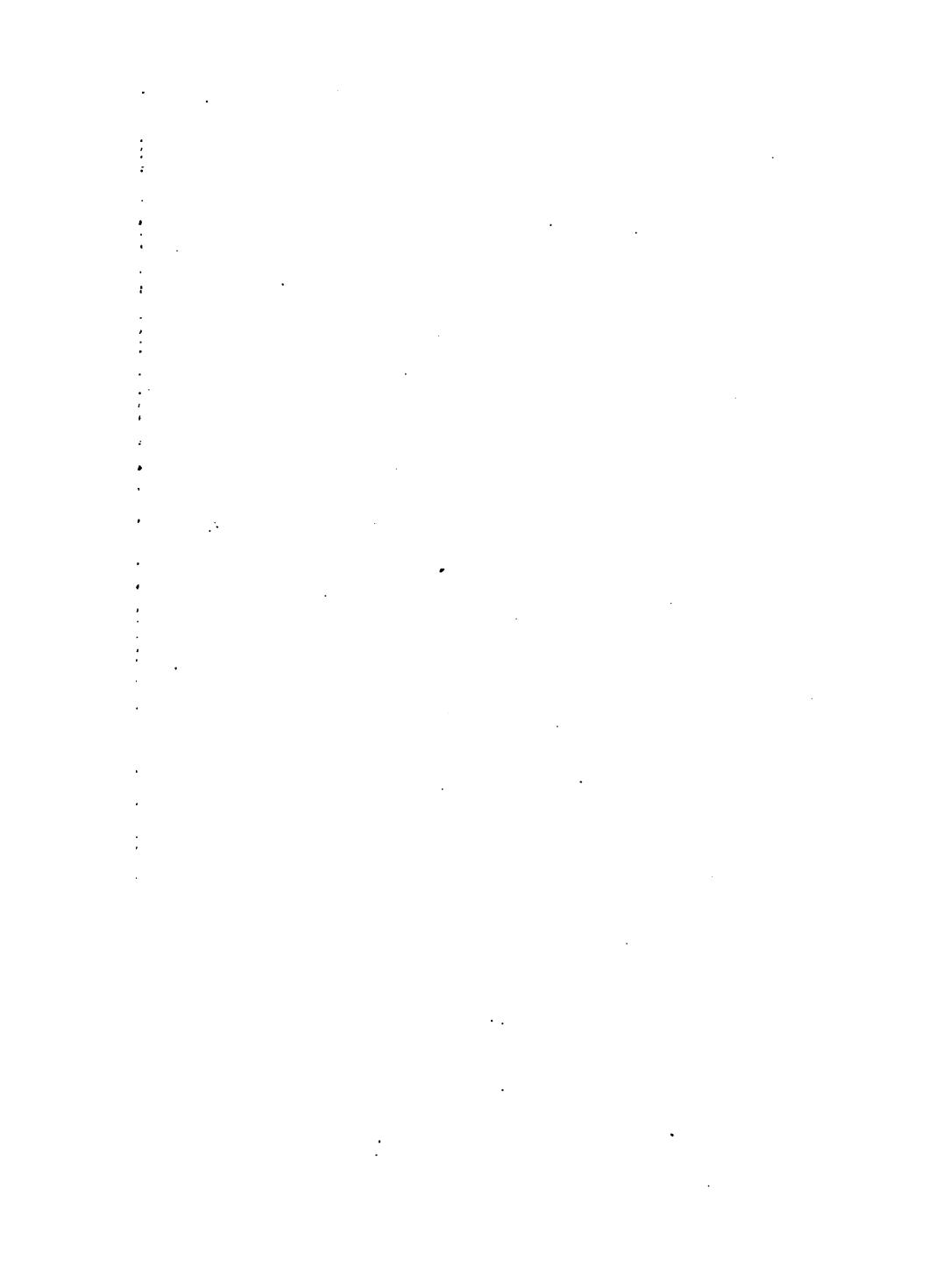
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M A R T.  
*Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.*

---

L O N D O N .

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and  
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Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.





## Drammatis Personæ.

SIR *Andrew Mendicant*, an old Knight, turnd a  
projector.

Mr. *Courtwit*, a Complementer.

Mr. *Swaynwit*, a blunt Countrey Gentleman.

Mr. *Citwit*, a Citizens Son that supposes himselfe a  
wit.

Mr. *Daynty*, a supposed Picturedrawer, but a Pick-  
pocket.

Sir *Raphael*, an old Knight that talkes much and  
would be thought wife.

Sir *Ferdinand*, a Knight distracted for love of the  
Lady *Strangelove*.

*Frederick*, in love with *Charissa*.

*Gabriel*, fervant to *Mendicant*.

Doctor of Physick.

Three poore Projectors.

A Sowgelder.

A Boy.

Lady *Strangelove*, a humerous widow, that loved  
to be courted.

*Philomel* her Chambermaide.

*Charissa*, *Mendicants* Daughter.



## PROLOGUE.

WEe've cause to fear yours, or the Poets frowne  
For of late day's (he know's not (how) y'are  
grown,  
Deeply in love with a new strayne of wit  
Which he condemns, at least disliketh it,  
And solemnly protests you are to blame  
If at his hands you doe expect the same;  
He'l tread his usuall way, no gaudy Sceane  
Shall give instructions, what his plot doth meane;  
No handsome Love-toy shall your time beguile  
Forcing your pitty to a sigh or smile,  
But a slight piece of mirth, yet such were writ  
By our great Masters of the Stage and Wit,  
Whom you approv'd: let not your suffrage then  
Condemne't in him, and prayse't in other men.

Troth Gentlemen let me advise yee, spare  
To vex the Poet full of age and care,  
How he might strive to please yee and beguile  
His humerous expectation with a smile,  
As if you would be satisfy'd, although  
His Comedy containes no antique shew.

Yet you to him your favour may expresse  
As well as unto those whose forwardnesse  
Make's them your Creatures thought, who in a way  
To purchace fame give money with their Play,  
Yet you sometimes pay deare for't, since they write  
Lesse for your pleasure than their own delight.

Which if our Poet fayle in, may he be  
A Sceane of Mirth in their next Comedye.

THE



# THE COURT BEGGER.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*Mendicant, Charissa.*

*Men.* YO' have given him then his answer?  
*Cha.* Forc'd by you,  
Heaven knowes with my much sorrow. Such a  
Lover  
So in all points deserving of true worth,  
And best indowments to make up a Man  
That I shall never see — your pardon sir,  
Though you pulld back, by violence, my hand,  
In which my heart was freely given to him,  
It is not in your power or strength of art  
To beat a sigh back, or restraine a teare  
Which I must offer to his memory.

*Men.* Such stormes soone wast themselves in  
absent Lovers  
When light of Reason, and good Counsell shall  
Breake forth and shine upon 'em; and for your part  
Daughter, I know it shall. And, presently,

I thus begin to dissipate your errors,  
Yoo love this *Frederick*.

*Cha.* Love knows I do.

*Men.* You say he is deserving in all points.

*Cha.* My love emboldens me to tell you he is.

*Men.* *Charissa*, take me with you. Is he not  
Deficient in that onely absolute point  
That must maintaine a Lady, an estate?

*Cha.* Love weighs not that.

*Men.* What can he shew you more  
To take you with, then a wild head of hayre ;  
A very Limebush to catch Lady-birds ?  
A Tissue Doublet ; and a Riband shop  
Hung in his Hatbands, might set up a Pedler ?  
Can this maintaine a Lady ?

*Cha.* You but looke  
Upon his outside sir.

*Men.* I trust you have not  
Bin over inwardly acquainted with him.

*Cha.* Sir, he has Valour, Wit, and Honour, you  
well know

Hee's of a noble Family extracted. (acquir'd

*Men.* What's that a yeare ? those parts may be  
In winning of a strumpet. But what Joincture  
Can he propound to you ? or, (in case he dyes,  
Your Dowry being spent) what personall Estate  
Ift like hee'l leave you, but his Powder glasse,  
His Combe and Beard-brush, and perhaps a Trunk-  
full

Of Elegies, Raptures, Madrigalls and Sonnets ?  
No let him goe ; discard him : and embrace  
The hopes that I have for thee in the hopefull,  
Exquisite Cavalier, Courtier and Souldier,  
Scholler, (and what not !) brave Sir *Ferdinando* :  
There's a Man rising in the favour Royall,  
And may in thee *Charissa*, make me happy.

*Cha.* Sir you have given me liberty of speech ;  
And

And may be pleas'd to let me tell you now,  
You aime at your own fortune, not at mine.

*Men.* I seeke no fortune, but for thy advancement:

All that I shall call mine must be thine owne.

*Cha.* I would be playner yet; beseeching you  
I be not thought too lose in my obedience.

*Men.* Speake freely Girle.

*Cha.* Your ayme has bin to raiſe  
Your ſtate by Courtſuits, beggiſg as ſome call it,  
And for that end you left your Countrey life,  
And Lands too ever ſince my Mother dy'd,  
Who while ſhee liv'd with beſt of womans judge-  
ment

Which held you from that course of ſelling faire  
Poffeſſions to enable you with money  
To purchace *wit* at Court. You pardon me?

*Men.* On, on.

*Cha.* And for th' Exchange of a faire Mansion-  
house (pastures  
Large fruitfull Fields, rich Meadowes and ſweet  
Well cropt with corne and ſtockd as well with  
Cattell, (in't,  
A parke well stor'd with Deere too, and Fishponds  
And all this for a lodging in the Strand now—  
But doe I not offend?

*Men.* No, no, on ſtill. (and Poultry

*Cha.* Your own fed Beefes and Muttons, Fowle  
Loaded your long boords then; and you had then  
Neighbours could boast your hospitality,  
And poore, that for the remnants prayd for you,  
Now all concludes upon a two-dishd table.  
And whereas then you had a numerous Family  
Of Servants and Attendants, out of which  
For profit or for pleasure you could call  
Your Bayliffe, Groom, your Falconer, or your  
Huntsman,

Now

Now sir, a Varlet Coachman, and Footboy  
 Are all your Retinue ; and for the Hounds  
 You kept, that made you sport and Musick, now  
 None but your project Beagles, that smell out  
 Where such a forfeiture is to be begg'd ;  
 Where one would purchase a Reprieve, another  
 A Pardon or a lease of Life Rope-free  
 For ready money : Then where Goods or Lands  
 Are found of men that make away themselves,  
 And so of fooles and madmen ; All to set  
 Your trade of Begging up, and still you beg :  
 But your own want of favour holds you back  
 From reaching any profit by't, because  
 You beg by Mediators tongues, which you  
 Call Favorites, who reape the crop of all,  
 And leave you but the Gleanings ; some small  
 pittance

To keepe alive the itch of begging in you —

*Men.* Shee speakes home and within me, to the  
 purpose,

*Cha.* Still wasting your own fortunes ; till at last  
 You have no hopefull project left to thrive by  
 But to put me upon this suppos'd favorite  
 To beg for you when it is doubtfull yet  
 Whether hee'l take me with the Dowry, which  
 Mine Unkle left me, though you adde your projects.

*Men.* The noble Gallant loves thee, Girle, and  
 holds

Thy Person and thy vertues Dowry enough.

*Cha.* He is a wanton Lover, full of change,  
 And at this instant singularly devoted  
 Unto that humorous Lady, the young Widow.

*Men.* The Lady *Strangelove* ?

*Cha.* Shee is ambitious  
 To draw all mens affections to her service,  
 And then abuses all by scornes or slightings,  
 And this (they say) has made him almost mad.

*Men.*

*Men.* He mad ! believe it not : his reason is  
Married to him better then so. How now !  
Ha' you seene the noble Knight from me ?  
How did he entertaine my Message ? ha !  
Why speakest thou not ? what answer has he sent ?

*Enter Gabriel.*

*Gab.* Hee's not Sir to be spoken with or seene  
To any purpose, but by his Phisitians.

*Men.* So sodainly and dangerously sick,  
Where are my hopes ?

*Gab.* I cannot say how sick  
He is ; nor can himselfe give any account  
Of his condition : for he is mad sir.

*Men.* How ! mad ?

*Gab.* Starke staring mad ; as mad  
As you can thinke a Courtier must be  
That is more mad then all the rest.

*Men.* If this be true I sinke, what is suppos'd  
The cause ?

*Gab.* That sir has puzzell'd all the Doctors  
In weighing all his feveral wild affections ;  
One findes he was ambitious of Court favour,  
And guesses he was cross'd in some great suite ;  
Another takes him as he was a Souldier,  
And losing cost and travaile in the warre  
Must lose his wits for that. A third collects  
He was a Poet that drunk too deepe of *Helicon*,  
And turnd his braine in clyming of *Parnassus* :  
A fourth considering that he was a Gamlster  
Long and much favourd, and uprais'd by fortune  
To mountaynous heapes of Gold, conjectures, that  
Some late unlucky hand or chance at play  
Hath with his money swept his wit away.

*Men.* Fy, these can be no causes to remove,  
Or shake his settled judgement or his temper.

*Gab.* Then sir a fift and youngest head among  
The learned men (what call you him for a Doctor ?

Hay

Hay that affects gay clothes and Flanders Laces,  
 That trim effeminate Gentleman) he  
 Has known this noble patient to have beene  
 An extreame Amorist, desperatly devoted  
 Unto the service of some threescore Ladies,  
 And honord every one the most in costly presents,  
 Banquets and Verses ; and thinks the disdaine  
 Of one or all of them has turnd his braine.

*Cha.* I told you sir, the cause before ; and nam'd  
 That humorous Lady for it, whom in heart  
 I can no lesse then thanke.

*Men.* Goe, get you up.  
 And stirre not from my Chamber on my blessing  
 Till my returne, nor admit any one  
 Unto a conference with you.

*Cha.* I obey you. *Exit.*

*Gab.* Some of your project searchers wait with-  
 out sir,  
 Loden it feemes with new intelligences.

*Men.* They may come in : but as I feare they  
 Me little comfort, I am sure I shall (bring  
 Afford them none. Now sirs, your busynesse ?

*Enter 3 Projectors.*

1. *Pro.* We wait upon your honour my good Lord  
 To crave the knowledge of what good successe  
 Your honor finds in our late suits my Lord.

*Men.* Why honor ? why my Lord ?

2. *Pro.* We stile you now.

3. *Pro.* As all must doe hereafter.

1. *Pro.* Yes, and that

In a short space of time, the world holds no  
 Proportion else, nor shall it more be fayd  
 That money can buy Land ; or great Estates  
 In Lands and Mannor-houses be call'd Lordships.

1. 2. 3. Or wealth joynd with desert attaine to  
 honor. (full cry.

*Gab.* So now the Game's afoot. They hunt in

1. *P.*

1. *P.* My Lord 'tis most apparant.

*Men.* How you torture me!

2. *P.* Wee'l mak't appeare most plainly on our

3. *P.* And credits too. (lives.

*Gab.* Their Lives and credits, ha, ha, ha.

1. *P.* That in the space of one whole year our  
projects

Shall bring in fifty thousand pounds to us,  
And hundred thousand to your selfe ; and to  
The Coffers Royall for full feaven years space  
64. Thousand 783 l. 7s. 9d. *ob. q. per annum,*  
Tis here already caft. Which to make good  
Wee'l venture Lives and Goods.

2. *P.* Our Wives and Children. (*Mend. takes*

3. *P.* We can ingage no more. (*the scroll and*

*Gab.* A wondrous strange engagment (*peruses it.*  
Your lives and goods ; your wives and children  
gentlemen !

That's too deep set, and questions the King's Mercy :  
Me thinks it were enough, for non-performance  
You would submit your bodies to perpetuall  
Imprisonment at the Kings charge ; and leave  
Your wives and children to their severall Parishes  
You are still faithlesse fir, in all projects.

1. But when you shall perceive the wealthy sonnes  
Dayly brought in, and be, continually,  
Troubled with the Receipts (if you may be trusted  
That have so little faith) when you shall soyle  
And gall your fingers ends with telling money,  
Yet find the lickings of 'em sweet, you'l then  
Sing other Notes.

2. Meane time entreat my Lord  
To put you to some Tellers Clearke to teach you  
Ambo-dexterity in telling money.

*Gab.* Do you hear fir? Can you give me two  
sixpences

For a shilling—or any single money?

2. *P.* *Pifh.*

*Gab.*

*Gab.* Cry mercy, you weare none in ready coine,  
But all in Bullion lockt up in your brave chests,  
And there you have the treasure of the *Indies* ;  
Of deeper value, could it be digg'd out,  
Then all the *Hollanders* have waited for  
These 7 yeares out of the Spanish plate fleets.

*3. Pugh.*

*Gab.* But put mine eye out (now I dare you to't)  
With any single piecee of ready money.

*1.P.* My Lord your man abuses us here strangely  
With his old misbelieve. But still we doubt not  
Your honourable good opinion of us.

*2.P.* You have perus'd this weighty paper here.

*Men.* It weighes not all twelve graines.

*1.P.* No more ?

Nay the whole platforme of a stately City,  
Or a designe to conquer a whole Nation,  
But doe you note the grounds, the Rules and Reafons,  
First for the easinesse of the severall grants.

*2.P.* Next for performance of our undertakings.

*3.P.* And then the certainty o' th' propounded  
Both to the King and us. (profits

*1.P.* Without all grievance unto the subject.

*Gab.* That's no little marvaile.

*1.P.* Take 'em into particulars my Lord,  
First this for Perrukes. The Monopoly  
Of making all the Perrukes male and female,  
Through Court and Kingdome.

*Gab.* There's a capitall project.

*2.P.* Note the necessity, that they be well made  
Of no diseas'd or infectious stuffe, of dead or living,  
No verminous or fluttish locks or combings,  
But harmlesse and sound haire, of innocent,  
And wholesome people.

*Gab.* They must then reape none  
From Gallowfes, nor Hospitalls ; from whence  
They have had great supplies.

*1.P.*

1.P. You have in that  
Said very well ; For here's a Reformation  
Of that abuse intended in these words  
Innocent and wholesome.

*Gab.* How if a man or woman shall desire  
To weare a friends hayre so departed ; as  
You his ; or your wife yours ; may't not be had ?

1.P. Or if your friend or Mistris dye so, you  
Procure the haire and bring it from the Gallows  
To th'office, and it may be done accordingly.

*Gab.* You have in that said very well Sir too.

1.P. Now out of this provision, what an infinite  
Profit will rise i' th' generall use of'em,  
And multiplicity that will be worne  
By people of all sorts, degrees and ages :  
The old to hide their naturall baldnesse, and  
The young and middle-ag'd their artificiall  
Or accidentall.

*Gab.* By the pox or so.

1.P. They shall be brought into that reputation  
That none shall be esteem'd so sound or wise  
As publique wearers of them : which to effectuate  
Tis requisite that you obtaine a Mandat  
Unto all Courtiers, that would be thought wife  
To weare false hayre : because clownes have been  
noted

To talke like fooles or mad men in their own.

*Men.* No more of that.

1. What say to this my Lord,  
Touching new fashions of apparel ; futes,  
Hats, Boots, Swords, Belts, Ribands, &c.  
For every wearer of his first o'th' fashion  
To pay a groat to th'King ; and every Tradesman  
Two pence on every severall piece he sells  
Of any such new fashion the first yeare ?

*Gab.* And what may this pride money amount  
*Per annum*, can you guesse ?

O

(unto  
*Men*

*Men.* I will not meddle in it.

2. No my good Lord.

*Men.* No, nor your Perrukes neither.

3. What say to this my Lord of the Balconyes?

*Men.* Nor that.

1. This then for fucking out of cornes.

*Men.* Away with it.

2. This then : that on the birth of every Girle  
The Father pay a groat ; to hearten men  
To live soberly and get Souldiers.

*Men.* Away.

1. This makes amends for all then. A new project  
For buylding a new Theatre or Play-house  
Upon the *Thames* on Barges or flat boats  
To helpe the watermen out of the losse  
They've suffer'd by Sedans ; under which project  
The subiect groanes, when for the ease of one  
Two abler men must suffer ; and not the price,  
Or pride of Horse-flesh or Coach-hire abated.  
This shall bring flouds of gaine to th' watermen  
Of which they'l give a fourth of every fare  
They shall boord at the floating Theatre,  
Or set ashore from thence, the Poets and Actors  
Halse of their first yeares profits.

*Men.* Fy away.

1. This is a weighty one : For maffy summes  
That may be freely given out of the City,  
To have but this assurance, that hereafter  
They may ingroffe the getting of their own  
Children : by order tane that Cavaliers,  
And Courtiers may no more invade,  
Or mix with Tradesmens wives : whereby tis  
thought  
So many City Prodigalls have been gotten ;  
Onely the thriftey countrey Gentlemen  
To be excepted : for by them 'tis guest  
So many Citizens grow landed men.

*Gab.*

*Gab.* Were not they gotten by Projectors think  
you?

3. My Lord your servant jeeres us.

*Men.* To deale plainly  
I doe allow't in him——

*Gab.* Heaven has heard my prayers.

*Men.* And will heare him or any man oppose  
All that is put to me by way of project  
To put me by all further hopes in 'em:  
For (with hearts grieve I speake it) he by whom  
I onely hop'd to climbe (alas) is fallen.

1. What out of favour?

*Men.* No, out of his Reason.

2. The noble Cavalier sir *Ferdinando*.

3. That late stood candidate for the favour royall,  
Is he now fallen besides himselfe?

*Men.* Even he.

1. What have you then to doe my Lord  
In lieu of all your service but beg him?

*Men.* His greater and his nearer friends at Court  
Will prevent me.

2. They shall not, never feare it.

1. Come we will make quick worke of this.  
My Lord you shall disburse but twenty pieces.  
2. Among us three. 3. And we will instantly  
Finde his estate. 1. And lay you down a way  
So plaine that you shall say All's yours,  
Before you stir a foot.

*Gab.* But when he has travell'd  
Till he has tir'd himselfe, he shall returne,  
And say All's lost, ist not so Gentlemen?

*Men.* I will not part with any money firs.

1. Trust me you doe not well to put my Lord  
Off o' his benefit, by disheartning him  
In this small venture. Will you then be pleas'd  
To give us but ten pieces.

*Men.* Not a penny.

2. Five you shall my Lord,  
And stand no longer thus in your own light.

3. Or but a piece a Man.

*Men.* Not a denier.

1. A dinner then my Lord, but of one piece.

*Men.* My answers cannot please you. Answer 'em you. (throats.

*Gab.* I wonder how you having stretch'd your With the loud sounds of thousands, hundred thousands

Can, after all, so faintly whisper forth  
One piece ; and that as much in vaine, as all  
The massy summes : for all but brings you nothing,  
It shewes you Gentlemen of resolute patience ;  
And would take thankfully I warrant you  
An od halfe crowne amongst you : and what say you  
To every man a kick on the condition ?  
What say you to one with tother ?

1. This abuse

Shall lose your Master a hundred thousand pound.

*Gab.* Goe coine your bullion braines into the  
money

And come againe. My master was  
Your Lord even now, as he was Lord of Beggers.

1. I hope to live to see him beg of us.

*Gab.* Out hundreds, thousands, ten thousands,  
hundred thousands, Millions, ten Millions, Millions  
upon Millions

Away, i'lle stamp your buttocks into coyne else. (*Ex.*  
The Devil ride that hindmost of 'em, for (*Projectors*).  
A raw bon'd Jade : Sfoot he has lam'd my toes.

*Men.* I am glad I am so rid of 'em, and now  
As th'art my Servant and my loving Kinsman —

*Gab.* To follow you in all things but in Projects.

*Men.* Looke to my House and Daughter, that she  
Nor any entrance be allowd to *Fredrick* (start not ;  
To re-entangle her in his Love. I know

Thy

Thy vertue and thy valour can make good  
My trust impos'd in thee.

*Gab.* You need not feare sir  
But, good sir, no more projects.

*Men.* I have but one,  
On which I'le set my rest. Thoul't say tis good.  
*Gab.* Except it be the begging of this Madman  
It can be nothing.

*Men.* Tis the very same:  
By which I will advance my house and name. *Exit.*

*Gab.* The Beggers best is that he feeles no shame:  
Sprecious what meane you? Ha' you forgot so soone  
Your Fathers strict command, and he scarce gone yet?

*Enter Charissa.*

*Cha.* Alas he'll then meet *Fredrick* and diverthim,  
I saw him at the window making this way.

*Gab.* He gets no entrance to you. I must obey  
A master though you can neglect a father.

*Cha.* Be not so cruell. Thou mayst live to love,  
And need the pitty of a friend.

*Gab.* I pitty you,  
And will do no more then you know how to aske  
For your own good. I understand your cause  
And can relieve you if you'l yeild to councell.

*Cha.* You are my Kinsman; and have bin my  
friend,  
Though you observe my father who, I feare,  
Has not a fathers love towards me.

*Gab.* His love is great and certaine,  
And all his travell is for your advancement:  
But he goes blindfold on unprosperous wayes  
Led by credulity. Projects! pox o'projects  
The patron of his projects is (it seemes)  
Pepper'd with madnesse. Tis but Justice on him,  
And now i'le give you a secret if you'l promise  
To be ruld by me.

*Cha.* You shall rule me cosen.

(c)

O 3

*Gab.*

*Ph.* If you so, wrong not my Ladies Couch with your Spurres I pray: take heed you leave not a Rowell there.

*Sw.* If one should, your Lady has no Lord to call her honour to question, whose Knight-hood it belong'd unto.

*Phil.* You have a good countrey wit sir.

*Sw.* My name is *Swayne-wit*; and for all you twit me with the Countrey, I am a Gentleman tho'.

*Ph.* I honour you the more sir, for I am a Countrey Maide my selfe. (deceiv'd else.)

*Sw.* Thou art a baggage, and a bold one, I am I would be further acquainted with you tho'.

*Kisse long.*

Have you done now? You will have time enough Further and better acquaintance. (for Thou art a Jackanapes of the basest tricks that ever I saw, for a halfe-penny. Shee's your choyce, is shee? Could not you let be tho'? I ha' bin acquainted with thee but two dayes, and forgi' me for swearing, I ha' found thee beating ripe a skore o' times at least. Take heede I begin not now, and handfell your Ladies house, that is so much talkt on, and your Gentlewoman's presence here with a fist about your eares.

*Cou.* Not for a thousand pound.

*Sw.* That's a great deale of money. I could find i'my heart to do't tho'.

*Cou.* Slife we are all undone then.

*Sw.* He sets my teeth on edge to looke upon him: He lookes so like a wilding crab, good neither for drink nor sauce.

*Ph.* Why would you presse him then?

*Sw.* Thou haft a verjuice wit.

*Ph.* For my poore sake forbeare sir.

*Sw.* Let him stand further then, and looke o'toe side.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Well, sir, this is no cause nor place to fight  
*Sw.* What fayes he? (in, when—

*Ph.* Nothing, you heare he whistles tother way.  
*Sw.* Tother way, what backwards?

*Ph.* What new guest ha' you brought here Mr.  
*Court-wit* for my Lady to laugh at?

*Cou.* One for that purpose *Phil* you ha' spoke  
the man,  
But what company has my Patroneffe, that shee is  
yet busy.

*Sw.* I that! If shee be long busy I will not stay,  
and shee were ten great Ladies, or one as big as  
twenty, for all shee is your Patroneffe, must we  
wait out of our wits, because *Chalivers* ran mad for

*Ph.* Ha' you heard o' that sir? (her?

*Sw.* My Cozen *Court-wit's* question was who's  
with her?

*Ph.* O sweet Mr. *Court-wit*, when will you bring  
the fine civill Gentleman, that maintaines himselfe  
so gallantly by picture drawing?

*Sw.* Here's a new businesse! Fare yee well, pray  
tell your Lady I came not from Pensans to grow  
here.

*Ph.* Nay sweet sir stay, there is sir with my Lady  
none but the grave and witty talking Knight.  
Some call him the metropolitane wit of Court; he  
that loves Ladyes society so much, and yet has  
vow'd virginity.

*Cou.* As much as in man lies *Phil*; Hee is a  
perpetuall vowd batchellor indeed, and as constant  
to his vow as to his fashions in apparrell, which is  
ever the same, sir *Raphael Winter-plum*.

*Cit.* That old witherd piece. I know him.

*Sw.* Thou wilt beare up again.

*Cit.* He has lick'd up a living with his tongue;  
makes all great tables his own; and eats for his  
talke. He may be conversant with women: for  
(they

(they say) he guelt himselfe beyond Sea for spight one did him ; and now preaches chasteity to Ladies, and love to their husbands. Hee's a Lay-gospeller among the married sort, and an especiall pedant to the youth o' Court.

*Cou.* Fy, thou spekest too much.

*Sw.* There's another humor I could beat thee for with all my heart, thou wilt speake outrageously of all men behinde their backs, and darst not answer Ba —— to the face of a sheep, O I could pommell thee.

*Cit.* This is not yet a cause to fight for, when ——

*Ph.* But will not that fine Gentleman Mr. *Dainty* come, Mr. *Court-wit* ?

*Cou.* I expect him presently.

*Ph.* I'le see if their conference be ended, or breake it if I can, and hasten my Lady to you. *Exit.*

*Sw.* This wench has a dainty wit.

*Cou.* Shee may, living with the prime Lady-wit in towne.

*Sw.* But what *Dainty* is that shee talkes on so affectionately ?

*Cou.* Troth a Gentleman that lives at a good rate ; very civil in conversation, keepes good company ; yet none of his acquaintance that I am acquainted with knowes his beginning, or his

*Sw.* A Gentleman borne. (present meanes.

*Cou.* I know no more but by his port, and fashion, you saw him with me last night.

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing, If he ?

*Cou.* He was at the Play with us too, doe you not remember that ?

*Sw.* Yes, that I was at the Play, by sure token and a sad one.

*Cit.* I'le shew you somewhat of him. A Gentleman borne did you aske ?

*Sw.* Now he beares up againe.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Hee cannot be a Gentleman by birth or place. A fine-handed, and a fine headed fellow he is ; and pretends great skill and practise too in Picture-drawing, Watch-making, and such like finger-workes ; which he fayes he uses as a Gentlemans exercife, not as a trade to live upon ; when either he does live on't ; or else hee has some more secret way, as perhaps pimping or purfing for ought I know.

*Sw.* There he is again ! Art thou bound in conscience to wrong all men in their absence, till I beate thee into better manners ?

*Cou.* Hold, hold, I prithee hold.

*Cit.* Yet still the cause is insufficient, when——

*Cou.* Here comes the Gentleman.

*Enter Dainty.*

*Cit.* Is hee come ? Noble Mr. *Dainty*——The welcomft in the World. I protest I fuffer'd by your absence.

*Dai.* You do me too much honour Mr. *Cit-wit*.

*Cit.* Oh fir, your humble servant.

*Sw.* Ha, ha. Forgi' me for swearing, what a Spaniell's this ?

*Dai.* Gentlemen you are well found, I was a little stayd by the way upon receipt of monies. Ha' you feene the Lady yet ?

*Cou.* Shee's yet a little busy. We shall a instantly take the opportunity together.

*Dai.* But Gentlemen ; you that have better knowledge of this Lady informe if you please, why are we summond hither ?

*Cou.* Thou speakest as if thou hadft guilt upon thee ; fear nothing man.

*Sw.* I that's the thing that I would understand too. And why me of any man ? They fay indeed shee is a humorous Lady, and loves to busy her selfe. But what are we to her ? are there not

greater men, and Lords enough for her to foole away the time with, but we must dance attendance on her humors?

*Cit.* I protest Mr. *Swayn-wit*, I admire your ingenuity.

*Sw.* You will be meddling still.

*Cit.* Tis to your question sir, which I will answer.

*Sw.* I there's another of your cockfomby tricks, to answer any question, that's ask'd another man, out with tho'.

*Cit.* This Lady sir, this humorous wity Lady is a wit-sponge, that fuckes up wit from some, and holds as her own, untill shee squeeze it out on others. Shee will make use of ours, or any courfer wits; and search 'em out to sift 'em. Shee will collect from market-folkes; and hold conferences with the poore Trades-people that cry their wares about the streets, Shee will rake wit out of a dung-hill Ragwoman.

*Sw.* So there he is againe! darest thou abuse a noble Lady, in her owne house too? I dare not now but beat thee.

*Cou.* Forbeare good cosen.

*Cit.* Still, still, the cause is naught, when —

*Dai.* Ods so the Ladies comming I think.

*Enter Philomel.*

*Phil.* Gentlemen, my Lady cannot yet be rid of the tedious talking Knight. But shee will cast him presently. He is now following her into this roome, pray passe into the next; my Ladies Musick roome. There you shall find a collation of good *Tobacco* and *Sack* and one to attend you, you know the fashions of the House Mr. *Court-wit*.

*Cou.* Come away Gentlemen. *Exit Gentlemen.*

*Phil.* I could even love and looke upon that sweete Mr. *Dainty* a whole houre methinks.

*Enter*

*Enter Strange-love, and Sir Raphael.*

*Stra.* Goe your wayes down Mayd, and if any  
aske for Sir *Raphael* here, say that I hope he will  
ha' done anon.

*Ra.* You would be rid of me: but pardon me  
Madam, I must hold your glasse to you.

*Stra.* That's a poore Chamber-mayds office; and  
ill becomes your gravity Sir *Raphael*.

*Ra.* I'le open then the booke to you of your  
errors.

*Str.* Now you speake scholler-like, and your selfe:  
But have we spent all this while in by, and idle  
talke, and have that volume to be open'd yet? Pray  
read mee for the first Lesson for this Mornings  
Exercize, and my Edification, the last Chapter of  
my book of errors as you call it.

*Ra.* You are a mocker of instruction, and good  
counsell.

*Str.* Begins it so? whom is that spoken to?

*Ra.* I speak to onely you; to conjure (if I can)  
that spirit of scorne out of you; which you have  
taken in, and long affected for a humor, your  
singular own humor, till it is grown so familiar, so  
inherent in you, that you have wonne the title of  
the humorous Lady by't; and drawn a scorne upon  
your selfe.

*Stra.* Why then all's paid, and wellcome good  
Sir *Raphael*.

*Ra.* I am not gone so; nor is all so payd:  
For there's a greater reckoning yet of Raylings,  
Reviling, Curses by the many that  
Y'have scornd and slighted, shot at you in hot vollies.

*Str.* They hit me not. I am sure I do not feele  
'em.

*R.* You may in time be sensible of their suffrings,  
Whom you have violently, and willfully abus'd  
With scorne and pride; if you call to mind

The

I come not as a suitor to your great Ladyship. I am a Gentleman of two hundred a yeare tho'.

*Str.* Not as a suitor to me sir?

*Sw.* No you are too great for me. Nor to your Mopsey without, though shee be snout-faire, and has some wit shee's too little for me, I understand degree and quality, respect and difference; and am scholler enough to know my *unde* and my *quare*.

*Str.* You ga' me his true character. You are a compleat Gentleman sir (if I mistake not) the Kinsman of my favorite here, who has given me an ample relation of your worth and vertue.

*Cou.* Yes, Patronesse, 'tis he, who though not throughly vers'd, or conversant i'th' Court or City garbe, he understands both Men and Manners.

*Sw.* Prattle for your selfe sir.

*Str.* But to the businesse Gentlemen.

*Sw.* I that I would faine know if it be any.

*Str.* You have heard I doubt not of a disastrous blot lately cast upon my fame, out of my owne freeness.

*Cit.* Concerning the Mad-courtier Madam, when 'tis as likely, that his Taylor made him mad as you, for not hitting the fashion right in his last rich suit. But tis most like he fell from a reasonable man, by over-studying himselfe what Lord he should be at the next creation, whether of Gleek, or Cribbidge;

In and in, or Hazard.

*Sw.* Hearke how this shotten headed Cockscombe prates! And how he, that can indure beating, dares speak any thing, or abuse all men! canst not give the Lady leave to speake tho'?

*Str.* Since there is an aspersion layd upon my freeness in giving entertainment unto persons of great and noble quality, the world deeming it to be done

done by me meerly for ostentation, to cry my own humor up, by drawing them into Love-knots, and then to flight or scorne them: My resolution is from henceforth, to exclude those great resorts, and friendly and freely be merry within our selfes. I have foure thousand a yeare to spend; and will be huswife good enough to keepe in compasse. I will not entertaine a servant, friend or guest above your rank or fortunes—

(think of us?)

*Sw.* Why—(forgi'me for swearing) what do you

*Str.* I thinke you Gentlemen of worth and quality: and therefore welcome, I thinke you able to maintaine your selfes midle-sis'd Gent.

*Cit.* I am Midlesex indeed; borne i' th' City.

*Sw.* Give the Lady leave to speake tho'.

*Str.* I'le give acceſſe to none, that the censorious world shall dare to judge a suitor to me, Or to finde favour further then meat and wine.

*Sw.* Yes, faith a little money to; and make's your Fidlers.

*Cit.* Pray give the Lady leave to speak though.

(whew)

*Str.* Mauger the greatnesse of my former visitants I give you my election for the chieſes Of my familier society.

I may perhaps call in, (at leaſt admit) People of meaner garbe, without (I hope) Your grudge or envy. But they ſhall be men Of Science, Art, and Action.

*Sw.* Of action Madam? who do you meane? the Players?

*Str.* Why not? I love their quality and them, and mean to have the uſe of ſome of 'em ſhortly: Besides Muſitians (Poets in the first place) and Painters: In which laſt mention'd art I heare you are excellent, though all this while ſo ſilent.

*Dai.* I boast no ſkill or praćtice Madam: but I

have drawne some pieces that have been worth my paines in my Rewards.

*Str.* I must commend their ingenuity for whom you tooke those paines. But (where I left) I must make use of wits, of arts, and actions.

*Sw.* Here in your house Madam, I would be glad to see the Actors, but I saw 'em at their own too lately: for I lost my purse there, no matter let it go. There was 15. pound in't tho!

*Cit.* Sprecious! How now! my Fob has been subd to day of six pieces, and a dozen shillings at least. Nothing but a boud groat left as I hope for my Grannums blessing.

*Cou.* Sure you have been in some ill company.

*Cit.* Pox of ill company I say. My watch is gone out of my Pocket too o'th right side.

*Dai.* You rose o' the wrong side to day it seemes, were you in no crowd or quarrell?

*Cit.* I never was in any quarrell i'my life. I always run from 'em.

*Cou.* I dare sweare thou dost.

*Cit.* I onely stood to day at the Coranto-shop to read the last great news; and I was hoop'd in I remember by some that seem'd to wonder as much as I.

*Dai.* Then certainly there was a cut-purse amongst 'em.

*Cit.* I'le go to honest *Moll* about it presfently.

*Sw.* But first stay and heare my Lady tho'.

*Cou.* I Madam you were speaking of the use you would make of Poet, Painter, Musick, Actor and the like.

*Str.* True favorite for a Masque that I intend to have shortly, you shall performe the poetical part, your servant *Citwit* the Musicall. And by your skill and directions the Painters office for the scenes. Dancers and speakers I have in store.

*Sw.*

*Sw.* I must be something too tho', must I not Madam?

*Str.* Marry and thanke you too sir.

*Enter Philomel.*

Now your Newes.

*Phil.* Sir *Andrew Mendicant* desires to see you Madam.

*Str.* You should have told him I would not be seene by him.

*Ph.* I told him you were busy. But hee fayes hee is to speake with you upon a weighty busynesse from the Court.

*Str.* Tis the *Court-begger*. You know him favorite. Goe not away, I'le bring him in amongst you, And (as you love me) put some ridiculous projects to him. *Exit.*

*Dai.* What's that sir *Andrew Mendicant*? doe you know him well?

*Cour.* Thou askest still a question like a guilty perfon, with a look resembling feare upon thy face.

*Dai.* My countenance is too blame then; not my conscience.

*Cit.* I'le tell you what he is.

*Sw.* Still answering others questions?

*Cit.* He is a Knight that hanckers about the Court, ambitious to make himselfe a Lord by begging. His braine is all Projects, and his soule nothing but Court-suits. He has begun more knavish suits at Court, then ever the Kings Taylor honestly finish'd, but never thriv'd by any: so that now hee's almost fallen from a Pallace Begger to a spittle one. His busynesse to my Lady now can be nothing but to borrow money to buy a paire of wheeles to set some Project a going to Court for a Monopoly.

*Sw.* Thou wert in haft eene now to looke after thy money ; but and thy Life lay on't thou must stay to abuse a man hehinde his back, who is a noble Gentleman thou knowſt, and I have heard, yet (ſpeake in thy conſcience) wouldſt thou not be beaten now ?

*Cou.* Forbare, they come.

*Enter Strangeloſe, Mendicant.*

*Str.* Sir, ſince it is requested by thoſe great ones  
Whose power cannot command me in this caſe  
(For tis my charity and not my duty)  
I am content that the mad *Ferdinand*  
Shall ſojourne in my house for his recovery.

*Men.* Tis thought you were the ground-work of  
his frenſy  
The Doctoſs therefore mov'd their honours to it  
For that your frequent preſence may be helpfull  
Towards his care.

*Str.* He ſhall have it then  
Towards the expiation of the crime  
They charge me with. But in caſe ſir *Andrew*  
He ſhould be cur'd by this meaneſ, I ſhould then  
Croſſe you in fortune and your future hopes  
Of his eſtate ; which you have beg'd you ſay  
If he recover not.

*Men.* I muſt leave that to fortune Madam.

*Str.* Will you be pleas'd ſir to take notice of  
These Gentlemen my friends. They may be uſefull  
(*Salute.*)

For they have all projective braineſ I tell you.

*Men.* Pray of what naſure are your Projects  
Gentlemen ?

*Cou.* Sir my affection leanes much to Poetry,  
especialy the *Drammatick*.

*Men.* Writing of ſtrange Playes ?

*Cou.* I am glad I ſpeake ſir, to your understand-  
ing.

ing. And my project is that no Playes may be admitted to the Stage, but of their making who Professe or indeavour to live by the quality: That no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-clearks, Tradesmen or Prentisfes be allow'd to write 'em, nor the Works of any lay-Poet whatsoever to be receav'd to the Stage, though freely given unto the Actors, nay though any such Poet should give a summe of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unlesse the Author doe also become bound that it shall doe true and faithfull service for a whole Terme.

*Men.* Here's a trim businesse towards, and as idle as the Players going to Law with their Poets.

*Cou.* I have another fir, to procure a Patent for my selfe to have the onely priviledge to give instructions to all the actors in the City, (especilly the younger sort) the better to enable them to speake their parts emphatically and to the life.

*Men.* You were best take heede in time then that you well preserve your own voyce, for feare you doe a spoyle among 'em in teaching 'em to utter in unsavory tunes. Doe I come hither to be mock'd?

*Sw.* Will you heare mine though? I am a Countrey Gentleman, young, healthfull and lusty. I heare complaints of barrennesse in the City; and of men that cannot get their wives with child; Get me but a Patent for't I'le undertake by my selfe and deputies (provided that the woman be found and handsome) to make them multiply, and upon reasonable conditions: we will deale with the rich for money, and the poore for charity.

*Men.* This is foolisher then tother. Doe you abuse me Gentlemen?

*Sw.* Is that a wise man's question? you cannot tell th'o.

*Cit.* We have our projects too Sir.

*Men.* I would have yours first, you see me a civil and substantiall Gentleman.

*Dai.* In more private if you please Sir.

*Men.* I like well his reservednesse.

*Dai.* Sir I am a Picture-drawer Limner, or Painter (if you please) and would gladly purchase authority, by my selfe and deputies, for the painting of all the Kings, and Queenes-head signes for Taverns, Innes, Ale houfes, and all Houses and Shops of Trade throughout the Kingdome upon this ground that they draw and hang up their royall Images for signes in so hideous manner that men blesse themselves to see't.

*Men.* I marry this hangs upon some ground. But are you an exquisite workeman in that art sir?

*Dai.* I am an Artist in that mistery sir, and have drawn some of his Majesties Pictures (by copy onely but) so to the life, that Gentlemen have kneel'd to 'em for suites, and knight-hoods.

*Men.* Indeed fir!

*Dai.* Yes sir, and great Lords I have pictur'd so powerfully, their own followers sodainly rushing into the room have started back, and solemnly stood bare to 'em as they hung o' the walls.

*Men.* Ift possible!

*Dai.* I drew a sterne Judge, and a civil Lawyer so to the life, that after their corps were in the Grave, a man durst not looke upon their pictures without a bribe, or double fee in's hand.

*Men.* I doe admire you!

*Dai.* I ha' drawn Ladies too, with that alluring beauty, that men have lov'd their dead pictures, for their painted lookes, more then their living persons for all their vertues.

*Men.* Thou boy! introth you abuse me most merrily Gentlemen. *Goe.* *Str.*

*Str.* An excellent fellow: I like him for that fancy more then all the rest.

*Cit.* Pray heare my project too sir?

*Str.* Yes good sir *Andrew*, you shall not part so abruptly.

*Cit.* Mine is a good common wealths businesse, against the common Plague, that raignes i' th' City of Pickpockets, and Cut-purses. I my selfe ha' bin robb'd to day, and am going to a good member that deales in private for the recoveries of such goods: One that shall undertake if you'l but get a Patent, for a Cutpurse-hall, or Office, to helpe all men to their owne againe, allowing but the Tithes of their Loffes, and freeing the offending parties.

*Men.* Fie, fie. Here's tithing indeed.

*Cit.* Provided that notice be brought to the Office within foure and twenty houres after any such losse.

*Men.* Enough, enough.

*Cit.* Wee may by the same course secure the Counties too, and make the hangman hang himselfe.

*Men.* Let every man be wise enough to looke to his purse, and there will be no Cut-purses, nor need of your patent.

*Sw.* As wise a man as you may lose his purse tho', as I ha' done my selfe in a crow'd.

*Men.* He puts me in mind of a crowd I was in once to day of company I lik'd not — ha —. For heaven 'tis gone: And I dare not discover it for being laught at.

*Cou.* It seemes none of your Projects will passe with you sir *Andrew*.

*Str.* Come sir, they are but (as you said) merry with you.

*Men.* Be you merry with them good Madam, you know the serious worke I came about. In which

Give me Pen, Inke and Paper.

*Doct.* All's ready.

*Fer.* Now will I write, nor will I emulate  
*Ovids* smoth vaine, or *Petraks* buskind stile.  
 Nor *Laura*, nor *Corinna* did deserve  
 To have their prayers written in such Verse  
 As i'le bestow on her that I adore.  
 Listen to me you blest Intelligences,  
 And, *Phebus*, stay thy course to heare me sing  
 Her prayses, for whose love th' inamor'd Gods  
 Would leave their proper feates, and in stolne  
 shapess,  
 Converse with mortalls, your soule-ravishing spheres  
 Send forth your sweetest harmony whilst I sing —  
 But O shee is disdainfull ; and her scorne  
 Hath blotted all the glory of her praise,  
 Away, away with all.

*Doct.* Now sir, doe you observe the roote of his  
 Disease ?

*Men.* I guesse at it, know you the remedy ?

*Fer.* Disease ! what's that ? who is diseas'd ? who  
 wants a Remedy ?

Are you sir a Phisitian ?

*Men.* This Gentleman is, and brings you remedy,  
 be you patient.

*Doct.* O you will move him.

*Fer.* You are a brace of Quacks,  
 That tie your knowledge unto dayes and houres  
 Mark'd out for good or ill i' th' *Almanack*.  
 Your best Receipts are candy for a cold ;  
 And *Carduus Benedictus* for an ague,  
 Could you give life as *Æsculapius*  
 Did to unjustly flaine *Hippolitus*,  
 You could prescribe no remedy for me.  
 Goe study *Gallen*, and *Hippocrates*,  
 And when your rare simplicities have found  
 Simples to cure the Lunacy of Love,

Compose

Compose a potion, and administer't  
Unto the Family at *Amſterdam*.

*Doct.* I'le Phisick you to morrow and allay  
The heate of this ſtrong fit, or Leach it out.

*Enter ſir Raphael.*

*Ra.* I have venter'd to this house againe, affur'd  
That now the humerous Lady is from home  
Forgetting not her Love-trick put upon me  
Which ſhe already boasts to my disgrace  
For which I may requite her Ladyſhip,  
How dos your patient? a ſleepe! That's well.

*Men.* No hee's but ſilent ſir, and it is well  
That he is ſo, ſo long.

*Ra.* The Lords in honourable regard unto  
His health directed me to viſite him.

*Fer.* Who's that?

*Ra.* Do you not know me ſir?

*Fre.* You are (I tak't) the Ghost of *Dionifius*  
The great tirannicall Courtſchole-maſter.

*Ra.* Your Friends at Court commend them to  
you Sir.

*Fer.* What hither, unto hell? Extend their loves  
So far, to finde me out? Pray let 'em know  
That here's a trobled world in want of Statesmen.  
But tell the youthes and beauties there, they never  
Shall finde a happier opportunity  
To raiſe a new Plantation. They'l drive all  
Before 'em here: For pride is at a ſtand;  
Faſhions are all worne out, and no invention  
For new here to be found: all beauty's loſt;  
Nor have the greatest Ladies here the aſt  
To make ſo much as their poore Chambermayds:  
Let 'em come downe, as many of the Gallants  
As are made weary of their Wives or Miſtrefſes;  
And, of thofe Wives and Miſtrefſes, as many  
As can their husbands, or their fervants ſpare:  
And what a yeare of Holy-dayes, a Jubile

Shall

Shall we have in hell then? Ha' old Lad!

*Ra.* What a wilde fancie's this!

*Doct.* Crosse it not good sir.

*Ra.* Pray give mee leave to touch it though, a little.

*Fer.* But above all, finde out the Lady *Strange-  
love*

That humorous Madam, and tell her from me,  
The many Lovers shee has sent before her  
Into these shades (where we can find no torments  
Like those that shee inflicted) have prevail'd  
With the great Queene *Proserpina*, that shee  
Shall be in place next to her royll person.

*Ra.* The Lady *Strangelove!* you are in her house  
sir,

Where doe you thinke you are? or who you are?  
Pray call your selfe to mind sir, are not you  
The noble *Cavalier* and hopefull *Courtier*?  
The most accomplish'd Knight sir *Ferdinando*?

*Doct.* Forbeare sir, you will move him strongly  
else.

*Ra.* I have authority for what I do sir,  
Can you forget your selfe sir, or neglect  
The bounteous fortunes, that the Court and King-  
dome

Have in store for you, both for past Atchievements,  
And for the large endowments of court-verteue  
Are found still growing in you, studied and practis'd  
So to the life, as if you were built up  
Vertues own Mansion, on her foure firme pillars?—

*Men.* I hope he cannot flatter him into's wits  
When 'tis the way to foole men out of 'em.

*Ra.* The Wisdome, Justice, Magnanimity,  
And temperance of court you are exactly  
Fram'd and compos'd of, and indued with all  
The excelencies that may adorne a man  
By Nature, Fortune, Art and Industry!

And

And all this glorious light to be eclips'd ;  
And such Divine perfections seeme to sleepe ?

*Fer.* Pray sir your eare.

*Ra.* Sir, most attentively.

*Fer.* What do you thinke of Salsbury steeple sir,  
For a fit hunting speare t'incounter with  
The whore of Babilion ? might I not firke her  
thinke you ?

*Men.* Your Doctrine dos not edify sir *Raphael*.

*Fer.* Is Oratour *Demostines* growne dumbe  
O'th' sodaine ? what ! no answer ? give me a Knife  
He is but tongue-tied.

*Ra.* Guard me Divinity.

*Doct.* I told you what you would doe.

*Men.* Patience good sir.

*Fer.* Patience in tortures ?

*Doct.* Help here sodainly !

*Enter Servants.*

*Fer.* Do you sally forth in troupes ? Have I no  
troupe ?

Give me my horse and armes, and come a hundred.

*Doct.* Wee'l arme and horse you, since y'are so  
unruly,

Away with him into his Bed-chamber.

*Fer.* O doe you make me then your Knight o'  
th' shire

A tun o' Wine for that. Shoulder your Knight,  
advance your Knight, beare him out. (*Manent Men.*

*Al. A Ferdinand, a Ferdinand, &c.* (sir *Rap.*

*Men.* This now to me is Musick, Golden-chimes  
That rings all in with an assur'd advantage,  
How now Sir *Raphael* ! Frighted ?

*Ra.* In all my disputations all my travailes,  
And all conspiracies that have bin had  
Against me, never met I an encounter  
By man, or spirit that I feard so much,  
Yet here's another fury.

*Enter*

*Enter Strangelove.*

*Str.* By what oppression or tiranny (for Law  
I'm sure could never do't) is my house here  
Confiscated or usurp'd, and I become your slave ?

*Men.* How Madam ?

*Str.* Your slave, lay your commands on mee,  
what drudgery doe you appoint me to ?

*Ra.* Shee's mad too.

*Men.* Did not your Ladyship give way ?

*Str.* To make my house a hell ?

The noyse of Bedlem is soft musick to't.  
Could your Projectorship find no house else  
To make a mad man madder in but mine ?  
And me as mad as he too with the trouble.

*Men.* I was no principle in't good Madam. *Exit.*

*Str.* Was it your plot then fir *Philosophaster*,  
That so you might under pretext of reading  
Philosophy to him, to cure his madnesse  
Make your adrefse to me to prosecute  
Your Love-suite when I thought I had answer'd you,  
But if you must proceede, o'recome me if you can,  
Yet let me warne you to take heede withall  
You pull not a disease unto you, that may  
By your ungovern'd hast post into  
Your grave : for I shall prove a torment to you,  
Though you'l take no denyall, take yet a warning.

*Ra.* I take it to forsake your house ; and never  
More to resort where madnesse raignes. Did I  
Make love to you ?

*Str.* Pardon mee vertuous fir, it is my love to  
you that tortures mee into this wild distraction.  
O fir *Raphael*.

*Ra.* Now vertue guide me. I will shun this place  
More then I would the Spanish Inquisition.

*Str.* I shall in time be rid of all such Guests,  
And have the liberty of mine owne house  
With mine own company, and to mine own ends  
Where

Where are you *Phil*? I were but dead if I had not  
this wench to foole withall sometimes.

*Enter Phil.*

*Phil.* Madam.

*Str.* I must be a little serious with you, shut the  
*Phi.* Now am I call'd into correction, (dore  
When shee is vext and wants the company  
Shee likes, then come I into question,  
'Tis common among Ladies with their women.

*Str.* Why that down looke, as if you meant to  
fetch

An answer, or excuse out of your Apron-strings  
Before you are charged or question'd ? what new  
Has past of late ? (fault

*Phi.* Doe you read any Madam  
Upon my face or lookes ? I never was in love  
Much with my face, nor over hated it. But if I  
It had upon't, or in it, any trespassse (thought  
Against your Ladyship (my heart being cleare)  
These Nayles should *claw* it out. *Teare.*

*Str.* Nay be not passionate *Phil*. I know you  
cannot

Forget the care I have had of you ; nor should you  
Distrust me in the promises I have made you,  
Bearing your selfe according to your covenant *Phil*,  
Of which one Article is to laugh with me.

*Ph.* Go, you are such a Lady, ha, ha, ha.

*Str.* Now thou comst to me wench : hadst forgot ?

*Phi.* You said you would be serious.

*Str.* Doft not thou know my seriousnesse is to  
laugh in private,  
And that thou art bound to stir that humour in me ?  
There's but two things more condition'd in thy  
service ;

To do what I bid thee, and tell me the truth  
In all things that I aske thee. (else,

*Phi.* I Madam, you had never known that same

Q

*Str.*

*Str.* Of the clap thou hadst i'the Countrey e're I  
    took thee,  
But hast thou faithfully kept thine own e're since?  
*Phi.* Yes most severely Madam on your promise—  
*Str.* Well we will have a husband then to folder  
    up the old crack,  
I have already made my choyce for you :  
Your sweete-heart *Cit-wit* makes most suite to you,  
And has a good Estate, and wit enough  
Too for a husband, and a handsome person.

*Phi.* I finde no fault in all that. But he is  
So base a coward, that he may be foone  
Beaten out of his wit and money.

*Str.* But if he should prove valiant !  
*Phi.* If he were valiant now I could say someting,  
But to wait for growing to't were such a losse of  
    time.

*Str.* What say to *Swayn-wit*?  
*Phi.* Hee's the others extreme. I might feare  
him but never love him.

*Str.* What think you of my speciall favorite  
Mr. *Courtwit*?

*Phi.* As of a Courtier Madam, that has tasted  
So much of all waters, that when he has a fountaine  
Hee'l be too jealous of it. (of his owne  
And feard that every man will drink of's cup  
When perhaps none dares touch it, were I it.

*Str.* What say to *Dainty* then the curious Limner?  
*Phi.* I am bound from lying. Madam hee's the  
    man.

*Str.* Well i'le take thy cause in hand wench :  
But yet we are not merry. I am inclin'd most  
jovially to mirth me thinks. Pray *Jove* some good  
be towards. Laugh or i'le pinch you, till you doe.

*Phi.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. O the  
picture-drawer ! ha, ha, ha.

*Str.* I, come, the Picture drawer.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* O, I love drawing and painting, as no Lady better, who for the most part are of their occupation that profess it. And shall I tell all Madam?

*Str.* By all meanes *Phil.*—now shée's enter'd.

*Phil.* I hope I am handsome enough too. For I have heard that Limners or Picture-drawers, doe covet to have the fairest and best featur'd wives, (or if not wives, Mistresses) that they can possibly purchace, to draw naked Pictures by, as of *Diana*, *Venus*, *Andromeda*, *Leda*, or the like, either vertuous or lascivious; whom they make to sit or stand naked in all the severall postures, and to lie as many wayes to helpe their art in drawing, who knowes how I may set his fancy a worke? and with modesty enough. We were all naked once, and must be so againe. I could sit for the naked Shepherdesse, with one Leg over the tother Knee, picking the Thorne out of her Foote most neatly, to make the Satyre peepe under.

*Str.* Well thou shalt have him.

*Boy.* Mistris *Philomel.* *Within.*

*Str.* Let in the Boy. Now sir your newes?

*Boy.* The mad Knights Doctor Madam intreats to speake with you.

*Str.* Now seekes he my assistance in his cure.

*Boy.* And Mr. *Court-wit*, and the other Gentlemen are below.

*Str.* Goe you and entertaine the Gentlemen, while I consult with the Doctor, let him enter.

*Enter Doctor.*

Now Mr. Doctor! you come to aske my counsell I know for your impatient Patient. But let me tell you first, the most learned Authors, that I can turne over; as *Dioscorides*, *Avicen*, *Galen*, and *Hippocrates* are much discrepant in their opinions concerning the remedies for his disease.

*Doct.* Madam—

*Str.* Therefore I trust you'l pardon my weaknesse, if my opinion jumps not altogether with your judgement.

*Doc.* Madam, my purpose was not—

*Str.* My purpose is to advise you though, that, if his Frenzie proceed from love as you conjecture, that you administer of the rootes of *Hellebore*, destill'd together with *Salt-peter*, and the flowers of blind Netles, I'le give you the proportions, and the quantity is to take.

*Doc.* Mistake not me good Madam—

*Str.* But if his Malady grow out of ambition, and his over weening hopes of greatnessse (as I conjecture) then he may take a top of Cedar, or an Oake-apple is very soveraigne with the spirit of Hempseed.

*Do.* Madam, I feeke no counsell in this case, my cunning is—

*Str.* To let me know, that that part of my house which I allow you is too little for you.

*Do.* Shee's furely mad.

*Str.* But you must claime possession of the rest, You are come to warne me out on't; are you not ?

*Doc.* Mistake not so good Madam.

*Str.* Or do you call my attendance on his person, by way of a Nurse-keeper ? I can do little service.

*Doc.* For my part Madam I am sorry we are made the trouble of your house, and rather wish me out on't then your favour. But if your Ladyship will bee pleas'd to entertaine with patience the little I have to say.

*Stra.* Come to it quickly then.

*Doc.* First, let me tell you Madam, as 'tis manifest You were the cause of his distraction,  
Y'are bound in charity to yeild such meanes  
(With safety of your honor and estate)  
As you may render for his restoration  
Which of all the earthly meanes depends on you

If

If I know any thing in my profession.

*Str.* Come to the point, you'd have me visit him.

*Doc.* True Madam : for a sight of you, shall more Allure his reason to him, then all medicine Can be prescrib'd.

*Str.* By your favour sir, you say Saving my honor and estate I am bound, But may I with the safety of my Life, And limbes, and a whole skin dare venture.

*Doc.* My life o' that.

*Str.* You might more safely lay Lives of a hundred Patients.

*Doc.* Now hee's calme, Now shall he see you, but at most secure And modest distance.

*Str.* Come for once i'le trust you. *Exit.*

*Enter Swayn-wit, and Cit-wit.*

*Sw.* Come out into the Garden here ; and let them talke within, I say he shall talke with her ; and his belly full, and doe with her too, her belly full, for all thou : an honest discreet Gentleman, and thou a coward and a cockscombe. Befides he has an art and quality to live upon, and maintaine her Lady-like, when all thy money may be gone. And yet thou prat'ft o' thy two thousand pound at use, when thou and thy money too are but an asse and's load tho'.

*Cit.* Well, you may speake your pleasure. This is no cause to fight for.

*Sw.* I'le make thee fight, or promise to fight with me, or somebody else before we part, or cut thee into pieces.

*Enter Court-wit.*

*Cou.* But tell me seriously dost thou love my Ladies woman so well as to marry her, and suffer the Picture-drawer now to court her privately, and perhaps to draw and carry her from thee ?

*Cit.* Why he here will have it so you see, and pull'd mee out.

*Sw.* It is to doe a cure upon thee, coward.

*Cit.* Coward! pish! a common Name to men in busfe and feather. I scorne to answer to't.

*Sw.* Why dost thou weare a Sword? only to hurt mens feet that kick thee?

*Cou.* Nay you are too severe.

*Sw.* Pray hold your peace. I'le jowle your heads together, and so beat ton with tother else. Why dost thou were a Sword I say?

*Cit.* To fight when I see cause.

*Cou.* Now he fayes something, yet, and may be curable.

*Sw.* What is a cause to fight for?

*Cit.* I am not to tell you that fir. It must be found out and given me before I ought to take notice.

*Cou.* You may safely fay for Religion, King or Countrey.

*Sw.* Darft thou fight for Religion? say.

*Cit.* Who that has any Religion will fight I say?

*Sw.* I fay thou haft none. Speake, haft thou any?

*Cit.* Truly, in this wavering world I know not how to answser.

*Sw.* La you. Hee'l fay he has no King neither, rather then fight.

*Cou.* Why if he will not fight for him he is no Subject, and no Subject no King.

*Cit.* I thanke you fir, I would ha' said so.

*Sw.* O thou wouldst make a speciall Souldier now!

*Cit.* Well fir, all are not choyce doggs that run, some are taken in to make up the cry.

*Sw.* And for thy Countrey, I dare fweare thou wouldst rather run it then fight for't.

*Cit.* Run my Countrey I cannot, for I was borne i'the City. I am no clown to run my Countrey.

*Sw.*

*Sw.* Darst thou tell me of clowns thou cockney chicken-hearted whelp thou?

*Cit.* Forbeare good sir, there are countrey Gentlemen as well as clownes, and for the rank I honour you.

*Sw.* Sirrah you lie, strike me for that now; or I will beat thee abhominably.

*Cou.* Up to him man: wilt thou suffer all?

*Cit.* I would—but—

*Sw.* You lie I say againe.

*Cit.* I thinke I doe, I thinke I doe, and why should I maintaine an evill cause?

*Sw.* The wench thou lov'st and doatest on is a whore.

*Cit.* Sir, if she be 'tis not my fault, nor hers: somebody else made her so then I warrant you. But should another man tell me so!

*Sw.* What then?

*Cit.* I would say as much to him as to you. Nor indeed is any mans report of that a sufficient cause to provoke mee unlesse shee her selfe confess'd it, and then it were no cause at all.

*Sw.* Here's a true City wit now.

*Cit.* I should have wit sir, and am accounted a wit within the walls; I am sure my Father was Master of his company, and of the wifest company

*Cou.* What company's that? (too i'the city.

*Cit.* The Salters sir. For *sal sapit omnia* you know.

*Sw.* Your Father was a cuckold tho', and you the Son of a whore.

*Cou.* Fight now or you'l die infamous, was your Mother a whore?

*Sw.* Deny't and darst, say, was she not?

*Cit.* Comparatively shee might be in respect of some holy woman, the Lady *Ramsey*, Mistris *Katherine Stubbs* and such, ha, ha. Is that a cause?

*Cou.* What ! not to say your Mother was a whore ?

*Cit.* He may say his pleasure. It hurts her not : shee is dead and gone. Besides, at the best shee was but a woman, and at the worst shee might have her frailties like other women. And is that a cause for mee to fight for the dead, when wee are forbidden to pray for 'em ?

*Cou.* But were your Mother living now, what would you say or doe ?

*Cit.* Why, I would civilly ask her if she were a whore ? If she confess'd it, then he were in the right, and I ought not to fight against him : for my caufe were naught. If she deny'd it, then he were in an error, and his cause were naught, and I would not fight, 'twere better he should live to repent his errour.

*Sw.* Nay, now if I do not kill thee let me be hang'd for idlenesse.

*Draw.*

*Cit.* Hold I am unprepar'd.

*Sw.* I care not—unlesse thou sweare presently, and without all equivocation upon this sword—

*Cit.* Scabberd and all I pray sir, The cover of the book is allowd in courts to fweare upon.

*Sw.* Well sir, now you shall fweare to challenge the next that wrongs you.

*sheathes it.*

*Cit.* Yes, if the wrong give me sufficient cause.

*Cou.* Cause agen ! suppose that fellow within should take your wench from you ? which very likely he has done already : for I left 'em close on a couch together Kissing and—

*Cit.* Gi' me the booke, i'le have her from him, or him from her if he be without her belly, or Kill him if he be within her.

*Sw.* Tis well a cause may be found at last tho'.

*Cou.* I like a man, whom neither Lie, Kick, Battoune, scandall, Friends, or Parents, the wrongs of Countrey, King or Religion can move, that will, yet,

yet, fight for his wench. Thou wilt be one of the  
stiffe blades o' the time I see.

*Sw.* A wench is a moving cause : *Unseen*

Str. Helpe, helpe, here helpe—ha— Above.

*Sw.* Why dost not draw and run in upon 'em?

*Cit.* After you I will sir.

*Sw.* A pox upon thee art thou down agen?

*Cit.* No sir, I am drawn you see.

Str. Help, help, a rape, a rape, murder, help!

*Sw. Cou.* Tis time to fly then. (Draw all

Enter Dainty (his sword drawne) and Philomel.

*Cit. I come my Philomel.*

*Cou.* What's the matter *Phil*?

*Dai.* What cry was that?

*Sw.* Was it not you that caus'd it sir?

*Phi.* Was it not here?

*Cit.* Was it not you that cry'd?

*Str.* Is there helpe, helpe, helpe? *Above.*

*Phi.* O tis my Lady in the Madmans chamber.

Is her mirth come to this?

*Sw.* Where, which way?

*Phi.* Here, here the dore's made fast. (*Exe. omnes*)

*Sw.* I'le breake it open. (Pret. Cit. his sword.  
(drawn.

*Doc.* Help here, help the Lady; help the Lady.

(Doctor looks out above.)

*Cit.* We are a coming, you shall have help enough

I warrant, what's the matter? you shall not lack  
for helpe— (Florish his sword.)

*Fer.* Away *Medusa*. Hence, thou hast transformd me. Stone, stone, I am all stone. Bring

Cit. O that's the Mad-man! How madly he  
talks!

likes!  
E. Hall, et al.

*Fer.* Hold me not down.

Cit.

*Cit.* Stones to make a bul-warke quoth a! If he had but to make a brace of Demy-culvering bullets, they were thumpers I thinke.

*Fer.* Hold me not down, but reare me up, and make me my own statue.

*Enter Strangelove, Swain-wit, Court-wit,  
Dainty, Phil.*

*Str.* Was ever such a practise?

*Cou.* A meere accident of madnesse.

*Str.* I say it was a practise in the Doctor.

*Dai.* Yet he calld out for help.

*Str.* You had broke up the dore first. That was but to colour his trechery.

*Sw.* A new way, and a very learned one I promise you; to cure madnesse with a plaister of warme Lady-gutts.

*Cit.* He would ha'had a mad bout with my Lady it seemes. He would ha' vented his madnes into her. And she could ha' drawn better then the Leaches.

*Cou.* If you believe this Madam, tho' sir Ferdinand be by his madnesse excusable in the attempt, you ought to be reveng'd upon the Doctor.

*Sw.* Let's cut him into pieces Madam.

*Str.* I'le think upon some way to make him a dreadfull example to all the Pandarean Doctors i'the Towne. Come in Gentlemen, and helpe mee with your advices.

*Cit.* You shall want no advise Madam. No strength, Let's goe sir. (*He snatcheth Phil. from Dainty, who took her by the arm.*)

*Ph.* What mean you Mr. *Cit-wit*?

*Cit.* I have sworne. Therefore I say no more, but I have sworne. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*A C T*

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*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

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*Enter Frederick, Gabriel.*

*Fre.* **T**hou art so honest, that I am ashamed  
The vice of Anger blinded so my Reason,  
As not to see through thy transparent breast  
A true and noble heart: such as becomes  
A Kinsman and a friend to her I love;  
I can see now, and read thy integrity,  
And, by the light of that th'inhumane false-hood  
Of that Court-monster, that compacted piece  
Of Rapine, pride and Lust.

*Gab.* Yet this is he  
That did aspire to be a glorious Courtier.

*Fre.* Courtier? A meere vain glorious imposture;  
Pretending favour, having nothing lesse.  
Witness his want of Merit. Merit only  
It is that smoothes the brow of Majesty,  
And takes the comfort of those precious beauties  
Which shine from grace Divine: and hee's a  
Traytor

(No way to stand a courtier) that to feed  
His Lusts, and Riots, works out of his Subjects  
The meanes, by forging grants of the Kings favour.

*Gab.* What my master has suffer'd by his forgeries  
I know to be the Shipwrack even of all  
Except his Daughter, and what his ayme at her  
Was I thinke appeares to you; And what she might  
Have suffer'd by't we both may guesse: onely we  
hope

Her vertue would have bin a guard to her beauty.

*Fre.* Tis plaine he never lov'd her vertuously  
That

That is fallen mad for another.

*Gab.* That madnesse is his fate ; which renders him into my masters hands to restore all agen. I, note the Justice of it.

*Fre.* But as his fortune by the others ruine Shall be advanc'd, I shall be more rejected.

*Gab.* That soule mistrust much misbecomes a Love  
Rejected sir ? by whom ? *Charissa's* constant to you, And time will cleare his frownes : and put you on Now, the same confidence you had before ; His wanting fortune rais'd a storne against you, Your noble friend Sir *Raphael* has already By learned reasons and court-oratory Prevayl'd for you to visit her : and now Y'are come within the verge o'th'house, do you shrinke ?

See, a good *Omen*, they issue forth to meet you.

*Enter Mendicant, sir Raphael, Charissa.*

*Men.* I'le heare no more on't fir, and am much sorry

That so much Lip-labour is spent already Upon so vaine a Subject.

Give me leave then  
To wonder at your light inconstancy,  
Your want of resolution : yea of judgement.

*Gab.* He is flown off agen.

*Ra.* Did you not give me leave to send for him ; Who, now is come to tender his affection Unto your Daughter ?

*Men.* Did not you first promise (Ferd. Char.  
To give assurance of fit jointure for her, (and Gab.  
Proportionable to her dowry, which (aside  
You now are started from ?

*Ra.* I understood not  
Nor can yet understand more of her dowry  
Then a thousand pound which her Uncle left her,  
And

And answerably to that I will make good her  
joincture.

*Men.* O you are short sir,  
I meane to make her worth ten thousand more  
Out of my estate in the mad *Fedinand*.  
Another ten thousand to redeeme my Land,  
Ten thousand more i'le keep in bank for purchace.

*Ra.* A judgement's fallen upon him : Hee's mad  
too ;

Struck lunatique with his o'er-weening hopes  
Sprung from the others misery.

*Men.* And so sir, as you came you may depart :  
For 'leffe you bring a thousand pound *per annum*  
T'affuse upon her, shhee's no wife for you.

*Fre.* O sir, you had better left me in that peace  
I lately slept in, without any hope  
Of seeing her againe, then by your summons  
To startle me back from a quiet death  
To Kill me thus with Tantalizing tortures.

*Men.* Thank then your learned friend, who fail'd  
me in  
His undertaking for you, and for her  
If walls and locks can hold her, shhee no more  
Shall tantalize you.

*Ra.* Wherein have I fail'd sir ?

*Men.* Sir, in assuring jointcture to her Dowry.

*Ra.* Sir to no possible dowry you can give her,  
But you propound the estate you have i' th' Moon ;  
When shall you take possession, thinke you, of your  
Lordship of Lunacy in the *Cynthian* Orbe ?

*Men.* I shall climbe thither sir without the helpe  
Of your Heaven-scaling ladder of Philosophy.

*Ra.* Nay then sir heare me.

*Men.* What in private sir ?

*Fre.* Remember, sweet, your vow.

*Cha.* Most constantly. And let me conjure you  
by this. *Kisse.*

*Fre*

*Fre.* And this——

*Cha.* That you forget not yours.

*Gab.* Quick, quick! i'le stand before you.

*Cha.* And time at length will point us out a  
After a short long-seeming separation (meanes  
To meet and reunite our vowes and faiths  
With greater strength and fervour.

*Men.* Ha! i'le part you,  
Was it for that you whisper'd politick sir?  
And couldst thou stand their screeene? thou trea-  
cherous varlet out of my dores.

*Gab.* For what offence?

*Men.* Darst thou expostulate?  
Thou death deserving Villaine. *Hurts him.*  
And Huswife get you in: you may depart sirs  
Has your love blinded you? i'le lead you then.

*Ra.* Madnesse at heighth.

*Men.* Will you along!

*Cha.* O sir you are unkinde,  
Love then a wilfull father is leſſe blind. *Exit.*

*Ra.* Friend, has he hurt thee?

*Gab.* I am fure I bleed for't.

*Ra.* Why how now *Frederick*? despaire not man.  
He has vex'd me; and out of my vexation  
Shall spring thy comfort. I will labour for thee,  
I'le study nothing more then to beguile  
This watchfull fury; this *Hisperian Dragon*.  
Say to thy selfe and boldly shee's thine owne,  
And for thy meanes (*Bafla*) let me alone.

*Fre.* You are my noble Patron.

*Gab.* Turn'd away:  
As I was his servingman, I am rewarded;  
Tis common with us creatures to serv'd so:  
But, as I am no more his servant, I  
Am free to vindicate my selfe out of  
The wrong done to my blood (which is the same  
With his,) by him rejected and despis'd.

*Enter*

*Enter Cit-wit.*

*Cit.* Sir Andrew Mendicant at home?

*Gab.* Not to be spoken with at this time sir.

*Cit.* Pray let him know that the Lady *Strangelove*  
Requires him sodainly to remove his Madman  
Out of her house; or shee must take a course  
Much to his disadvantage.

*Gab.* In good time sir.

*Cit.* This is a surly fellow, and tho' I have sworn  
The humor of fighting is scarce warme in me yet,  
And she advises him to find a better Doctor for him,  
For this has taken a wrong course.

*Gab.* Say you so sir?

*Cit.* I'le tell you as a secret. The Phyſtian  
thought to have cur'd his patient, (who has bin a  
notable Gameſter at *In* and *In*) between my Ladies  
legs. If I and two or three more (but chiefly my  
ſelfe indeed) had not rescued her, the Doctor had  
held the Lady-cow to the Mad-bull.

*Gab.* May I believe this?

*Cit.* He thinks I lie now. And should he gi' me  
the lie, the vertue of my Oath were questionable.

*Gab.* Is this upon your knowledge sir?

*Cit.* True upon my life. So farewell honest  
friend. *Exit.*

*Gab.* This may prove ſport and busineſſe too.

*Ra.* We will do ſomething ſodainly.

*Gab.* What if you take me into that ſomething  
too?

I gueſſe it is ſome stratagem to beguile  
The cautious father of his injur'd daughter.

*Ra.* This fellow will betray us.

*Fre.* I will venter

All that I have, my fortune in *Chariffa*  
On his fidelity, ſir his thoughts are mine.

*Ra.* *Cupid* and *Mercury* favour our deſigne.

*Ex. Om.*

ACT

*ACT IV. SCENE II.**Enter Court-wit, and Doctor.*

*Cou.* **Y**Our judgement (by your favour) Mr. Doctor  
Much fauld you in that case.

*Doc.* Your reason yet may plead  
Mine innocence, that drew her but to visit him.

*Cou.* But that drew on his fury; and though reason  
May argue much for you, shee can heare none,  
Nor any understand: The swift affrightment  
Upon her strength of passion, struck so deepe  
A sens into her, that it has depriv'd her  
Of all her proper senses. She is even mad sir.

*Doc.* Not past my cure: and by a present meanes  
Pray, win her hither to see a madder object  
Then is her selfe, and see how that will worke.

*Cou.* I'le gladly ad my paines unto your skill.

*Exit.*

*Doc.* Come forth into theaire. Conduct him gently.

*Enter Frederick with the servants.*

*Fre.* Into the aire! Set me upon Mount *Lathmos*,  
Where I may see, and contemplate the beauty  
Of my ador'd *Diana*; or carry me  
Up to *Hymettus* top, *Cytheron*, *Othris* or *Pindus*  
Where shee affects to walke and take the ayre;  
Or tarry, stay, perhaps shee hunts to day  
I' th' woods of *Merathon*, or *Erymanthus*.

*Doc.* That's a long journey sir.

*Fre.* Yare a long bearded foole.

*Doc.* I thought I had been a Phisitian. But fir  
You shall not need t'expouse your selfe to travell,  
Your Goddesse will descend into this Garden,  
Passe but time here a while and shee'l come to you.

*Fre.* We will have joviall pastime. Shall we run  
At base, or leape-frog, or dance naked  
To entertaine her, or what do you thinke  
'owne-right drinke and singing?

*Doc.*

*Doc.* That's best of all.

*Fer.* Let's have a mad catch then.

*Enter Court-Swaine. Strangelove.*

*Cou.* Here Madam may you see the Madmans Revels.

*Sw.* And after that the Doctors Tragicomedy.

*Fer.* Are not your wind pipes tun'd yet? Sing  
A Catch.

So now a Dance, I am all ayre——Ahaigh——

Ahaigh

I thanke thee *Mercury* that hast lent thy wings  
Unto my feete. Play me my Countrey Dance,  
Stand all you by. These Lasses and these Swaines  
Are for my Company.

He Dances a conceited Countrey Dance, first  
doing his honours, then as leading forth his Lasse.  
He danceth both man and womans actions, as if  
the Dance consisted of two or three couples, at last  
as offering to Kisse his Lasse, hee fancies that they  
are all vanish'd, and espies *Strangelove*.

How now! all vanish'd, ha!

It is no mervaille that the lesser lights  
Become obscur'd when *Cynthia* appeares,  
Let me with Adoration fall before  
Thy Deity great Goddesse.

*Str.* Keepe him from me.

*Sw.* You must approach no nearer sir. The  
Is not so confident in her Divinity (Goddesse  
As to trust you in reach of her.

*Cou.* Keepe back sir.

*Fer.* What *Hydras*, *Gorgons*, and *Chymaras* are  
you;  
*Centaures* and *Harpies* that dare interpose  
Between my hopes, and my felicity!

*Cou.* Doctor, away with him.

*Doc.* Carry him to his Chamber,  
And hold him down. His raging fit is on him.

R

*Fer.*

*Fer.* Was Night made to surprise men at Noon-day?

Or shall the charmes of *Heccate* take force  
To dimne *Appollo's* brightnesse? So't must be,  
When Gods themselves give way to Destine.

*Exiunt with Ferd.*

*Sw.* They are enough to hold, and binde him  
too. *Sw. pulls back the Doctor.*

Come you afore the Lady.

*Doct.* What's her pleasure?

*Sw.* Tis to do Justice upon thee O Doctor.  
Stirre or cry out, or give the leaft resistance,  
And I will cut thy head off before judgement.

*Doct.* What outrage doe you intend?

*Cou.* Outrage! Can you thinke of an outrage  
above the horror you offered to this Lady. To  
violate her chasfity? her honor?

*Doct.* You cannot say so.

*Sw.* Tis said, and you are guilty. Proceed to  
judgement Madam.

*Str.* I first would heare your censures.

*Enter Cit-wit.*

*Cit.* And mine among the rest good Madam. I  
have taken care that a new Doctor shall be brought.  
Therefore in the first place my censure is, that this  
be presently hang'd out o' the way.

*Cou.* That's too high straind. What thinke you  
Madam, if to rectify his judgement, wee pick'd all  
the errours of his braine; First, opening the *Peri-*  
*cranion*, then take out the *cerebrum*; wash it in  
*Albo vino*, till it be throughy clens'd; and then—

*Sw.* Pox o' your *Albo vino*, and his *cerebrum*  
taking out, that were a way to kill him. Wee must  
not be guily of the death of a Dogleach, but have  
him purg'd a safer way.

*Str.* How? Proceed.

*Sw.* We will fill his belly full of Whey, or Butter-  
milke,

milke, put him naked into a Hogs-head, then put into the same an hundred broken Urinalls, then close up the Vessell and roll your Garden with it.

*Doct.* I trust they cannot meane any such mischiefe.

*Str.* Hearke yee Gentlemen. Do you heare ? *(A*

*Cit.* Yes Madam, tis a Sowgelder. *(Gueldershorne.*

*Str.* Fetch in that Minister of Justice.

*Cit.* Who Madam ? the Sowgelder ?

*Sw.* Weel make a Doctor guelder of him tho', and my Lady be so minded.

*Cit.* That will be sport indeed. *Exit.*

*Cou.* But will you see the execution Madam ?

*Str.* Why not as well as other women have Seene the dissections of Anotamies, And executed men rip'd up and quarter'd ? This speetacle will be comicall to thosse.

*Doct.* They dare not doe the thing they would have me feare.

*Sw.* Now Doctor you look heavily methinks, You shall be lighter by two stome presntly.

*Doct.* You will not murder me ?

*Sw.* Stirre not ; nor make least noyse As you hope ever to be heard agen.

*Doct.* I would I could pray now to any purpose.

*Enter Cit-wit, Guelder.*

*Cit.* I have brought him. The rarest fellow Madam,

And doe you thanke your fortune in him Doctor, For he can sing a charme (he fayes) shall make You feele no paine in your libbing or after it : No Tooth-drawer, or Corne-cutter did ever worke With so little feeling to a Patient.

*Str.* Sing then, he shall not suffer without a Song.

*Song.*

*Sw.* What must he be stript now ; or will letting down his breeches be enough ?

*Doct.* You dare not use this violence upon me  
More rude then rage of Prentices.

*Cit.* Doctor it is decreed.

*Doct.* You cannot answser it.

*Cou.* Better by Law then you can the intent  
Of rape upon the Lady. (*Guelder whets his*

*Doct.* That was not to have beene my a<sup>c</sup>t, (*knife*  
nor was it done. (*and all in preparation*,

*Sw.* When this is done wee'l talke w'ye, (*Linnen*,  
come lay him crosse this table. Hold each (*Bason*,  
of you a Leg of him, and hold you your peace (*&c.*  
Dodipoll. And for his armes let me alone, do you  
work Guelder.

*Doct.* Hold, I have a secret to deliver to my Lady.

*Sw.* You shall be deliver'd of your secrets pre-  
sently.

*Doct.* If I tell her not that shall give her pardon  
Then let me suffer. Hearre me sweet Madam.

*Str.* Forbeare him, let him down.

*Sw.* Sweet sayst? Thou art not i'le be sworne.

*Str.* Well sir your weighty secret now to save  
your trifles.

*Doc.* In private I beseech you Madam: for I  
dare but whisper't.

*Str.* You shall allow me so much warineffe as to  
have one at least to be my Guard, and witneffe.

*Doc.* This Gentleman then Madam.

*Cit.* We are shut out of councell.

*Sw.* No matter. I lift not be no nearer him:  
no more would my cozen had he my nose. But  
where's Mr. *Dainty* and your finicall Mistris *Phil*  
all this while tho'?

*Cit.* No matter, but I ha' sworn you know.  
Therefore I say no more, but I have sworn.

*Cou.* What a strange tale is this! I can't believe  
it.

*Str.* I doe, and did before suspect it: and fram'd  
this

this counterfet plot upon you, Doctor, to worke out the discovery: would I ha' seene you guelt dee think? That would have renderd mee more brutish then the women Barbers. Looke sir this is no Guelder, but one of my house Musick. (Goe, your part is done — *Exit.* And for th' affright you gave me, Doctor, I am even w'ye.

*Sw.* The Devill fright him next for a spурging, skitterbrooke. 'Twere good you would call to burne some perfumes Madam.

*Str.* But for the secret you have told me i'lē keepe it secret yet, I will keepe you so too; and from your Patient. *Enter Boy.*

There's a new Doctor come already Madam to the madman.

*Str.* From sir *Andrew Mendicant?*

*Boy.* His servant brought him.

*Doc.* I pray what Doctor is it?

*Str.* Ingage your selfe with no desire to know, But, for the good you finde, fit thanks to owe; So come with me, and come you Gentlemen.

*Ex. Omnes.*

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## *ACT IV. SCENE III.*

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*Enter Frederick in a Doctors habit, Gabriel with two swords under his cloake, Ferdinand upon a Bed bound, and held down by servants.*

*Fer.* Heape yet more Mountaines, Mountaines upon Mountaines, *Pindus* on *Offa*, *Atlas* on *Olympus*, I'le carry that which carries Heaven, do you But lay't upon me!

*Fre.* Forbeare you'l stifle him, Take off the needless weight of your rude bodies;

Unbind him and stand off, to give him ayre.

*Ser.* Sir though you are a Phisitian, I am no foole.  
Take heede what you doe. Hee's more then six  
of us hold when his hot fit's upon him. He would  
now teare you to pieces should you let him loose.

*Fer.* The danger then be mine. Let him sit up.  
Is not he civil now?

*Ser.* I, for how long? do you note that *Hercules*  
eye there?

*Fre.* I charge you quit the roome.

*Ser.* Tis but to come agen when we are call'd.

*Fre.* Be not within the hearing of a call,  
Or if you chance to heare me, though I cry  
Murder, I charge you come not at me.

*Ser.* Tis but a Doctor out o' the way; and  
that's no losse while there are so many, the best  
cannot live by the worst.

*Fre.* Keep the doore fast. You are much mist  
abroad sir,  
And chiefly by the Ladies, who now want  
The Court-ships, Banquets, and the costly presents  
In which you wonted to abound to 'em.

*Ferd.* Ha—

*Fre.* Nay, nay, sit still sir. They say y'are mad;  
Mad with conceit of being a favorite  
Before your time, that is, before you had merit  
More then a tumour of vaine-glory in you,  
And in especiall care for your recovery  
I am sent to administer unto you: but first  
To let you blood. *Dagger.*

*Ferd.* Ho! Murder, Murder, Murder.

*Fre.* Are you so sensible already? do not stirre  
Nor cry too loud. Dos the meere apprehension  
Of blood-letting affright your madneſſe? Then  
Reason may come agen.

*Ferd.* The Battaile of *Musleborough* Field was a

*Fre.* O do you fly out agen? (brave one.

*Ferd.*

*Ferd. Sings part of the old Song, and acts it madly.*

*Fre. This is pretty: but back from the purpose.*

*He sings agen.*

*Fre. Will you come to the point sir?*

*Ferdinand sings agen.*

*Fre. We but lose time in this sir: Though it be  
good testimony of your memory in an old Song.  
But do you know me?*

*Ferd. Not know my Soveraigne Lord? Curs'd  
be those Knees, and hearts that fall not prostrate  
at his Feete.*

*Fre. This wild submission no way mittigates  
My wrongs, or alters resolution in me  
To Cure or Kill you quickly. Do you know me  
now sir?*

*Or have you known *Charissa*? do you start sir? (Off  
There's signe of reason in you then: But (*his beard*  
*bee't* *& gown.**

By reason or by chance, that you awake  
Out of your frantick slumber, to perceive me,  
My cause and my Revenge is still the same,  
Which I will prosecute according to  
My certaine wrong, and not your doubtfull reason,  
Since reasonlesse you layd those wrongs upon me  
When you were counted wise, great, valiant, and  
what not

That cryes a Courtier up, and gives him power  
To trample on his betters.

*Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to? I am a spirit.*

*Fre. Sure I shall finde you flesh, and penetrable.*

*Ferd. I would but live to subdue the *Pisidians*,  
And so to bring the *Lydians* under tribute —*

*Fre. You would but live t'abuse more credulous  
fathers*

With courtly promises, and golden hopes  
For your own lustfull ends upon their Daughters.  
Thinke (if you can thinke now) upon *Charissa*.

*Charissa* who was mine, in faith and honour  
 Till you ignobly (which is damnably)  
 By a false promise with intent to whorē her  
 Diverted her weake Father from the Match  
 To my eternall losse. Now whether you  
 Have wit or no wit to deny't, or stand to't,  
 Or whether you have one, or ten mens strength,  
 Or all, or none at all i'le fight or Kill you  
 Yet like a Gentleman, i'le call upon you *(Throw*  
 Give me the Swords. They are of equall *(away*  
 length *(his dags.*  
 Take you free choyce.

*Ferd.* Pish.

*Run back.*

*Fre.* I cast that to you then. Hand it, or die a  
 Madman.

*Ferd.* O, ho, ho, ho.—

*Gab.* All this sir to a Madman.

*Fre.* I have a cause to be more mad then he,  
 And in that cause i'le fight.

*Gab.* He knowes not what you tell him.

*Fre.* I tell't the Devill in him then to divulge it  
 When I have dispossest him. I have further  
 Reason to kill him yet, to crosse your Master,  
 Who has beg'd his Estate. Now fight or die a  
 Madman.

*Ferd.* Hold *Frederick* hold. Thou hast indeed  
 awak'd

Me to see thee and my selfe.

*Gab.* Hee's not so mad to fight yet I see that.

*Fre.* I'm glad you are your selfe sir, I shall fight  
 Now upon honorable tearmes, and could  
 Suppose before your madnesse counterfeit.

*Ferd.* Yet hold. Has *Mendicant* beg'd me ?

*Fre.* During your madnesse. What should hinder  
 him ?

*Ferd.* Put up thy Sword.

*Fre.* Upon no tearmes, and you alive.

*Ferd.*

*Ferd.* Not to obtaine *Charissa* ?

*Fre.* As your Guest sir.

*Ferd.* It shall be by meanes if gold can win  
Her Fathers grant.

*Fre.* That's most unquestionable.

*Ferd.* Not that I dare not fight, doe I urge this,  
But that the other is your safer way.

*Fre.* Your gold's too light. I will accept of  
nothing

From you while you dare tell me you dare fight,  
Perhaps you doubt of ods, goe forth. Nay I  
Will lock him out.

*Gab.* You may : For I dare trust you while I go  
call the Lady. *Exit.*

*Fre.* Now are you pleas'd, or dare you now to  
fight fir ?

*Ferd.* I neither will nor dare fight in this cause.

*Fre.* This is a daring Courtier !  
How durst you wind your selfe in so much danger ?  
And why take madnesse in you, to be bound,  
And grappled with so rudely ?

*Ferd.* Keepe my councell,  
And take *Charissa*.

*Fre.* Tis a faire condition.

*Ferd.* First, for the wrong I did thee, noble youth  
In my designe against *Charissa's* honour,  
It is confes'd, repented ; and her selfe  
For satisfaction to be given to thee,  
I'le fall upon thy Sword else, or be posted,  
And Ballated with all disgrace.

*Fre.* Well yet.

*Ferd.* And for my shew of madnesse ; 'twas put  
on  
For my revenge on this impetuous Lady  
To coole these flames (as much of anger as  
Desire) with her disdaine, and tempting malice  
Had rais'd within mee.

*Fre.*

*Fre.* You would have ravish'd her.

*Ferd.* I rather thought, she like a cunning Lady  
Would have consented to a Madman, who  
She might presume could not impeach her honor  
By least detection. Monkeyes, Fooles, and Madmen,  
That cannot blab, or must not be believ'd  
Receave strange favours.

*Fre.* And on that presumption  
You fain'd your madnesse.

*Ferd.* True.

*Fre.* But rather then to faile, (her :  
With your bawd Doctors helpe you would ha' forc'd  
And that's the councell you would have me keep  
On your assurance of *Charissa* to me :  
That your proceeding in your madnesse here,  
May yet finde meanes and opportunity  
To exercise your violence.

*Ferd.* Suppose so.

*Fre.* Thou art not worth my Killing now.  
Justice will marke thee for the Hangmans Office :  
Nor, were *Charissa* in thy gift, were shee,  
In that, worth mine or any good acceptance,  
And for your councell, had within there Madam.

*Ferd.* Frederick —

*Fre.* The Lady of the house ! where are you ?  
Will you be pleas'd to heare a secret Madam ?  
Strangely discover'd ?

*Enter Strangelove, Gabriel, Doctor.*

*Str.* I doe not slight your act in the discovery,  
But your imposture sir, and beastly practie  
Was before whisper'd to me by your Doctor  
To save his *Epididamies*.

*Doc.* O your pardon.

*Ferd.* I am disfrac'd, undone.

*Str.* Tis in my power  
To make you the perpetuall shame of Court ;  
And will assuredly doe't, if you comply not

With

With me to make this injur'd Gentlemans fortune  
In his belov'd *Charissa*.

*Ferd.* Madam most readily, I have offer'd it.

*Sw.* I have forecast the way and meanes already :  
Which we must prosecute with art and speed.  
Good ends oft times doe bad intents succeede.

*Ferd.* I'le be directed by you.

*Fre.* Noblest Lady.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

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*ACT V. SCENE I.*

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*Enter Swayn-wit, Court-wit, Cit-wit.*

*Sw.* Come Sir, must I take you in hand agen ?  
*Cit.* My Lady will convery her Madman  
to fir *Andrew Mendicants* it seemes.

*Sw.* Tell me that I know not ; and answer my  
questions.

*Cit.* Shee and the Doctor, and the tother Doctor's  
gone with him too.

*Sw.* Leave you by flim flams, and speake to the  
purpose.

*Cit.* You know I ha' sworne. Doe you not know  
I ha' sworne ?

*Sw.* To live and die a beaten Asse ; a coward  
haft thou not ?

*Cou.* Prethee forbeare him : Hee's not worth thy  
anger.

*Sw.* Anger ! Is every Schoole-master angry that  
gives

Discipline with correction ?

*Cit.* Would he were at *Pensans* agen.

*Sw.* Didst not thou tell my Lady that I was a  
coward in my own Countrey, and Kick'd out of  
Cornewall ?

*Ci*

*Cit.* Comparatively I thinke I did in respect of *Corineus*, that wrastled and threw *Giant* after *Giant* over the cliffs into the Sea.

*Sw.* Pox o' your comparative lies; And didst not thou say that he here was pepper'd so full o' the whatsha callums, that his spittle would poyson a Dog or a Rat?

*Cit.* That was comparatively too in respect of a pure Virgin; a chrisome child or so.

*Cou.* He never shall move me, I forgive him.

*Cit.* Meerly comparatively I speake it.

*Sw.* Forgi' mee for swearing i'le make thee speake positively, or beat thee superlatively before I ha' done with thee.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Gentlemen, my Lady ——

*Sw.* Hold a little. Didst thou not say this child here was a Pickpocket? and that he pickt thine of thy money, and thy watch, when he was singing betweene thy Leggs to day?

*Boy.* Who I a Pick-pocket? *Flies at him.*

*Cit.* Forbeare good Lady it was comparatively.

*Boy.* A pick-pocket?

*Cou.* Forbeare and hear him *Hercules*.

*Boy.* Lend me a sword i'le kill him, and heare him afterwards.

*Cou.* Nay I must hold you then, How was hee comparatively your Pick-pocket?

*Cit.* That is as much as any man I know; That is I accuse nobody; that is all are as innocent as the child, and hee as the innocent unborne. And let that satisfy you.

*Boy.* Live. I am satisfied. Now Gentlemen my Lady prayes you to follow her to sir *Andrew Mendicants*.

*Cou.* I know the businesse, 'Tis about our Revells.

*Sw.*

*Sw.* Suffer a child to beat thee!

*Cou.* His cause was bad you know.

*Sw.* Incorrigible coward! Say now; art not thou thy selfe a pick-pocket, and a cut-purse? say.

*Cit.* Comparatively it may be said, I am to a Churchwarden, a Collector for the poore or such.

*Sw.* The conclusion is, that if ever I heare thou mentionst my name agen in any sence whatsoever, i'le beat thee out of reason.

*Cit.* In my good wishes, and prayers I may: Heaven forbid else.

*Sw.* Not in your prayers sir, shall you mention me, you were better never pray.

*Cit.* Heaven forbid I should then!

*Sw.* And make thine Oath good on that flie fellow that has taine away thy wench, or —

*Cit.* He has not tane her yet.

*Cou.* You ha' not seene her or him these two houres; has not my Lady call'd too, and shee not to be found?

*Cit.* True, true: and if I be not reveng'd.

*Sw.* Do't then now, while thou art hot. Shee comes, here take, and keepe her while thou art hot and haft her.

*Enter Philomel and Dainty.*

*Phi.* Is she at your dispose sir? *(Court takes*

*Cit.* Your Lady gave you me. *(aside with*

*Phi.* Or am in her gift? *(Dainty.*

*Cit.* You are in my possession, nor shall *Lucifer* dispossesse me of her.

*Phi.* So valiant on a sodaine!

*Cit.* Have I not cause?

*Phi.* You'l have me with all faults?

*Cit.* Yes, and a match forever. *Kiss.*

*Sw.* How meanes shee by all faults?

*Cit.* A word shee alwayes uses in wagghery.

*Cou.*

*Cou.* By all meanes take her from him. What ! afraid of a coward ?

*Sw.* You must do't or take the share, hee should ha' had a down-right beating. Forgi' me for swearing, hee's a veryer coward then tother.

*Cou.* Hee will serve the betrer to flesh him. And do but note his tiranicall rage that is the vanquisher.

*Sw.* You will on.

*Dai.* Sir shee is mine by promise.

*Cit.* Shee's mine by a<sup>c</sup>t and deed sir according to the flesh, let her deny't and she can.

*Dai.* That shall be try'd by Law.

*Cit.* By Law of armes and hands it shall, take that, and let her goe.

*Dai.* Beare witnesse Gentlemen he struck me.

*Phi.* O pittifull Picture-drawer !

*Cit.* Will you not draw ? I will then. *Draw.*

*Dai.* What would you have sir ? If shee be yours take her.

*Cit.* That's not enough, I will make thee fight, what blindnesse have I liv'd in ! I would not but be valiant to be *Cæsar*.

*Cou.* O brave *Cit*, O brave *Cit*.

*Sw.* Why doſt not draw thou fellow thou ?

*Dai.* Shee's his he fayes ; and she denies it not, shall I fight against him for his own.

*Cit.* I'le make thee fight, or cut thee into pieces.

*Cou.* He turnes your words over to him.

*Cit.* Why doſt thou weare a fword ? onely to hurt mens feet that Kick thee ? *Kick.*

*Cou.* Doe you obſerve ? Nay thou art too ſevere.

*Cit.* Pray hold your peace, i'le jowle your heads together and fo beat ton with tother elſe.

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing. Hee'l beat's all anon.

*Cit.* Why doſt thou weare a Sword I fay ?

*Dai.* Some other time sir, and in fitter place.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Sirrah you lie, strike me for that, or I will beat thee abominably.

*Dai.* You see this Gentlemen.

*Phi.* And I see't too, was ever poor wench so couzend in a man?

*Cit.* The wench thou lov'st and doat'st on is a whore.

*Phi.* How's that?

*Cit.* No, no, That was not right, your father was a cuckold tho', and you the sonne of a whore.

*Sw.* Good, I shall love this fellow.

*Dai.* I can take all this upon account.

*Cit.* You count all this is true then. Incorrigible coward! what was the last vile name you call'd mee Mr. *Swain-wit?* O I remember, firrah thou art a Pick-pocket and a Cut-purse; And gi' me my money agen, and him his or I will cut thy throat.

*Dai.* I am discover'd. (upon't?

*Cit.* Doe you answer nothing, doe you demurre

*Dai.* Hold sir I pray; Gentlemen so you will grant me pardon, and forbeare the Law i'le answer you.

*Cou.* *Sw.* Agreed, agreed.

*Dai.* It is confess'd; I am a Cut-purse.

*Cit.* Comparatively or positively doe you speake? Speake positively, or I will beat thee superlatively.

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing a brave Boy.

*Dai.* Here is your Watch, and Money; And here is yours. Now as you are Gentlemen use no extremity.

*Cou.* Beyond all expectation!

*Sw.* All thought.

*Cit.* Miraculous! O the effects of valour!

*Phi.* Was ever woman so mistaken o' both sides?

*Sw.* But dost thou thinke thou art valiant for all this tho'?

(c)

*Cit.*

*Cit.* You were best try ; or you, or both, or come all three.

*Sv.* I sweare thou shalt have it to keepe up while thou art up.

*Cit.* Is this your picture-drawing ? are you the Kings Picture-drawer ? A neat denomination for a Cut-purse, that drawes the Kings Pictures out of mens Pockets.

*Cou.* Come sir, come in with us.

*Dai.* Pray use me Kindly Gentlemen.

*Cit.* Yes, wee will use you in your kind sir.

*Takes Phil. by the hand.* *Exeunt Omnes.*

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## ACT V. SCENE II.

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*Enter Mendicant, a Letter in his hand.*

*Men.* **T**HIS is the day of my felicity,  
And is the same with that the Poet Sings  
Is better then an Age. Come forth *Charissa*.

*Enter Charissa.*

Now you appeare my comfort ; and I can  
No lesse then thanke thy sweet obedience  
That hast comply'd with my directions,  
Bride-like and glorious to meet a fortune,  
So great as shall beget the present envy  
Of all the Virgin Ladies of the Court,  
And a posterity, that through all ages,  
Shall praise and magnify thy act.

*Cha.* Your acceptation of my duty sir  
Is all that I can glory in.

*Men.* How are we bound unto this noble Lady  
That sent us our instructions.

*Cha.* Sure I am. If this be a true Copy.

*Men.*

*Men.* Let *Musick* in her soft but sweetest notes  
Usher their welcome, whilst unto my thoughts  
The lowdest harmony resounds my triumph. *Musick.*  
*Enter Doctor, and Fred. in Doctors habit, Strange.*  
*Priest, Ferd. in the chair as before borne by servants,*  
*Fab. as one of the servants.*

Madam most welcome.

*Str.* In fewest and the softest words sir *Andrew.*  
(He sleepes) and let him gently be convey'd  
Only with those about him to his Chamber.

*Men.* *Charissa*, go: be you his conduct, softly,  
softly,  
I see y'ave brought a Priest Madam. *Ext.Om.Pret.*

*Str.* By all best reason, *Mend. & Strang.*  
For when we found he us'd *Charissa's* Name,  
When he was calme and gentle, calling still  
*Charissa!* where's *Charissa*? a good space  
Before he slept, and being then demanded  
What would he with *Charissa*? He most readily  
Reply'd, Fetch me *Charissa* and a Priest.  
The Doctors in their judgements (unto which  
My full opinion assented) might  
Foresee, that in removing him, where she  
Might be his immediat object, when he wakes,  
That fresher flames to instant marriage  
Would then arise.

*Men.* Incomparably judicious Madam.

*Str.* Yet not without your leave would I attempt  
it;

Without your leave, knowing your watchfull care  
Over your Daughter.

*Men.* And that care of mine  
Was (Madam) by your favour  
Principall motive to this great effect.

*Str.* Take all unto your selfe, I am content.

*Men.* I'd faine steale in and watch th' event of  
things.

*Str.* But have you heard sir *Andrew* the mischance  
Of the unfortunate Lover, distractēd *Frederick*?

*Men.* How! what of him?

*Str.* H'has made himselfe away.

*Men.* Ift possible?

*Str.* (Hee has by this time, or the Priest is tongue-ty'd.)

*Men.* He has left no estate worth begging, that's the worst of't. (fee.)

My joyes come flowing on me ——yet I would

*Str.* And heare me good Sir *Andrew*, for the Love I bring to ad unto your joyes: for I Foreseeing the event of this nights happiness Have warn'd some friends to follow me with Revells To celebrate the Marriage of your fortunes. See they are come. Pray entertaine 'em sir.

*Enter Court. Swayn. Cit-wit, Dainty, Phil. Boy.*

*Men.* The Gallants that were to day so merry with mee.

*Str.* The same: but very harmlesse.

*Cit.* All but one sir. Did you not lose your purse to-day?

*Str.* What's the meaning?

*Cou. Sw.* Wee'l tell you Madam.

*Men.* My purse? (I misft it at my Lady *Strange-loves*.)

*Cit.* This Picture-drawer drew it, and has drawne more of the Kings-pictures then all the Limners in the Towne. Restore it sirrah.

*Men.* I will not take it, 'twas my negleſt that lost it, not he that stole it. This is my day of fortune; it comes home to me; more then I dare receive. O my joyes, let me be able to containe you.

*Cit.* Ha' you another purse to lose?

*Men.* I have a purse; which if I lose, i'le blame my ſelfe, none else.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* Let him but come so neare you as to aske  
forgivenesse for the last, and if he doe not take the  
next, though it be fix fadome deepe i' your pocket  
i'le hang for him when his time comes.

*Men.* I'le watch his fingers for that. *Sit.*

*Cou.* Observe good Madam.

*Dai.* Sir at your feet I beg your pardon

*Men.* It needs not, prithee rise.

*Dai.* Never, till you pronounce that happy word  
I pardon thee: or let me have some token  
Of sweet assurance that I am forgiven  
Which I beseech you — I beseech you grant.

*Men.* In sooth thou hast it. Heaven pardon  
thee as I doe.

*Dai.* I have it sir indeed, and as your gift i'le  
keepe it, promising before all these witnesses, i'le  
never venter for another.

*Men.* Fore me an expert fellow; Pitty he should  
be hang'd before we have more of his breed.

*Cit.* Did not I tell you sir? And these are but  
his short armes; i'le undertake, when he makes a  
long arme, he shall take a purse twelve skore  
off.

*Men.* I doe not like Thieves handsell though,  
This may presage some greater losse at hand.

*Sw.* Now Gentlemen you know your taske, be  
expeditious in't.

*Cou.* I have cast the designe for't already Madam.  
My inventions are all flame and spirit. But you  
can expect no great matter to be done *extempore*  
or in six minutes.

*Sw.* What matter ist so wee skip up and downe?  
our friend *Jack Dainty* here, Mr Cut-purse dances  
daintily tho'.

*Str.* And Mr. *Cit-wit*, you have worthily wonne  
my woman sir.

*Cit.* I have her Madam, she is mine.

*Str.* I'le make her worth a thousand pound to you, besides all she has of her own. (that,

*Cit.* Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o' *Phi.* Suppose this Boy be mine.

*Cit.* I would he were else, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cause o' my fide: for he beat me not long since.

*Boy.* And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'le beat you agen so I will; and my mother shall helpe me.

*Cit.* Agree'd *Billy*, agreed *Philly*. Never was man so sodainly, so rich; Nay never looke Gentlemen, shee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am sure I ha' got him now; And all faults are salv'd.

*Sw.* Her word in waggerie is made good in earnest now tho'.

*Str.* To your busines Gentlemen; if you (*They* have a short speech or two, the boy's a pretty (*con-*Actor; and his mother can play her part; (*sult.* women-Actors now grow in request. Sir *Andrew*! melancholly?

*Men.* I was thinking on the omen of my (*Court* purse. (draws his

*Str.* Fear no further mishap sir; tis (*Tables and* ominous to feare. (retires to *Phil.*

*Men.* Pray let's go in and see how (*writes & some-*things proceed. (times shewes her.

*Str.* Pray give mee leave to make the first dis-  
covery; Walke downe into the Garden, i'le come to you; And here are some would speake with you. (Ex. se-

*Enter two Projectors.* (verally.

1. Into the Garden, good, let's follow him.

2. Tis not the repulse he gave us in the morning shall quit him of us.

1. No now his superintendent's turn'd away, wee'l once more fill his head with millions. *Exit.*

*Dai.*

*Dai.* I'le make the Dance, and give you (*Practise*  
all the footing. *footing.*)

*Sw.* Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

*Cit.* No matter if we lose any thing, and he  
within ten miles of us i'le make him answer't.

*Dai.* I want a fist man, I would have an od.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doc.* The Marriage is perform'd. The Priest has  
done his office —

*Sw.* Doctor can you dance ?

*Doc.* And sing too, I ha' forgot much else.

*Phi.* I'le speak the Speech : Ha' not I forgot my  
Actors tone tro ? I shal remember't, I could have  
acted 'em all ore. (call you Mother now ?)

*Boy.* I can speak a Speech too Mother, must I

*Phi.* I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

*Doc.* What think you of this tune fir for your  
dance ? Tay dee, dee, &c.

*Dai.* I'le borrow a Violl and take it of you in-  
stantly. *Ex.*

*Enter sir Raphael.*

Pray sir, is sir *Andrew Mendicant* i'the house.

(*To Court-w.*)

*Cou.* Umh — — { *He writes in his tables, sometimes*  
*scratching his head, as pumping*  
*his Muse.* (seemes.)

Is he within sir, can you tell ? He's too busie it  
Can you tell me sir I pray, (To *Cit-wit* as he mov'd  
if sir *Andrew* be within ? toward him, *Cit-wit*  
Very strange ! among what *Dances looking on his*  
Nation am I arriv'd ? *Feete, &c.*)

Here's one in civill habit sure will answer me,  
Sir may I be inform'd by you ? saw you sir *Andrew* ?

*Ra.* *Te precor domine*) (The Doctor  
Doctor. { *He sings on.* stretches his  
They are no Christians { *Throat in the*  
sure. *Tune.*)

Sir may I be inform'd by you ? (To Swaym. He  
Blesse me ; the people are bewitch'd. (whistles &  
(Dances Sellingers round, or the like.

Enter Dainty.

Do you belong to the { To Dainty, he fids to him  
house sir ? { & the 4 Dancing & sing-  
I hope for curtesie here. ing practise about him.  
Lady will you be pleas'd — — To Phil. she speaks in  
a vile tone like a Player. (faire,

Phi. O by no meanes, we must speake Charon  
Or hee'l not waft us o're the Stigian Floud,  
Then must we have a sop for Cerberus  
To stop his yawning Chaps ; Let me alone  
To be your Convoy to Elizium.

Ra. This is most heathenish of all. (Dainty playes  
Phi. I'le pass that snarling triple-headed (softly

Cur (& Doctor with him aside.  
Which keeps the pallace-gate of Pluto's Court,  
And guide you safe through pitchy Acheron.

Ra. What Woman Monster's this ? Sweete young  
Gentleman, let me aske you a question.

Boy. Grim death, why rather didst thou not  
approach

My younger dayes ; before I knew thy feares ?  
Thy paines are multiplied by our yeares.

Ra. All Lunatick ? or Gentlemen, do you want  
Or civility to answer me ? (leasure

Cit. Ha' you done the speeches Mr. Court-wit ?

Con. I have already from the forked top  
Of high Parnassus fetcht 'em.

Cit. And shall my wife and Billi boy speake 'em ?

Cou. As i'le instruct you.

Cit. You write admirably I confesse ; But you  
have an ill tone to instruct in ; I'le read to 'em my  
selfe, you give your words no grace.

Doc. You have the tune right, will you instruct  
the Musick men ?

Dai.

*Dai.* And you all in the Dance imediately.

*Sw.* But shall we have no silken things, no whim  
whams

To Dance in tho'.

*Cit.* Perhaps the Bride can furnish us.

*Sw.* With some of her old Petticoates, can  
she?

*Phi.* No, no, my Lady has tane care for all.

*Dai.* Come, come away to practise, and be  
ready. *Exe. Om.*

*Ra.* Never was I in such a Wildernesffe. (*Fidling*,  
But my revenge upon Sir *Mendicant* (*Footing*,  
Shall answer all my patience, in the Jeere (*Singing*,  
I meane to put upon him. (*Acting, &c.*  
I will posseffe him with a braine-trick, now,  
A meere invention of mine own (wherein  
Heaven pardon me for lying) shall so nettle him.

*Enter Mendicant, and Projecters.*

*Men.* Goe back and be not feene till I come to  
you. *Ex. Pro.*

*Ra.* Hee's come. Ha' you heard the newes, sir  
*Andrew*?

*Men.* What sir *Raphael*?

*Ra.* That *Ferdinana's* restor'd to's wits.

*Men.* I am glad on't.

*Ra.* Do you take the losse of his estate so mildly  
Which might ha' bin your own?

*Men.* I hope you think mee a Christian, sir, but  
how shoulde he arrive at such a sodaime knowledge  
of it, if it be so? I will pretend tis true, yes sir,  
he is in's wits.

*Ra.* I thought I had ly'd when I did prophesie:  
But fir my Nephew *Fredrick*—

*Men.* Has made himselfe away, I heard o' that  
too.

*Ra.* (I hope not so) yet there's another accident  
<sup>18</sup> VOL. I. (c) S 4 Of

Of which you have not heard, may touch you  
nearer,  
And that indeed's my businesse, you sir, furiously  
Wounded your Man to day.

*Men.* Not dangerously I hope.

*Ra.* Flatter not so your selfe; Hee's on the point  
of dying.

*Men.* How!

*Ra.* Nor be too much dejected,  
His life you may get off for (as 'twas done  
In heat of blood) marry sir your estate  
(You'l pardon me) is beg'd; my selfe has don't,  
And therein, beg'd the Begger.

*Men.* Ha!

*Ra.* Take not too deepe a sence of it: For if you'l  
yeild  
That *Frederick* yet shall have it with your Daughter,  
I will remit the Estate.

*Men.* O is it so?

Do you move this for a dead man?

*Ra.* No, he lives.

*Men.* Do you practise on me? Madam where  
are you?

*Enter Strange. Ferd. Fred. Charissa. Gabriel  
behind.*

*Str.* Here sir, and am become your Usher to  
such guests

As you must bid most welcome. *(Mend.*

*Ra.* She here! i'm then agen confounded. *(stands*

*Str.* Nay sir *Raphael*, I protest we will be (*amaz'd*  
friends notwithstanding I have outstript you in your  
plot of matching your Nephew *Frederick*, here to  
his love *Charissa*.

*Ra.* But is it so?—

*Fred.* It is, in which I hope sir you are not  
offended,

Who gave me leave by any opportunity

To

To take her, I broke no locks nor walls for her.

*Cha.* I beg your pardon, and your blessing sir.

*Ra.* And is it so with you sir *Ferdinand*?

*Ferd.* It is, and sir in testimony of my recovery,  
I make demand of my estate : of which you thought  
your selfe possest.

*Men.* What hopes am I fallen from ? and what  
misery fallen into ; when the little I have is beg'd  
for Manslaughter !

*Gab.* I quit you of that sir.

*Men.* How couldst thou deale so with me ?

*Gab.* To shew my gratitude.

You overpaid me for all my former services,  
For which I justly thought I ought you this.

*Ferd.* Nor thinke your Daughter undervalued sir,  
Three thousand pound I give him to augment  
Her fortune in him.

*Men.* Dreames, dreames, All these are waking  
Dreames.

*Ferd.* All reall truth sir, whither flie you from us ?

*Men.* Am I of all defeated ; and by all  
Abus'd and mock'd ? More roome there : let mee  
goe.

*Ferd.* You mistake strangely. *Florish.*

*Str.* Harke ! the Revellers.

*Fer.* That come to celebrate your joyes, which  
wilfully

You will not apprehend.

*Men.* Tis all but shew, Let go, and I will do  
Something shall ad to your delight imediately. *Exit.*

*Str.* Let him goe and weare out his fit by him-  
selfe. *Florish.*

*Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.*

*Boy.* Venus and Cupid, my Mother and I —

Help me. — I have it now.

*Venus and Cupid* ; my Mother and I

Help me agen ; Noe, no, no.

*Venus*

*Venus* and *Cupid*; my Mother and I,  
Let me alone.

*Venus* and *Cupid* my Mother and I.

*Ferd.* There's an Actor now!

*Fre.* How doubtfull of himselfe; and yet how perfect he was!

*Ra.* A selfe mistrust is a sure step to Knowledge.

*Str.* Sententious sir *Raphel*.

*Ra.* Quarrells are ended Madam.

*Ferd.* Come hither *Cupid*.

*Phi.* From my *Italian Mount* I did espy  
(For what is hidden from a Deity?)  
How faintly *Hymen* did his Office here  
Joyning two Lovers with the hand of feare;  
Putting his Torch out for obscurity;  
And made the Chamber (which belongs to me)  
His Temple. But from hence let feare remove.

See here, the Champions for the Queene of Love.

<sup>2</sup>

1. *Courage*, sent from *Mars*; *The Muses* kill.  
1 *Swain*. 2 *Court*.

From wife *Apollo*. And the God, which still  
Inspires with subtilty, fly *Mercury*

3                   4                   3 *Dainty*.  
Sends this his *Agent*. Here's *Activity* 4 *Cit-wit*.

<sup>5</sup>

From *Jupiter* himselfe; And from her store 5 *Doctor*.  
Of Spies, the Moon fends *This* to keepe the dore.

With Art of Action, now, make good the place,  
In right of Love to give the Nuptialls Grace.

*After they have Danc'd a while, Enter Projectors,*  
*breakes 'em off.*

*Pro.* Lay by your Jolity, forbeare your Sport,  
And heare a story shall inforce your pitty.

*Fer.* What black Tragedian's this?

*Ra.* Some *Nuntius* sent from Hell.

*Ga.* One of my Masters *Minions*, a *Projector*.

*Pro.*

*Pro.* You had a Master : But to all I speake.  
Your practises have funk him from the Comforts  
Of all his hopes in fortune, to the Gulfe  
Of deepe despaire ; from whence he rose inflam'd  
With wild distraction and phantastick fury.

*Fer.* Hee's mad ; is he ?

*Pro.* Mad, and has hang'd himselfe—

*Cha.* Alas my Father.

*La.* How ! hang'd himselfe ?

*Pro.* All over sir, with draughts of Projects, Suits,  
Petitions, Grants, and Pattents, such as were  
The Studies and the Labours of his Life,  
And so attir'd he thinks himselfe well arm'd  
T'incounter all your scornes.

*Enter Mendicant attir'd all in Patents ; A Wind-  
mill on his head, and the other Projector.*

*Men.* Roome here : a Hall for a Monopolist,  
You, Common-wealths informers lead me on.  
Bring me before the great Assembly. See,  
Fathers Conscript, I present all I have  
For you to cancell.

*Sw.* Here's a brave shew, and out-shines our  
devise.

*Men.* This is a Patent for the taking of poor  
John and Barrell-cod alive, and so to preserve 'em  
in salt-water for the benefit of the Fishmongers.

*Cou.* There's salt in this.

*Sw.* I this has some favour in't.

*Men.* This is a fresh one sir, For the catching,  
preservation, and transportation of Butter-flies :  
whereby they may become a native commodity.

*Cou.* That's a subtle one.

*Men.* This is for profits out of all the Common-  
Cryes i' th' City, As of—Oysters—Codlings—  
wood to cleave, Kitching-stuffe, and the thoufand  
more, even to the Matches for your Tinder-box,  
and all Forrainers to pay double ; And a Fee out of  
the

the Link-boyes profits. But no cries to escape.  
Tis for a peace.

*Dai.* What if some should cry Murder, murder ?

*Cit.* Or Theeves, theeves ?

*Cou.* Or Fire, fire ?

*Sw.* Or women cry out five Loves a penny ?

*Men.* All all should pay. But I submit

My selfe to your most honorable censure.

*Cit.* What dos he take us for ?

*Sw.* Powers, Powers ; A lower house at least.

*Men.* And all my patents to be conceal'd.

*Sw.* Our Projects would not take with you, wee'l  
take yours tho'.

*Dai.* He shall dance out of 'em : Musick ! Play  
out our Dance, we will disrobe you presently.

*Cit.* Yes, and dismantle his Projectors too.

*They all Dance.* *In the Dance they pull off his*  
*Patents ; And the Projectors Clokes, who*  
*appeare all ragged. At the end of the*  
*Dance the Projectors thrust forth.*

*Fer.* An excellent Morrall ! The Projects are all  
cancel'd, and the Projectors turnd out o' dores.

*Men.* True Gallants, and now I am my selfe  
agen,

I saw th'event of all with good esteeme.

And would as well as you a Madman feeme,

And now my blessings on your Son and Daughter.

*Sw.* This Bride, Dame *Venus* here, cooles all  
this while tho'.

*Dai.* By Mr. Bride-groomes leave, i'lle stirre her  
blood a little for the good meaning shee had towards  
me.

*Cit.* You may doe so. He dare's not pick her  
pocket, And for her Maidenhead I dare trust him  
tho' he should Dance quite out of sight with her.

*Dance.* *While they Dance*

*Ra.* 'Tis well : And all are friends. *the rest confer.*  
*Fer.*

*Fer.* You have my potestation: and in that, Madam, my faith before these noble friends.

*Str.* Upon those honourable tearmes fir *Ferdinando* I will be yours.

*Cit.* Sheel' have him, it seemes at laft.

*Sw.* Shee's a wife widdow by't: for sure enough, she saw something in his mad naked fit, when hee put her to't, to choose a husband by, wo' not out of her thought yet.

What is there more to fay now Madam?

*Str.* You question well.

*Sw.* But to Supper and to bed?

*Str.* You consider well.

*Sw.* We have had other pastime enough.

*Str.* You reason well, Would all were pleas'd as well

T' absolve that doubt, to thosse we must appeale.

---

*FINIS.*

---



## EPILOGUE.

Strang. *Ladyes, your suffrages I chiefly crave  
For th' humble Poet. Tis in you to save  
Him, from the rigorous censure of the rest,  
May you give grace as y'are with Beauty blest.  
True : Hee's no dandling on a Courtly lap,  
Yet may obtaine a smile, if not a clap.*

Ferd. *I'm at the Cavaliers. Heroick spirits,  
That know both to reward, and atchieve merits,  
Do, like the Sun-beames, virtuously dispense  
Upon the lowest growths their influence,  
As well as on the lofty : our Poet so  
By your Phebean favours hopes to grow.*

Cit-w. *And now you generous spirits of the City  
That are no leſſe in money then braine wity,  
My ſelfe, my Bride, and pretty Bride-boy too,  
Our Poet for a Boun prefers to you.*

Phil. *And though you taſt of no ſuch Bride-ale Cup,  
He hopes y' allow the Match to be clapt up.*

Boy. *And, if this Play be naught (yes ſo he ſaid)  
That I ſhould gi' yee my Mother for a Mayd.*

*Swa.* And why you now ? or you ? or you ? I'le  
ſpeak enough for you all, you now would tell the  
Audient they ſhould not feare to throng hither the  
next day : for you wil ſecure their Purſes cut-free,  
1 their pockts pick-free. Tis much for you to  
do

## EPilogue.

do tho'. And you would say that all your projects are put down, and you'l take up no new but what shall be (spectators) to please you. And you : Poetick part induces you, t'appologize now for the Poet too, as they ha' done already, you to the Ladies, you to the Cavaliers and Gentry ; you to the City friends, and all for the Poet, Poet, Poet, when alls but begging tho'. I'le speak to 'em all, and to my Countrey folkes too if here be any o'em : and yet not beg for the Poet tho', why should we ? has not he money for his doings ? and the best price too ? because we would ha' the best : And if it be not, why fo ? The Poet has shewd his wit and we our manners. But to stand beg, beg for reputation for one that has no countenance to carry it, and must ha' money is such a Pastime !—If it were for one of the great and curious Poets that give these Playes as the Prologue said, and money too, to have 'em acted ; For them, indeed, we are bound to ply for an applause. Because they look for nothing else, and scorn to beg for themselves. But then you'l say those Playes are not given to you ; you pay as much for your seats at them as at these, though you sit nere the merrier, nor rise the wiser, they are so above common understanding ; and tho' you see for your love you will judge for your money, why fo for that too, you may. But take heed you displease not the Ladies tho' who are their partiall judges, being brib'd by flattering verses to commend their Playes ; for whose faire cause, and by their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the right worshipfull Poets boast to have made those enterludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of Universitie Scholars tho', and onely shew their own wits in owning other mens ; and that but as they are like neither. As thus, do you like that Song ? yes. I made it. Is that

### *EPILOGUE.*

that Scene or that Jest good ? Yes, Twas mine ;  
and then if all be good 'twas all mine. There's  
wit in that now. But this small Poet vents none  
but his own, and his by whose care and directions  
this Stage is govern'd, who has for many yeares  
both in his fathers dayes, and since directed Poets  
to write and Players to speak till he traind up these  
youths here to what they are now. I some of 'em  
from before they were able to say a grace of two  
lines long to have more parts in their pates then  
would fill so many Dryfats. And to be serious with  
you, if after all this, by the venomous practise of  
some, who study nothing more then his destruction,  
he should faile us, both Poets and Players would be  
at losse in Reputation. But this is from our Poet  
agen, who tels you plainly all the helps he has or  
desires ; And let me tell you he has made pretty  
merry Jigges that ha' pleas'd a many. As (le'me fee)  
th' *Antipodes*, and (oh I shall never forget) *Tom Hoyden o' Tanton Deane*. Hee'l bring him hither  
very shortly in a new Motion, and in a new paire o'  
slops and new nether stocks as briske as a Body-  
lowse in a new Pasture.

*Meane while, if you like this, or not, why so ?  
You may be pleas' to clap at parting tho'.*

---

*F I N I S.*

---

THE  
CITY WIT,  
OR,

The Woman wears the  
BREECHES.

---

A  
COMEDY.

---

*LONDON,*  
Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and  
*Thomas Dring*, and are to be sold at their  
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.





## The Prologue.

---

Quotquotadestis, salvete, salvetote.

Gentlemen,

*You see I come unarm'd among you, fine  
Virga aut Ferula, without Rod or Fe-  
rular, which are the Pedants weapons. Id est,  
that is to say, I come not hither to be an In-  
struētor to any of you, that were Aquilam  
volare docere, aut Delphinum natare, to teach  
the Ape, well learned as my selfe. Nor came  
I to instruct the Comedians. That were for  
me to be Asinus inter simias, the fool o'the  
Company: I dare not undertake them. I am  
no Pædagogus nor Hypodidascalus here. I  
approach not hither ad erudiendum, nec ad  
Corrigendum. Nay I have given my Schollars  
leave to play, to get a Vacuum for my selfe to  
day, to Act a particle here in a Play; an Actor  
being wanting that could beare it with port  
and state enough. A Pedant is not easily imi-  
tated. Therefore in person, I for your delight  
have left my Schoole to tread the Stage. Pray  
Jove the terror of my brow spoile not your  
mirth*

The Prologue.

*mirth, for you cannot forget the fury of a  
Tutor, when you have layne under the blazing  
Comet of his wrath, with quæfo Praeceptor te  
precor da ————— &c. But, let feare passe,  
nothing but mirth's intended.*

*But I had forgot my selfe, A Prologue  
should be in Rhyme, &c. therefore I will begin  
agen.*

Kind Gentlemen, and men of gentle kinde,  
There is in that a figure, as you'll finde,  
Because weel take your earesas'twere in Ropes,  
Ile nothing speak but figures, strayns & tropes.

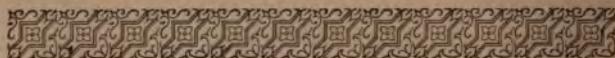
Quot quot adeptis Salvete salvetote.  
*The Schoolemaster that never yet besought yee,  
Is now become a suitor, that you'll fit,  
And exercise your Judgement with your wit,  
On this our Comedy, which in bold Phrase,  
The Author sayes has past with good applause  
In former times. For it was written, when  
It bore just Judgement, and the seal of Ben.  
Some in this round may have both seen't, and  
heard,  
Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard.  
My sute is therefore that you will not looke,  
To find more in the Title then the Booke.  
My part the Pedant, though it seem a Columne*

*Is*

The Prologue.

*Is but a Page, compar'd to the whole volume.  
What bulk have I to bear a Scene to passe,  
But by your favours multiplying Glasse.  
In nova fert Animus, then Ile do my best  
To gaine your Plaudite among the rest.  
So with the salutation I first brought yee,  
Quot quot adestis, salvete salvetote.*

---



## *Dramatis Personæ.*

**C***Rasy*, a young Citizen, falling into decay.  
**C***Jeremy*, his Apprentice.

*Sarpego*, a Pedant.

*Sneakup*, *Crasyes* Father in Law.

*Pyannet*, *Sneakup's* Wife.

*Ticket* } two Courtiers.  
*Rufflit* }

*Lady Ticket*.

*Ioſina*, *Crasyes* Wife.

*Linsy-Wolsey*, a thrifty Citizen.

*Toby*, sonne to *Sneakup*.

*Bridget*, *Ioſina's* Maid.

*Crack*, a Boy that sings.

*Isabell* } two keeping Women.  
*Zone* }

The



## The City Wit.

O R,

The woman wears the Breeches.

### ACT. I. Scene I.

A Dinner carryed over the Stage in cove-  
red Dishes. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Crasy, Jeremy.*

**S**Et forth that Table *Jer.* *A Table*  
*Jer.* Will you not go in *set forth*  
and dine, Sir? *withem-*  
*Cra.* No: I am of other *pty Mo-*  
dyet to day. *ny-bags,*

*Jer.* The whole company expects you. *Bills,*

*Cra.* May they sit merry with their cheer, *Bonds,* &  
while I feed on this hard meat. And wait *Bookes of*  
you within: I shall not change a trencher, *accompsts,*

*Jer.* Alas my good Master. *Exit. &c.*

*Cra.* Here are the nests, but all the Birds are flown. How easie a thing it is to be undone, When credulous Man will trust his 'state to others ! Am I drawn dry ? Not so much as the Lees left ? Nothing but empty Cask ? have I no refuge To fly to now ? Yes, here, about a groats worth Of paper it was once. Would I had now *& papers.* *Greens* groats-worth of wit for it. But 'twill serve To light tobacco-pipes. Here (let me see) Here is three hundred pound, two hundred here, And here one hundred, and two hundred here. Fifty ; fifty ; and one hundred here, And here one hundred and fifty. Besides A many parcells of small debts, which make Two hundred more. I shall not live to tell it, But put it up, and take it by the weight. *He puts* O me ! how heavy 'tis ! And, doubtles, *the Bills* so 'twould be *& Bonds* At some mans heart. It troubles me a little. *into a Bag.*

Enter *Jeremy.*

Now what newes ? *He takes up* *Jer.* My mis trifis, and your Mother Sir, *a scroll.* Intreats you to come to dinner.

*Cra.* These they are ; My debts, That strike me through. This bag will never pay Any of these.

*Jer.* Sir, shall I say you'l come ?

*Cra.* How well it were, if any of my Creditors Could once but dream that this were current mony !

*r.* What shall I say ?

*z.* Even what thou wilt, good *Jeremy.*

*Jer.*

*Jer.* Alas you know, this dinner was appointed  
A friendly meeting for most of your Creditors,  
And many of your Debtors.

*Cra.* But I hope  
Few of the last appear.

*Jer.* None but some priviledg'd Courtiers, that  
dare  
Put in at all mens Tables. They're all set,  
Your Creditors on one side, and your Debtors  
On t'other ; and do only stay for you.

*Cra.* To feed on ; do they ? Goe. I will not come.

*Jer.* I feare, Sir, you will overthrow the good  
That was intended you. You know this meeting  
Was for the Creditors to give longer day,  
As they should find your Debtors to acknowledg  
The summes they owe you. Sir I should be sorry  
To see you finck, or forc'd to hide your head,  
That look'd as high, as any in the City.

*Cra.* Prithee go in. And if they seem to stay,  
Pray 'em fall too ; tell 'em I take this time  
Only to order my Accompts, and that as sooon  
As they are full, and fit to talk, I'le come :  
Good *Jeremie* goe.

*Jer.* Introth I pity him — *Exit* weeping.

*Cra.* A right good Boy thou art. I think on thee :  
What must I do now ? All I have is lost,  
And what I have not, sought to be forc'd from me,  
I must take nimble hold upon Occasion,  
Or lie for ever in the Bankrupt ditch,  
Where no man lends a hand to draw one out.  
I will leape over it, or fall bravely in't,  
Scorning the Bridge of Basenes, Composition,  
Which doth infect a City like the Plague,  
And teach men Knavery, that were never born  
to't :

Whereby the Rope-deserving Rascall gains  
Purple and Furrs, Trappings and golden Chaines.

Base

Base Composition, baser far then Want,  
 Then Beggery, Imprisonment, Slavery :  
 I scorn thee, though thou lov'st a Trades-man dearly  
 And mak'st a Chandler Lord of thousands yearly.  
 I will have other ayd. How now ! Againe ?

Enter *Jeremy.*

*Jer.* O, Sir, you are undone.

*Cra.* Haft thou no newes, *Jeremie* ?

*Jer.* Alas your Mother Sir —

*Cra.* Why what of her ?

Is there a Plate lost, or a 'Postle-spoon  
 A China Dish broke, or an ancient Glafs,  
 And stain'd with Wine her Damasque table-cloath ?  
 Or is the Salt falm towards her ? What's the matter ?

*Jer.* Her mischievous tongue has over-thrown  
 the good

Was meant to you.

*Cra.* What Good, good *Jeremie* ?

*Jer.* Your Creditors were on a resolution  
 To do you good, and madly she oppos'd it,  
 And with a vehement voyce proclaims you a  
 Beggar ;

Says, you have undone her Daughter ; that no good  
 Is fit to be done for you : And such a storm  
 Of wicked breath —

*Cra.* She's drunk ; Is she not, *Jeremie* ?

*Jer.* No Sir, 'tis nothing but her old disease,  
 The Tongue-ague, whose fit is now got up  
 To such a height, the Devil cannot lay it.  
 The learned School-master, Mr. *Sarpego*  
 Has conjur'd it by all his parts of speech,  
 His Tropes and Figures ; and cannot be heard  
 I'th furious Tempest. All your Creditors  
 Are gone in Rage ; will take their course, they say.  
 Some of your Debtors stay, I think, to laugh at  
 her.

Enter

Enter *Sarpego*.

*Sar.* Now deafenesse seize me. I disclaime my hearing. I defie my audituall part. I renounce mine ears. Mistris *Pyannet*, a desperate Palsey is on thy lips, and an everlasting Feaver on thy Tongue?

*Cra.* *What raging Rout hath rent thy rest;*  
*What Scold hath scutch'd thy skonce:*

*Sar.* *I'le breath it to thy bolder breast,*  
*That askst me for the nonce.*

You understand or know, that here hath been a Feast made, to take up a ponderous difference between Master *Sneakup*, your Father in Law, and your selfe Mr. *Crafy*; and between most of your Creditors and Debtors. Food hath been eaten; Wine drunck; Talke past; Breath spent; Labour lost: For why? Mistris *Pyannet* your Mother in Law, Mr. *Sneakups* Wife (though shee will be call'd by none but her owne name) that woman of an eternall Tongue; that Creature of an everlasting noyse; whose perpetuall talke is able to deafen a Miller; whose discourse is more tedious then a Justices Charge; Shee, that will out-scold ten carted Bawds, even when she is sober; and out-chat fifteen Midwives, though fourteen of them be halfe drunk: this Shee-thing hath burst all. *Demosthenes* himselfe would give her over. Therefore hopeless *Sarpego* is silent.

Enter *Pyannet*, *Sneakup*, *Sir Andrew Ticket*, *Rufflit*,  
*La. Ticket*, *Jofina*, *Linsy-Wolfsy*.

*Py.* O, are you here Sir! You have spun a fair  
thred.

*Py.* Marry Sir, and have it with all his heart. My Husband is a man of few words, and hath committed his tongue to me: And I hope I shall use it to his Worship. Fare you well Sir.

*Tic.* Thanks for your cheer and full bounty of Entertainment, good Mr. *Sneakup*.

*Py.* He rather thanks you for your patience, and kind visitation, good Sir *Andrew Ticket*. Yes indeed forsooth does he.

*La. Tic.* I take my leave Sir, too.

*Sneak.* Good Madame—

*Py.* Uds fo! ther's a trick! you must talk, must you? And your Wife in presence, must you? As if I could not have faid, good Madame. Good Madame! Do you see how it becomes you?

*La. Tic.* Good Mistris *Sneakup*.

*Py.* Good Madame, I beseech your Ladiship to excuse our deficiency of Entertainment. Though our power be not to our wish, yet we wish that our Power were to your Worth, which merrits better service—

*La. Tic.* Pardon me.

*Py.* Then our rudeneffe—

*La. Tic.* You wrong your selfe.

*Py.* Can tender, or possibly exprefse by—

*La. Tic.* I beseech you forsooth—

*Py.* Our beſt labour, or utmoſt devoire. Yes I protest sweet Madame. I beseech you, as you paſſe by in Coach ſometimes, vouchſafe to ſee me; and, if I come to Court, I will preſume to viſite your Ladiship, and your worthy Knight, Good *Sir Andrew*! And I pray you Madame, how does your Monkey, your Parrot, and Parraquitoes? I pray commend me to 'em, and to all your little ones. Fare you well, sweet Creature. *Exit.*

*Ruff.* We'll leave you to take private farewell of your Wife, Mr. *Crafie*.

*Tob.*

*Tob.* Wee'l meet you at your House, brother.

*Exeunt omnes, præter Crasy, Jofina.*

*Jof.* Lov'd, my deare heart, my sweetest, my very being, will you needs take your journey? I shall fall before your return into a Consumption. If you did but conceive what your departure will bring upon me, I know (my sweet) nay I do know — but goe your ways; strike my finger into mine eye: 'Tis not the first true teare a married woman has shed.

*Cra.* Why you heare the noyse of that woman of Sound, your Mother. I must travell down, or not keep up. Yet—

*Jof.* Nay, goe I beseech you; you shall never say, I undid you. Goe I pray: But never look to see me my owne woman again. How long will you stay forth?

*Cra.* A fortnight at the leaſt; and a moneth at the moſt.

*Jof.* Well, a fortnight at the leaſt. Never woman took a more heavy departure. Kiffe me. Farewel. Kifs me againe. I pray does your Horse amble, or trot? Do not ride poſt as you come home, I pray. Kiffe me once more. Farewell. *Exit Cra.*

Hay hoe! How I do gape.

Enter *Bridget, Jeremy.*

*Jof.* What's a clock *Bridget.*

*Bri.* Paſt three forſooth.

*Jof.* Tis paſt ſleeping time then, *Bridget.* (means.

*Bri.* Nothing is paſt to thoſe, that have a mind and

*Jof.* That's true and tryed. Go lay my Pillow *Bridget.* *Exit Brid.*

Lord, what a thing a woman is in her Husbands abſence!

Waſt

Wast thou ever in love, *Jeremy*?

*Jer.* Who I forsooth? No forsooth.

*Jof.* I forsooth, and no forsooth? then I perceive you are forsooth. But I advise you to take heed, how you levell your Affection towards me: I am your Mistris; And I hope you never heard of any Apprentice was so bold with his Mistris.

*Jer.* No indeed forsooth. I should be sorry there should be any such.

*Jof.* Nay, be not sorry neither *Jeremy*. Is thy Master gone? Look. A pretty youth, this same *Jeremy*! And is come of a good Race. I have heard my Mother say his Father was a Ferretter —

Enter *Jeremy*.

*Jer.* He is gone forsooth.

*Jof.* Come hither *Jeremy*. Dost thou see this Handkerchief?

*Jer.* Yes forsooth.

*Jof.* I vow'd this Handkerchief should never touch anybodies face, but such a one, as I would intreat to lie with me.

*Jer.* Indeed forsooth!

*Jof.* Come hither *Jeremy*. There's a spot o' thy Cheek, let me wipe it off.

*Jer.* O Lord forsooth. I'll go wash it. Exit *Jer.*

*Jof.* Heaven made this Boy of a very honest Appetite, sober Ignorance, and modest Understanding. My old Grandmothers Latine is verified upon him; *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem*. Ignorance is womans greatest Enemy. Who's within? *Bridget*.

Enter *Bridget*.

*Bri.* Here forsooth.

*Jof.* Go your wayes to Mistresse *Parmisan*, the Cheesmongers Wife in old Fishstreet, and commend me

me to her ; and intreat her to pray Mistresse *Collifloore* the Hearb-woman in the Old Change, that she will desire Mistris *Piccadell* in Bow-lane, in any hand to beseech the good old dry Nurse mother, *et cetera*, shee knowes where, to provide me an honest, handsome, secret young man ; that can write, and read written hand. Take your errand with you, that can write and read written hand.

*Bri.* I warrant you forsooth.

*Exit.*

*Jof.* So, now will I meditate, take a nap, and dreame out a few fancies.

---

## *ACT I. Scene II.*

Enter *Crafy*, booted. *Ticket*, *Rufflit*, *Tobias Sarpego*, *Linsy woolfy*.

*Tic.* **W**EE take our leaves Mr. *Crafy*, and wish good Journey to you.

*Ruff.* Farewell good Mr. *Crafy*.

*Tob.* Adieu Brother.

*Sar.* *Iterum iterumque vale.*

*Lin.* Heartily Godbuy, good Mr. *Crafy*.

*Cra.* Nay but Gentlemen : A little of your patience, you all know your own Debts, and my almost impudent necessities, satisfie me, that I may discharge others. Will you suffer me to sink under my Freenes ? shall my goodnesse, and ready Pietie

undoe me? Sir *Andrew Ticket*, you are a Profeſt Courtier, and ſhould have a tender ſenſe of honor. This is your day of payment for two hundred pound.

*Tic.* Blood of *Bacchus*, tis true, tis my day, what then? Doft take me for a Cittizen, that thou thinkeft I'll keep my day? No, thou'ſt find that I am a Courtier, let my day keep me and 'twill. But doft heare? Come to the Court. I will not ſay what I will do for thee. But come to the Court. I owe thee two hundred pounds: I'll not deny't, if thou ask feuen years hence for't, farewell. I ſay no more, but come to the Court, and ſee if I will know thee.

*Cra.* O, Sir, now you are in favour, you will know no body.

*Tic.* True: tis just. Why ſhould we, when we are in favour know any body; when, if we be in disgrace, no body will know us? Farewell honest Tradesman.

*Exit.*

*Sar.* That is Synonima for a fool. An ironicall Epithite, upon my Facunditie.

*Cra.* O Master *Sarpego*! I know you will ſatisfie your own driblet of ten pound, I lent you out of my Purſe.

*Sar.* *Diogenes Laertius* on a certaine time, demanding of *Cornelius Tacitus* an Areopagit of *Syracuſa*; what was the moft Commodious and expediteſt method to kill the Itch, anſwered—

*Cra.* Anſwer me my moneys I beſeech you.

*Sar.* Peremptorily, *Careo Supinis*; I want money. I confeſſe, ſome driblets are in the Debet. But, me thinks, that you being a Man of Wit, Braine, Fore-ſtaſt and Forehead, ſhould not be ſo eaſie, (I will not ſay foolish, for that were a figure) as to lend a Philoſopher money, that cryes, when he is naked,

*Omnia*

*Omnia mea mecum porto.* Well Sir, I shall ever live to wish, that your owne Lanthorne may be your direction; and that, where ever you travell, the *Cornu copia* of Abundance may accompany you. Yes sure shall I. *Vive valeque.*

*Exit.*

*Tob.* Why look you Brother, It was thought, that I had a tender Pericranion; or, in direct Phrase, that I was an unthrifty fool. Signior no: you shall now find, that I cannot only keep mine own, but other mens. It is rightly said, He that is poor in Appetite, may quickly be rich in Purse. Desire little; covet little; no not your own: And you shall have enough.

*Cra.* Enough?

*Tob.* Yes Brother, little enough. I confess I am your Debtor for the loane of some hundred Marks. Now you have need: who has not? you have need to have it. I have need to pay it. Here's need of all hands. But Brother, you shall be no looser by me. Purchase Wit; Get wit (look you) wit. And Brother, if you come to the Court, now my Mother and my Father have bought me an Office there, so you will bring my Sister with you, I will make the best shew of you that I can. It may chance to set you up againe, Brother; tis many an honest mans fortune, to rife by a good Wife. Farewell sweet Brother. Prithee grow rich againe; and weare good Cloaths, that that we may keep our Acquaintance still. Farewell, deare Brother. *Exit.*

*Cra.* Mr. Rufflit —

*Ruff.* What, does thy fist gape for mony from me?

*Cra.* I hope it is not the fashion, for a Gallant of fashion, to break for so small a Portion as the summe of an hundred Angelis.

*Ruff.* For a Gallant of fashion to break, for a

Gallant of fashion? Dost thou know what a Gallant of fashion is? I'll tell thee. It is a thing that but once in three Moneths has money in his Purse; A creature made up of Promise and Protestation: A thing that foules other mens Napkins: towseth other Mens Sheets, flatters all he feares, contemns all he needs not, sterves all that serve him, and undoes all that trust him. Dost ask me mony, as I am a Gallant of fashion, I do thee Curtesie, I beat thee not.

*Cra.* I lent it you on your single word.

*Ruff.* Tis pittie but thou shouldest loose thy Freedom for it: you Tradesmen have a good Order in your City, Not to lend a Gentleman money without a Cittizen bound with him: But you forsooth scorne Orders! By this light, tis pitty thou loosest not thy Freedome for it. Well, when I am flush, thou shalt feel from mee, Farewell. Prithee learne to have some witt. A handsome st freight young fellow, grown into a pretty Bear, with a proper bodyed Woman to his Wife, and cannot beare a Braine! Farewell. Dost heare? Be rul'd by me, Get money, do, Get money and keep it; wouldst thrive? Be rather a knave then a Fool. How much dost say I owe thee?

*Cra.* Fifty pound.

*Ruff.* Thou art in my Debt. I have given thee Counsell worth threeskore, Dog-cheap, well I'll rent the odde mony.

*Exit.*

*Lin.* Strange mad fellows these fame, Mr. *Crasie*, me thinks to deale withall.

*Cra.* You are right Mr. *Linzie wolzie*? I would my Genius had directed me, to deale alwayes with such honest neighbourly men as your selfe. I hope you will not deny me a Curtesie.

*Linj.* Not I, I protest, what is it?

*Cra.* You took once a Jewell of me, which you sold

sold for thirty pound, for which I have your Bond for sixty, at your day of mariage. If you will now, because I want present money, give me but twenty pound, I'll acquit you.

*Lin.* My good friend Mr. *Crasie*, I have no tricks and Jerks to come over you as the witty Gentleman had ere while: But I know a plaine bargaine is a plaine bargaine: and wit is never good till it be bought. If twentie pound will pleasure you, upon good security I will procure it you. A hundred if you please, do you mark Mr. *Crasie*? On good security. Otherwise you must pardon me, Mr. *Crasie*. I am a poore Tradesman Mr. *Crasie*, keep both a Linnen and a Wollen Drapers shop, Mr. *Crasie*, according to my name, Mr. *Crasie*, and would be loth to lend my money, Mr. *Crasie*, to be laught at among my Neighbours, Mr. *Crasie*, as you are Mr. *Crasie*. And so fare you wel, Mr. *Crasie*. *Exit.*

*Cra.* Is this the end of unsuspicious Freenesse? Are open hands of Clearfull Pietie, A helpfull bounty, and most easie Goodnesse, Rewarded thus? Is, to be honest, term'd to be a fool? Respect it Heaven. Beare up still merry heart. Droop not: But scorne the worlds unjust despising. *Who through Goodnesse sinks, his fall's his Rising.*

*Enter Jeremy.*

O Master, Master, upon my knowledge, my Mistres is forced since your departure to be

*Cra.* What *Jeremy*?

*Ier.* Honest Sir. Get up your Debts as fast as you can abroad: For on my understanding (which great *Love* knowes is but little) shee will take up more then your due at home easily.

*Cra.* Boy. Didst never observe at the Court gate,

that the Lord was no sooner off from his Horseback but the Lackey got up into the Saddle and rode home.

*Ter.* Yes Sir, tis common.

*Cra.* I scorne not my Betters Fortune. And what is not my finne, shall never be my shame.

*Ter.* Introth I was faine to make my selfe an Asse, or else I had been tempted to have been a knave.

*Cra.* Boy, thou art now my Prentice. From hence be free. Poverty shall serve it selfe. Yet do one thing for me.

*Ter.* If it be in the power of my poore Sconce.

*Car.* If ever it be in thy possible ability, wrong all Men, use thy wit, to abuse all things, that have but fence of wrong. For without mercie, all men have injur'd thy mistrustles Master, Milk'd my thoughts from my heart, and money from my Purse, and, last, laught at my Credulity. Cheat, chosen, live by thy Wits: Tis most manly, therefore most noble. Horses get their living by their Backs, Oxen by their necks, Swine and Women by their Flesh. Only man by his Braine. In briefe be a knave and prosper: For honesty has beggerd me.

*Ter.* Farewell Master. And if I put tricks upon some of them, let the end of the Comedie demonstrate.

*Exit.*

*Cra.* I am resolv'd I will revenge. I never provok'd my braine yet. But now if I clap not fire in the tayles of some of these Samsons Foxes — seems my defect of Fortune want of wit? Noe. The sence of our flight sports confess'd shall have, That any may be rich, will be a knave.

*A C T*

*ACT. II. Scene I.*

*Sarpego, Tobias.*

*A Purse*

*Sar.* Egregious and most great of Expectation, my right dignified and truly *Ciceronian Pupill*, now that I have brought you into the Amœne fields with my ready thankfullnesse for the loane of this ten pound, I commit you to the grace of Court.

*Tob.* I shall expect that money shortly. Care to send it; For I purchas'd my place at a rack'd recompence.

*Sar.* Your *Sarpego* is no slipperie Companion. You know I am to marry, and this money shall provide me Complements.

*Sis bonus o fælixque tuis. I pede fausto.*

*Exit Tob.*

*Enter Cramby like a lame Souldier.*

*Cra.* Belov'd of *Phæbus*, Minion of the Muses, deare Water Bayley of *Helicon*, let it not be distastfull to thy Divine eares, to receive the humble Petition of a poore Creature, made miserable by the policie of Providence. That thy rare and absolute Munificence might supply what fortune had left defective: I kisse thy learned toes.

*Sar.* I tell thee, by the Axiomes of the Peripateticall *Aristotle*, thou art a Monster. My reward shall be therefore like thy selfe, monstrously lame. This is a figure in Eloquution call'd *Apoxegesis*.

*Cra.* I am not fed with Figures Sir.

\* VOL I.

B 4

*Sar.*

*Sar.* You are an idle vagabond, and lye in wait for the blood of the learned. Labour, and live.

*Cra.* Right eloquent and well-phras'd Sir, my education has been liberall. I sometimes fed my flock on horned Parnassus: But my wants forc'd me to my Sword. *He shews his blade halfe way.*

*Sar.* You did peradventure sit on the top of Science, *Primoribus labijs*, or so, but did not convert it in *Succum & sanguinem*.

*Cra.* That I may ever remaine a true man.—  
Extend. *He drawes.*

The Sun, Moon and the seven Planets are my invoked witnessses, I should be grieved, that necessity should make me grow violent on so adored, adorned Grammaticall Disciplinary—Be gracious in Contribution—Sir—

*Sar.* I will give thee an infinite treasure. *Sis integer vita, scelerisque purus.* Vale poore Rogue.

*Cra.* Sir, this Sword can bite —But, I know you had rather give it freely out of your own Proclivitie.

*Sar.* Yes I protest, as I am Erudite. Here dreadfull *Mavortian*, the poor price of a Dinner.

*Car.* If I might in modesty importune the poore price of a Supper too.

*Sar.* I do speake it in the Optative Mood, I do wish it lay in the modell of my Fortune to give harbour to your shaken state, yet receive this with appeased clutch.

*Cra.* If I might not seem audacious even to impudence, I poore Freshman in Literature, would implore of your well-falld, & best season'd vertue, some larger allowance to supply my defects of Rayment, Books, and other necessaries: which magnificence shall ever intitle you, my most bounteous *Mecenas*. Be induc'd to it Sir. *Flourish*

*Sword over him.*

*Sar.*

*Sar.* Yes, yes, yes, that you may know how deare you are to me; Know this is more then usuall largeſſe — for *non omnibus dormio* — There's a Figure too.

*Cra.* O yes Sir, I understand this Figure too very well. Now deare *Mecenas*, let me implore a Purſe to incloſe theſe Monyes in — Nay if you impart not with a chearfull forhead, Sir *Sword* againe.

*Sar.* *Væ misero mihi!* sweet Purſe adieu. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

*Cra.* May you be importun'd to do it, Sir. *Sword.*

*Sar.* You ſhall have it iſtantly. I will only deprome, or take out a little ſtuffing firſt.

*Cra.* Tis no matter. As it is, As it is, good Sir, as it is. Ile accept it as it is. Moſt fragrant-phrased Master, ſuffer thy ſelfe to be intreated. Doe — *Sword.*

*Sar.* You have moſt powerfully perſwaded: Take it.

*Cra.* Moſt exorbitantly bounteous *Mecenas*, you have given me all this, have you not?

*Sar.* Yes, yes, and you have taken all that, have you not?

*Cra.* Yes, yes, but as your gift. *Iove* bleſſe thy browes, and make cleer thy Phisnomy. *Vale.* Your learned Worſhip ſtincks.

*Sar.* Now Barbarifme, Incongruity, *Crafie* falls and falſe Orthography shame thee; *back.*

The curse of *Prifcian* take thee. All the parts of ſpeech defie thee. All the Interjections of ſorrow, as *Heu hei*, of Shunning, as *Apage*; of Disdaining, as *Hem vah*; of Scorning, as *Hui*; of Exclaiming, as *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem* take thee. My deare Pupils lendings haſt thou lewdly lick'd away: And ſorrowfull *Sarpego* is lick'd dry. There's a figure leſt yet! But o thou Caſtalion Traytor, *Pick-*

*Bri.* A fair-spoken, comely, modest Gentleman he is.

*Iof.* Is he so? I'le speak with no modest Gentleman: You were best be his Bawd. But are you sure he is a true Gentleman? does he weare clean Linnen, and lack Money?

*Bri.* Here he comes forsooth.

Enter *Crafy, like a Physitian.*

*Iof.* He is very confident, and forward, me thinks.

*Cra.* Exquisite; very Elixir of Beauty, vouchsafe to receive the tender of my Faith to you; which I protest is zealously devoted to your particular service.

*Iof.* You may speak lowder Sir: for I assure you, my Mayd is very thick of hearing, and exceeding weake sighted.

*Cra.* Then, Lady, let it be spoken in bold phrase, I love you.

*Iof.* I thank you Sir. How should I stile you, pray?

*Cra.* My name is *Pulse-feel*: A poor Doctor of Physick, that weares three-pile velvet in his Cap; has paid a quarters rent of his house afore-hand; and as meanly as he stands here, was made Doctor beyond the Seas. I vow (as I am right Worshipfull) the taking of my Degree cost me twelve French crowns, and five and thirty pound of salt Butter in upper *Germany*. I can make your beauty, and preserve it; Rectifie your Body, and maintain it; perfume your skin; tint your haire; enliven your Eye; Heighten your Appetite. As for Gellies, Dentifrices, Diets, Minerall Fucusses, Pomatum, Fumes, Italian Masks to sleep in, either to moysten, or dry the Superficies of your face;

face ; paugh, *Gallen* was a Goose, and *Paracelſus* a Patch to Doctor *Pulse-ſeeſt*. Make me then happy, deare sweeting, in your private favours : The which I vow with as much ſecrefie, conſtanſie and Reſoluſion, to preſerve, as you, with Bounty, ſweetneſſe and Freenes ſhall impart.

*Iof.* I protest you ſpeak very farre within me ; I reſpect you moſt affectionatly.

*Cra.* Then Ile attend you at your Chamber : where the beſt pleaſure, youth, *Cupid* can miſter ſhall entartaine you.

*Iof.* Entertain me with pleaſure ? what pleaſure I pray you ?

*Cra.* Nothing but kiffe you Lady, and ſo forth.

*Iof.* Well, for kiffing and ſo forth, I care not ; But look for no diſhonesty at my hands, I charge you.

*Cra.* I will be provident.

*Iof.* And honest, I beſeech you : And ſecret, and reſolute, I aduife you.

*Cra.* Good.

*Iof.* And very chaſt I command you. But a kiffe, and ſo forth.

*Cra.* I understand you. This be my pledg of faith. *Kiffe.*

*Iof.* And this of mine. —— The thought of me reſt with you. And heare you Doctor ; I prithee procure me ſome young Fellow, that can write : For I am ſo troubled with Letters, that I neither read nor anſwer ——

*Cra.* Rely upon me. I can fit you rarely. I know a well qualifieſ fellow, that danceth rarely, playes on diuers Instruments, and withall is cloſe.

*Iof.*

*Iof.* I marry, Close! Pray let me have him.  
Kisse and adiew. *Exit.*

*Cra.* I will maintain it. He only, that knows it, permits, and procures it, is truly a Cuckold. Some fellow would be divorc'd now. *Crasie*, speak; wilt be divorc'd? why, what and I were? why then thou art an Asse, *Crasie*. Why Sir? why Sir! why prithee tell me, what would thy Divorce hurt her? It would but give her more liberty. Shee should have bounteous Customers; Gallants, that would hoist her tires, bestow deep on her. And she should be paid for't. You speak somewhat to the matter Sir. Nay *Crasie*, believe it, though she be not a very modest woman for a Wife, thou mayst force her to be a reasonable private wench for a Whore. Say you so? Birlady, and I'le take your Counsell. 'Tis a pretty Drabb. I know not where to compasse such another? troth Sir, I'le follow your advice.

And, if my hopes prove not extreamly ill,  
I'le keep her flesh chaste, though against her will.

*Enter Crack singing.*

*Crac.* *He tooke her by the middle so small*  
*And laid her on the Plain:*  
*And when he had his will on her,*  
*He took her up againe.*

And what was she then the worse for wearing?  
Can you tell Mr. Doctor?

*Cras.* What art thou?

*Crac.* One Sir (I dare tell you in private) that can conduct you to a more lovely Creature, then her you last courted.

*Cras.* A young Pimpe, a very fucking-pig Pimpe!  
What

What an Age is this, when children play at such great game ! So young, so forward !

*Crac.* Sings.

*The young and the old mun too't, mun too't,  
The young and the old mun to it ;  
The young ones will learn to do't, to do't,  
And the Old forget not to do it.*

*Cras.* This Infant piece of Impudence amazes me. Prithee what art thou ? or whom dost thou serve, or broke for.

*Crac.* As delicate a piece of Woman-flesh as ever Mortall laid lip to. O she is all *Venus* ! And, to come close to you, shee wants a Physician. You are one I take it : I am a foole else.

*Cras.* I am catch'd ? This habite will betray me. What is shee, I say.

*Crac.* Sings.

*O she is, she is a matchlesse piece,  
Though all the world may woe her ;  
Nor golden showre, nor golden fleece,  
Is price enough to do her.*

*Cras.* For what wants she a Physitian ?

*Crac.* For what you please, when you come to her. Sir, upon my life, shee's free from any Disease, but the Counterfeits. Will you know all Sir ? she wants a wife mans counsell to assist her in getting a Husband. I take hold of you for that wife man, shee relies upon my Election. Will you go Sir ? Tis in an exceeding civil house ; a precise one, indeed. Know you not Mr. *Linsey Woolsey* ?

*Cras.*

*Craf.* Not at his house?

*Crac.* Pardon me Sir. At his very house. All the wife wenches i'the Town will thwack to such Sanctuaries, when the times are troublesome, and Troopers trace the streets in terror.

*Craf.* Prithee, what call'ſt thy Miftres?

*Crac.* There ſhe lies Sir, by the name of Miftreſſe *Tryman*; a rich young Corniſh Widdow; though ſhe was borne in *Clearken-well*; and was never halfe a dayes Journey from *Bride well* in her life. Her Father was a Pinn-maker—Sings.

*Along along, where the Gallants throng  
By twenties, away the Widow to carry:  
But let them tarry: For ſhee will carry  
Twenty, before that one ſhe will Marry.*

Will you along Sir?

*Craf.* Tis but a weak ingagement: yet Ile goe; Needlefleſſe are feares, where Fortunes are fo low.

*Exeunt.*

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## *ACT II. Scene III.*

*Enter Ticket and Ruffit.*

*Tic.* A Widdow? what is ſhee? or of whence?

*Ruff.* A lustie young wench, they ſay: A Corniſh Girle; able to wrastle downe stronger Chines then any of ours.

*Tic.* But how is the purf'd *Jack*? Is ſhe strong that way?

*Ruff.*

*Ruff.* Prettie well for a younger Brother ; worth 7 or 8 thousand pound.

*Tic.* How man !

*Ruff.* You are a married man, and cannot Rivall me ; I would not else be so open to you.

*Tic.* I sweare Ile help thee all I can. How didst find her out ?

*Ruff.* I have intelligence, that never failes me ; shee came to town neither but very lately ; and lodg'd at Mr. *Wolseys*.

*Tic.* Who, *Linsy wolse*, the Hermaphroditical Draper ! That's a precious Nott-headed Rascall. Hee'll goe neare to ayme at her himselfe.

*Ruff.* Like enough. He may aime at her : But shee will be hit by none but a Gentleman, that I heare too. Oh shee has a fierce Ambition to a Ladyship, though her late Husband was a tanner.

*Tic.* A Tanner, well *Jack*, take heed how thou ventur'ft on her to make her a Gentlewoman : She will kill thee at her Husbands occupation before thou wilt be able to make her Hide gentle. Thou wilt find a tough peece of Curriers work on her. Look who here is.

*Enter Toby, and Linsey-wolse.*

*Lin.* Truly Mr. *Toby Sneakup*, me thinks I find an alteration in my selfe already.

*Tob.* Nay, I told you ; wóuld you but give your Mind to it, you would be a Gentleman quickly.

*Tic.* How's this ? let's stand aside a little.

*Ruff.* Sure, hee's about to turne himselfe into a Gentleman to winne to the Widdow !

*Tic.* And what a Tutor he has pickt out to instruct him !

*Lin.* Me thinks I love the name of a Gentleman a great deale better then I did.

*Tob.* But could you find in your heart to lend a Gentleman a score of Angells, Mr. *Wolsey*, on his word?

*Lin.* Uhm — It is not gone so farre upon me yet.

*Tob.* Oh, but it must though, I know it. A Cittizen can never be a Gentleman, till he has lent all, or almost all his money to Gentlemen. What a while it was ere the rich Joyners son was a Gentleman? when I my selfe was a Gentleman first, my mony did so burne in my Pockets, that it cost me all that ever I had, or could borrow, or steal from my Mother.

*Lin.* But Mr. *Toby*, a man may be a Countrey Gentleman, and keep his money, may he not?

*Tob.* You see Sir, This Widdow is remov'd from the Countrey into the City, to avoyd the multiplicity of Country Gentlemen that were here fuitors. Nay you must be a Citty Gallant; or a Courtier.

*Lin.* I see no Courtiers, but are more apt to borrow, then to lend.

*Tob.* I, those that were born, or bred Courtiers I grant you, But to come to't at your yeares —

*Lin.* I can the sooner learne. Your Courtier Sir, I pray.

*Tob.* Ile tell you in a briefe character was taught me. Speake nothing that you mean, performe nothing that you promise, pay nothing that you owe, flatter all above you, scorne all beneath you, deprave all in private, praise all in publike; keepe no truth in your mouth, no faith in your heart; no health in your bones, no friendship in your mind, no modesty in your eyes, no Religion in your conscience; but especially no Money in your Purse.

*Lin.* O that Article spoyles all.

*Tob.*

*Tob.* If you do, take heed of spending it on any thing but Panders, Puncks, and Fidlers ; for that were most unfashionable.

*Lin.* I thank you Sir, for your Courtly and Gentlemanlike instructions, and wish you grace to follow them : I have seen too fearfull an example lately in my neighbour *Crafy*, whose steps I list not trace ; nor lend my Money to be laught at among my Neighbours. Fare you well Sir. —

*Tob.* Ha ha ha.

*Ruff.* Mr. *Wolfie* ! Well met. How does your faire Guest at home, Mrs. *Tryman* ? *Ticket* talks

*Lin.* How should he come to *aside with* the knowledge of her ? Some of *Toby*. these Gallants will snatch her up, if I prevent not speedily.

*Ruff.* Why speak you not Mr. *Wolfie* ? How does the Widow ?

*Lin.* Truly not well Sir. Whether it be weariness of her journey, change of ayre, or dyet, or what I know not ; someting has distemperd her.

*Ruff.* Or Love, perhaps of you Mr. *Wolfie*.

*Lin.* Me ? Alasse, I look like no such Gentleman.

*Ruff.* You may in a short time. *They two* Harke hither Mr. *Wolfie*. *go aside.*

*Tic.* We overheard you man : And I guest as much before.

*Tob.* Tis very true Sir, shee is worth nine thousand pound : But marry she will not'but a Gentleman : And I think I have beat him off o'th condition, I have put him off o' that scent for ever, with a false character, Heaven and the Court forgive me.

*Tic.* Thou hast introth Boy : And on purpose to have her thy selfe, I perceive it.

*Tob.* He does not, He's an Asse.

*Tic.* Well, if I were a Batchelor, I shou'd envy thy wit, and thy fortune. Is she very handsome?

*Tob.* So so : You shall see wee'll make a shift with her.

*Ruff.* Mr. *Wolsie*, I would you had her with all my heart ; you shall not want my good word and best wishes.

*Lin.* Do you speak this in earnest Sir, or as you are a Courtier.

*Ruff.* In earnest I, and as I am a Gentleman.

*Lin.* Then in earnest, and as I am an honest man, I do not beleieve you. Mr. *Toby Sneakup* has told me what Gentlemen and Courtiers are, too lately.

*Ruff.* Mr. *Sneakup* well met.

*Tob.* Good Mr. *Rufflit*.

Enter *Crack* singing.

*Now faire Mayds lay downe my Bed,*  
*And draw the Curtaines round :*  
*Tell the World that I am dead,*  
*And who hath given the wound,*  
*Ah me poor Soul !*  
*Alack for love I dye,*  
*Then to the Sexton hie,*  
*And cause the Bell to towle.*

*Crac.* O here he is ! Mr. *Wolsie*, indeed my Master *Wolsie*, if ever you will see my Mistres your Sweetheart alive, you must goe home prentently.

*Lin.* My Sweetheart !

*Crac.* I think shee is ; and that in death she will be so. I speak by what she fayes, and others think.

*Tob.* Tis the Widows Boy.

*Lin.* Is she ficker then she was.

*Crac.* O shee is even speechlesse, and calls for you

you exceedingly. I fetcht a Doctor to her, and he can do her no good. Master *Sarpego* has made her Will and all.

*Lin.* Has shee given me anything?

*Crac.* Quickly goe and see Sir, you will come too late else, I am going to get the Bell to towle for her.

*Lin.* Fare ye well Gentlemen.

*Tob.* *Tic. Ruff.* Nay, wee'll along with you.

*Crac.* Sing.

*Exeunt.*

*Did never truer heart  
Out of the world depart,  
Or cause the Bel to towle.* Exit.

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### *ACT. III. Scene I.*

*Enter in the Tryman, attended by Isabell, Jone, Crafy, with an Urinall.*

*Isa.* **L**ook up Mistres.

*Jo.* Take a good heart, the worst is past, feare not.

*Try.* Ah, ah, ah.

*Isa.* Reach the Bottle againe of Doctor *Stephens* water.

*Cra.* No no, apply more warme cloaths to her stomack, there the matter lyes which fends this distemperature into her braine. Be of good cheer Gentlewoman.

*Try.* Is Mr. *Wolfe* there?

*Isa.* Nothing but Mr. *Wolfe* ever in her mouth.

*Jo.* Pray Sir, how do you like her? I am much affraide of her.

*Craf.* Let me see, to night it will be full Moon. And she scape the turning of the next Tyde, I will give her a gentle Vomit in the morning, that shall ease her stomack of this conflux of venomous humours, and make her able to sit a hunting Nag within this sennight.

*Fo.* A rare man sure. And, I warrant, well seen in a Woman.

*Try.* Uh, uh, uh, uh. *Cough and spit.*

*Craf.* Well sayd, spit out gently, straine not yourselfe too hard.

*Try.* Agh — fagh.

*Craf.* Tis very well done. La' you. Her colour begins to come. Ile lay all my skill to a messe of Tewksbury Mustard, shee sneezes thrice within these three houres —

*Enter Linfy-wolfe.*

*Lin.* Good Sir want nothing, that your skill shall approve necessary in this time of need. Good Wives and kinde Neighbours, I thanke you for your cares.

*Try.* Is Mr. *Wolfe* there?

*Is'a.* She does nothing but call for you Sir, pray speak to her.

*Try.* Where's Mr. *Wolfe*.

*Lin.* Here Lady. How do you?

*Try.* Then I am even well me thinks—agh—agh—

*Lin.* Shee's very farr gone I feare, how do you find her disease Sir?

*Craf.* Dangerous enough Sir. For shee is sicker in minde then in body. For I finde most plainly the effects of a deep melancholly, falne through her distemperature of passion upon her Liver; much disordering, and withall wasting the vitals, leaving scarce matter for Physick to worke on. So that

that her minde receiving the first hurt, must receive the first cure.

*Try.* Agh agh ah — pagh fagh — *Cough up in a Bason*

*Craf.* So so : Straine not your selfe too hard. No hurt ; so so.

Here's melancholly and choller both in plenty.

*Jo.* He speaks with great reason, me thinks, and to the purpose, I would I understood him.

*Craf.* Do you not know, Sir, any that has offended her by open injury, or unkindnesse ?

*Lin.* Alas Sir, no such thing could happen since her coming hither.

*Craf.* Then, on my life, tis Love that afflicts her.

*Try.* Oh oh uh oh —

*Craf.* I have toucht her to the quick. I have found her disease, and that you may prove the abler Doctor in this extremity.

*Lin.* Who I ? Alas I beleeve no such matter.

*Try.* Mr. *Wolfe*, Mr. *Wolfe*.

*Craf.* Here he is Lady. Pray speak your minde to him. Must I pull you to her ? Here he is. What do you say to him ? Pray speak.

*Try.* Oh no, no no no —

*Craf.* She hath something troubles her that concernes onely you. Pray take her by the hand, do as I intreat you. Lady we will go, and leave you in private awhile, if you please.

*Try.* Pray do. O but do not, pray do not.

*Craf.* Do you perceive nothing in this passion of hers ?

How does she feel your hand ?

*Lin.* O, she does so quiddle it, shake it, and gripe it !

*Craf.* You are then the man Sir, the happy man. Fox she shall recover suddenly.

*Lin.* Who I ? Alack a day.

*Try.* What will you have me dye intestate. Is not my Will made, as I directed?

*Io.* Where are you *Mr. Sarpego*, with the Will.

*Enter Sarpego, Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.*

*Sar.* *Ad manum.* Sweet Buds of Generosity, forbear: you may *Admirare*, at the abundance here specified: But not find a Legacie bequeath'd among you.

*A Will.*

*Tic.* We expect nothing.

*Ruff.* I only wish your health, Lady; and that it may, or might have been my happiness to sue to you for Love; as I do now to the highest power for Life.

*Tob.* Would I were married to her, as shee is; and twere but for an hower, I car'd not. Had my mother been but aquainted with her, before shee fell sick, here had been a match!

*Sar.* *O Dij immortales!* A rich Widdow shall have Suiters on her Death-bed.

*Try.* Good Sir, It is too late to speak *To* of these things. I only crave and wish *Ruff.* your prayers in your absence: This place can yield no pleasure to you I know. *Mr. Wolsey*, pray your hand againe: I could be even content to live me thinks, if I had but such a man as you to my Huh, uh, uh, uh.— *Shee Coughes.*

*Craf.* By your leave. Pray by your leave. Help Women. Beare up her Body a little. Bow it forwards. So, speak to her, Sir. Good Lady drink of this Cordyal.

*She drinckes.*

*Lin.* How do you now forsooth?

*Craf.* What now shee is drinking ——Now speake Sir, you or no man must do her good.

*Lin.* How do you forsooth?

*Craf.* Well said Sir, speak chearfully to her.

*Lin.*

*Lin.* How dee doe? how dee doe, Mistris *Tryman*? How ist now, ha?

*Tic.* Very comfortably spoken!

*Ruff.* I, was it not?

*Lin.* Alas shee cannot speak. I'll call my Neighbour Mistres *Sneakup*. If any body can make her speak, 'tis shee.

*Tob.* I'll call my Mother for you. Shee will make her speak, if shee have but a word left in her belly —— Mass here shee comes.

*Enter Pyannet and Iosina.*

*Py.* How comes it Mr. *Wolsey*, that you have a Gentlewoman sick in your house, and not send for me? Let me feel her hand. Alasse she is shrewdly distemper'd. When had shee a stoole Sir, Prithee Daughter step home to my Closet, and bring the Viall of —— my owne Water, which stands next to my blew Velvet Cabinet.

*Iof.* That's my Doctor was with me to day

*Exit.*

*Py.* Shee's a young Gentlewoman; may have many Children yet, let me note her eyes: I finde nothing there. When did you see her water Mr. Doctor?

*Craf.* What Devill sent this fury among us?

*Py.* In troth I beshrew you, Mr. *Wolsey*, you sent not for me, but I hope I come not too late. Pluck up a Womans heart, you shall find a good Neighbour of me.

*Try.* I will thank you in my Will. I shall not live to thank you otherwife.

*Py.* Alas talk not of your will. You shall have time enough to think of that many yeares hence.

*Craf.* I tell her so, Lady, yet shee calls for it still.

*Try.*

*Try.* Pray let me see it, that I may signe it. *Uh Uh* —

*Py.* Lord how my Daughter stayes. Good Sir *Andrew Ticket!* worthy Mr. *Rufflit!* My Sonne *Tobias* is highly honor'd in your noble Acquaintance and Courtly conversation.

*Tic.* We rather hold our selves dignified, in being his indear'd Companions.

*Tob.* I assure you Mother, we are the three of the Court.

*Py.* I most intirely thank you for him. And I do beseech you make your selves no strangers to my poor house. Wee are alone; can give but light entertainement, my Daughter and I; since my Sonne *Crafies* misfortune drove him from us —

*Enter Iofina with a Viall.*

O welcome Daughter — I beseech you noble Sirs estrange not your selves to us, your Servants.

*Cra.* Pox o'your Complement.

*Py.* Give me the Viall Daughter. Take up the Lady. Tast of this. It is a Composition of mine owne distilling. *Try. drinks.*

*Try.* Uh, uh, uh, umh —

*Py.* Well done. Nay it will make you break wind, I tell you.

*Ticket and Rufflit Court Iofina.*

*Tic.* By the service I owe you sweet Mistres, tis unfained. My Wife desires to see you.

*Ruff.* As I can best witnesse; And feares you enjoy not the libertie of a Woman, since your Husbands departure. Your Brother having promis'd too to conduct you to Court.

*To.* It is confess, and I will do it.

*Tic.*

*Tic.* Where the best entertainment a poore Ladyes chamber can afford, shall expect you.

*Iof.* I shall embrace it.

*Craf.* Sfoot, tis time to part you——Mistres, I beseech your help, joyn'd with your vertuous Mothers.

*He pulls her aside.*

*Iof.* You forget the young man, that can Dance Write, and keep Counsell.

*Craf.* I forget you not Lady. But I wish you to beware of these Courtiers, till I tell you what they are.

*Ruff.* I'll be hang'd if this Doctor be not of her smock Counsell.

*Py.* How is it now, good heart?

*Try.* Much enlightened, I thank Heaven and you. Now, pray, read Sir my *Will*.

*Sar.* *In Dei nomine. Amen.*

*Tic.* O let us heare the Will.

*Sar.* I Jane Tryman of Knockers hole, in the County of Cornwall, Widdow, Sick in Body, but whole in Mind, and of perfect memory, do make my last Will and Testament, in Manner and Forme following.

*Craf.* As for the Manner and Forme tis no matter. To the Legacies, briefly.

*Sar.* Hum hum. *Imprimis*, A Dole of Bread to be given to the Poore of this Parish——five pound.

*Try.* Stay. This I intreat of you *Mr. Wolsey*, that whether I live or dye, this Dole may be given to morrow. It was the Charge of my Mother to see it done; Saying, it was better to take the Prayers of the Poore with me, then leave them to be sent after.

*Lin.* It shall be done: and you, I hope, shall see it.

*Sar.* To *Mr. Sarpego*, the Writer hereof, A Mourning

Mourning Gown, and forty pound, to Preach at the Funeral.

*Lin.* How! forty pound?

*Sar.* *Di boni!* No. Tis forty shillings. *Item* to my Nephew, Sir *Marmaduke Trevaughan* of St. *Minever*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Nephew Mr. *Francis Trepton*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Kinsman, Sir *Stephen Leggleden*, I do forgive two thousand pound, for which his Lands are Mortgaged to me. *Item* to his Daughter, my God-daughter *Jane Leggleden*, five hundred pound in money; my best Bason and Ewer; two silver Flaggon Pots, and three silver and gilt standing Cups. *Item* to the poore of the Parish of *Knockers-hole*, ten pound, and forty pound towards the reparation of their Church. *Item* to Mr. *Linsay wolsey* the Ring, which was my Wedding Ring, and fifty other Rings, with severall stones in my Trunk, in his house, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. *Item* to all his servants, and to the Women that attended me in my sicknesse, five pound a piece.

*Jone.* Now the Lord receive her to his mercy.

*Ifa.* My Legacy will save her life; for never any body dyed yet, that bequeathed me any thing.

*Sar.* *Item*, to my Page *Jeffery Crack* forty pound. And all my other Servants ten pound a peice. *Item* to my Neece *Barbara Tredrite* five hundred pound; my second Bason and Ewer, a dozen of silver Dishes, and four dozen of silver Spoones. Lastly, all the rest of my Lands, Jewels, Plate, Money, Debts, Moveables and Unmoveables, to my dear and loving Brother, Sir *Gregory Flamsted*, whom I make my full Executor. *In cuius rei testimonium, &c.* This is the briefe of it.

*Try.* Tis well. Onely add to it—*Uh--* A Gold Chaine also in my Trunk to this vertuous Gentlewoman

woman. And another Chaine, that is there of Pearle, to her Daughter. To this learned Doctor twenty pound. And to the Gentlemen which have visted me, for them and their freinds an hundred pound to be spent in a Banckquet.

*Sar.* *Hoc nihil refert.* I must write all over againe then.

*Try.* Do so then. And make your forty shillings five pound.

*Sar.* *Gratias vel ingentes ago.* It shall be done—

*Exit.*

*Try.* Now Mr. *Wol sie*, and your vertuous Neighbour here, I intreat, that when I have signed this Will, that you keep it til my Brother comes to Town. This Doctor shall direct you in all. And that he may be the better able so to do, I desire you all that I may a while be private with him.

*Omnes.* With all our hearts.

*Exeunt omnes*

*præter Craſy,*

*Try.* Are they all gone?

*Tryman.*

Now Mr. Doctor, what think you of the sick Widow? Has she done her part hitherto?

*Craſy.* Beyond my expectation! Better then I for a Doctor.

*Try.* You are right. And I am even the same for a Widow as you for a Doctor. Do not I know you? Yes good Mr. *Craſy*. I dare trust you, because you must trust me. Therefore know, that I the rich Widow am no better, then a Lady that must live by what I beare about me. The vulgar translation you know, but let them speak their pleasure, I have no Lands, and since I am borne, must be kept, I may make the best of my owne, and if one member maintaine the whole body, what's that to any one?

*Craſy.* I collected as much by your young Whiskin that brought me hither.

*Try.*

*Try.* It was by my direction that he did so. And, by my Instructions, he has had an Eye upon you in all your disguises ever since your pretended Journey out of Towne. Nay startle not, nor muse at my acquaintance with you. I have had you in my Purlews, before you were a Freeman: And will hereafter give you certaine tokens of it. In the mean time, if you comply with me, you can be no looser by it. I am grown weary of my old course; and would faine, by wiser, do my selfe good, before Age or Diseases make it too late.

*Cra.* I will work cloſe and friendly with thee. Therefore say, this rich Cockscombe is thine owne. O here comes your Pigg-wiggen.

*Try.* He is of Counfell, and one of us. He is indeed my Brother, and has been one of the true blew Boyes of the Hospitall; one of the sweet fingers to the City Funeralls with a two penny loafe under his arme.

*Crac.* Well: He never fung to the wheele in Saint Brides Nunnery yonder.

*Try.* Nay *Jeff*, be not angry; thou haſt fung to the Organs I know, till fearing their downfall, thou betookſt thy ſelfe into my more certaine ſervice. All freinds, good *Jeff*.

*Craf.* Yes, yes, we muſt all agree, and be linckt in Covenant together.

*Crac.* By Indenture Tripartite, and't please you, like *Subile*, *Doll*, and *Face*.

*Craf.* Witty *Jeff*. I cannot ſee which can be ſpar'd from the reſt, leaſt the whole trade break.

*Crack* ſings.

*Then let us be freinds, and moſt freindly agree.*  
*The Pimp and the Punck and the Doctor are three,*  
*That cannot but thrive, when united they be.*

*The Pimp brings in cuſtome, the Punck ſhee gets*  
*treasure,*

*Of*

*Of which the Physician is sure of his measure,  
For work that she makes him in sale of her pleasure.  
For which, when she failes by diseases or paine,  
The Doctor new Vamps and upsets her againe.*

*Craf.* Thou art a brave Lad, and in the high way of preferment.

*Crac.* Not the high *Holborne* way I hope Sir.

*Craf.* And for you Damfell, as I sayd before, say to your selfe, the Match is yours.

*Try.* I mean to say, and know it shortly. Some three dayes hence all may be compleated. Now draw the Curtaines ; and follow your affaires, while I put on my sick Face againe. *Uh, uh, uh.*

*They put in the Bed, and withdraw all.*

*Exeunt.*

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*ACT. III. Scene II.*

*Enter Sarpego.*

*Sar.* **N**ow could I Accost that Catlinarian Traytor, that defeated me of my ten pound, I have a precogitated Oration should make him suspend himselfe. But *Abiit, evasit, erupit.* Or if the rich Widow would have dyed, there had been a supply. But she is nearer a Nuptiall, then a Funerall : And hopelesse Sarpego, that shoud wed, has not to furnish him to his intent, *Væ mihi misero nec Aurum, nec Argent—tum!* Here comes my Beatitude.

*Enter*

*Enter Bridget.*

*Bri.* O, are you here Sir? I was to seek you. My old Mistresse would speak with you instantly.

*Sar.* My Legitimate Spouse, when is our day of conjunction?

*Bri.* Our day of conjunction? Mary faugh Goodman Fiste. Our day of conjunction?

*Sar.* Did you not once vow you did love me?

*Bri.* Did not you once swear you had money?

*Sar.* *Hic jacet*, I am now but a dead man.

*Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Crafie*—like  
a Court-Messenger.

*Py.* O where's Mr. *Sarpego*? Fortunate Mr. *Sarpego*? Venerable Mr. *Sarpego*? O Sir, you are made. Never thinke under right worshipfull. Imagine nothing beneath Damasque Gownes, Velvet Jackets, Satten Sleeves, Silk Nightcaps, two Pages and a Footcloth.

*Sar.* The Son of *Phæbus* rectifie your Brainpan.

*Sne.* Indeed, and't shall please your Worship, it is —

*Py.* It is! What is it? You will be speaking, will you? And your Wife in presence, will you? you shew your bringing up. Master *Sarpego*, blesse the time that ever you knew the Progeny of the *Sneakups*: my worshipfull Son and Heire apparent hath preferred you to be the young Prince his Tutor. Here's *Mr. Holywater*, a Gentleman; of place, a Courtier; of Office, is sent for you.

*Craf.* Right fortunately-learned Sir. So passionately doth his Grace approve the Language, Literature, and Haviour of your sometimes Pupill, *Master Tobias Sneakup*.

*Sar.* Umh.

*Craf.* That I was, with all expedition, comded to intreat your instant Attendance.

*Sar.*

*Sar.* Umh Umh —

*Crasf.* 'Tis even so Sir; You are like to possess a Princes eare; you may be in place, where you may scorn your foes; countenance your friends; cherish vertue, controule vice, and despise fortune: Yes sure shall you Sir. And (which I had almost forgot) your old Pupill intreats you to send him by me the ten pound he lent you: An od ten pound, that he may be furnish'd with the more seemly Complements to conduct you to his Grace.

*Sar.* *Quid nunc?*

*Py.* Whist Mr. *Sarpego*. Let not your poverty be read in your face. Here's ten pieces. Bear it as your own payment: You talk of ten pound for my Son, Sir.

*Sar.* O, an od driblet. Here, Friend, I use not to carry Silver: Convey it in Gold.

*Bri.* I hope, dear Love, you will not forget your affection to me now.

*Sar.* Poor Maid, I will prefer thee to scratch my head; make my Bed; wash my Shirt, pick my toes, and evacuate my Chamberpot. I will instantly procure mee attire, fitting my fortune, and attend the Grace of Court — *Exit.*

*Bri.* Now am I but a dead woman.

*Crasf.* I am much griev'd for't. It was your sonnes much labouring, that Mr. *Crasfie* was sent for, to sell his Grace some Jewells: But since his fortunes are so funk that he hides his head, I can but lament his losse.

*Py.* Shall I tell you Sir, (pray you husband stand aside;) My Son-in-Law *Crasfie* is not now worth—his very wife. We hop'd he would have prov'd a crafty Merchant, and he prov'd an honest man, a Begger (if I chance to speak above your capacity, I pray tell me of it) And as I said, when I perceiv'd he began to melt, and that every

stranger abused him ; I, having some wit, fell too, and most cozen'd him my self. I look'd for my daughters good : And so betwixt us, found the trick to get, or steale from him two Jewells of good deep value, being indeed the main of his rest of Fortune. Now Sir, I come to you.

*Crasf.* I, now you come to the point.

*Py.* Right Sir : For there is no woman, though she use never so many by-words, but yet in the end she will come to the point. Now Sir, I having these Jewells, will send them by my husband. A poor easie weak man, as you see ; but very obedient in truth —

*Crasf.* By your husband.

*Py.* Yes, do you mark ? By my husband. But now note my wit : His Grace knows not *Crasfie* : My husband, habited like a Citizen, shall take the name of *Crasfie* upon him ; offer his Jewells to the Prince ; you shall present them ; praise them and raise them : His Graces payes ; my husband returns ; and we will share. Do you approve ?

*Crasf.* Nay admire.

*Py.* Away then. No Complement among good wits ; but away. Come your ways *Exit.* hither, good man ; Put off your hat ; Make a leg ; Look simply. Why so ! Pish, ne're tell me : He will make a rare Citizen. I have Jewells for you to carry to the Prince.

*Sneak.* Yes forsooth, I'le carry them.

*Py.* La ! you are so quick ! I have charg'd you not to shoot your bolt, before you understand your mark. And you shall carry them like a Citizen ; call your self *Crasfie* ; sell them at my price ; and now cast no further. You see the limits of your understanding. Now Sir, how will you bear your self to his Grace ? How behave your selfe at Court ?

*Sneak.* I hope I am not too wife to learne.

*Py.*

*Py.* Why, that was well spoken. Modest mistrust is the first step to knowledge. Remember that sentence. Now mark. I will instruct you: When you come at the Court gate, you may neither knocke nor pisse. Do you mark? You go through the Hall cover'd; through the great Chamber cover'd; through the Prefence bare; through the Lobby cover'd; through the Privy Chamber bare; through the Privy Lobby cover'd; to the Prince bare.

*Sneak.* I'le doe't I warrant you. Let me see. At the Court gate neither knock nor make water. May not a man break wind?

*Py.* Umh, yes: but (like the Exchequer pay-  
ment) somewhat abated.

*Sneak.* Through the great Chamber bare.

*Py.* Cover'd.

*Sneak.* Coverd? Well: Through the Prefence cover'd.

*Py.* Bare.

*Sneak.* Bare? I will put all downe in my Table-  
book, and con it by the way.

*Py.* Well thought on. Something he has in  
him like my husband! But now you come before  
the brow of Royalty. Now for your carriage there  
Sir: Suppose me the Prince. Come in, and present.  
Here sits the Prince. There enters the Jeweller.  
Make your honors. Let me see you do it hand-  
somly.

*Sneak.* Yes, now I come in; make my three  
legs—And then—

*Py.* Kneele.

*Sneak.* Yes; and say—

*Py.* What?

*Sneak.* Nay, that I know not.

*Py.* An't please your Grace, I have certain  
Jewells to present to your liking.

*Lin.* From whom I pray you? *Lin.*

*Cra.* Your sometimes neighbor Sir, M. *Crafy.* reads.

*Try.* It shall take effect, doubt not.

*Cra.* He scratches his head, though.

*Try.* He had as liefe part with his blood as his money.

*Lin.* M. *Crafy* writes to me for thirty pound; the value of a Ring I had of him. I grant I am to pay threescore at my day of Marriage. But we are all mortall. And who knowes whether I shall live till to morrow.

*Craf.* If not, Sir, your Bond is due to night: For it is equally payable at your hour of death.

*Lin.* O, but such payments never trouble a man. What the eye sees not —

*Try.* Are you in Bonds, M. *Woolfie*, for your day of Marriage?

*Lin.* Only for this sixty pound. 'Tis for that Ring you weare, and I gave you upon our Contract. 'Tis worth thirty pound ready mony.

*Try.* Then when you are married, you may say you paid the rest for your wife. Pray Sir make even such reckonings before you wed. It will shew nobly in you towards your poor Creditor, and be a speciall argument of your love to me, your wife. Pray discharge it, I shall not think you love me else.

*Lin.* Heark you Sir, if you will take thirty pound in full payment, and give me in my Bond, here is your mony. 'Tis your best course. Alas, I am an unlikely fellow for wedlock. What woman, thinke you, would bestow her self upon me, a stale Battchellor, unhandsome and poor—not worth above six or seven thousand pound? Do; take thirty pound.

*Craf.* If you please to befriend Mr. *Crafy* but with thirty pound, Ile set it receiv'd upon the Bond.

*afise.*  
Here

Here it is. And he shall demand no more till it be due.

*Try.* Pray Sir pay it all, and take in your Bond. You shall be married within these two dayes ; to morrow, if you please : What use will your money yeeld you for a night ? Pray pay it. In truth I'le pay it else. 'Tis but threescore pound.

*Lin.* Saist thou so, Sweetheart. Come Sir. Come in and tell your money —— *Exit.*

*Cras.* And thank you too, good M. *Linsie Wolse*, that knew so well, a bargaine was a bargaine, and would not part with your money to be laugh'd at among your neighbours. I would heartily now, if I could intend it. But I must purse your money, and then about my Court affairs. This wench I am infinitely beholden to. She remembers some old curtesie that I have forgotten. Perhaps I pidled with her when I was Prentice. *Exit.*

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*ACT. III. Scene IV.**Enter Sarpego, in gorgeous Apparell.*

*Sar.* **T**HIS is the Presence. I am much amaz'd, or stupified, that Mr. *Tobias Sneakup*, my quondam Pupill, attends not my Conduct! Ha! So instant was his Grace, his importunity to enjoy me, that although I purchased the loan of Cloaths, yet I had not vacation, nor indeed variety to shift my shirt. And now I come to Court, I feel certain little Cattell of infamous generation about me, that do most inseparably haunt me. Now if (when the Prince surveyes me) any of them being strangers here, should peep to behold strange sights, and his Grace perceive them, what should I answer?—

*Crasie at the hangings.*

*Cras.* O, my glorified *Pedant* in his most naturall strut!

*Sar.* I will say it was by influence of the heavens; or, to appear the more perfect Courtier at the first dash, I will say, that though my outside were glorious, yet of purpose I left my inside lowfie.

*Enter Sneakup like a Citizen.*

*Sed, O Dii! Quem video? nonne Mr. Sneakup?*

*Cra.* See my worshipfull Father-in-Law! Now the Woodcocks shoot into the glade.

*Sneak.*

*Sneak.* Pray ye peace, you must not know me.

*Sar.* *O monstrum horrendum!* May not you and I know one another?

*Sneak.* Pray go home, and ask my wife.

*Enter* *Crafie* *in haste.*

*Craf.* Mr. *Crafie*. Is not one Mr. *Crafie* here?

*Sneak.* Yes Sir. Here is Mr. *Crafie* for a need Sir.

*Craf.* Well done: Be bold Sir. Let not your dissimulation be read in your eyes. You know me; give me the Jewells.

*Sneak.* Yes Sir.

*Craf.* Let me alone to present them to his Grace, and praise them, before you are call'd.

*Sneak.* Will you do so Sir?

*Craf.* Yes; For you know I must not seem to indeare them before your face: For that would smell rank of correspontency.

*Sneak.* You say right Sir.

*Craf.* But betwixt us both wee'l make a shif to cheat him. Stay you here. I will returne instantly. O Mr. *Sarpego*! Your Pupill will come and conduct you prestantly.

*Thus sometimes, by deceit, deceit is known.*

*'Tis honest craft, by wit to get ones own.—Exit.*

*Enter* *Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.*

*To.* My *Quondam Pedagogue*!

*Sar.* My *Nuper Alumnus*! Come, present me to the Grace of Greatness. I am ready; behold I am approach'd according to thy intreats, to approve thy praise, and mine own perfection. Set on: His Grace shall see that we can speake true Latin, and construe *Ludovicus vives*: Go, set on.

*Tob.* I

*Tob.* I cry you mercy Sir. Upon my troth, I tooke you for Mr. *Sarpego*, my learned Tutor. He is very like him; Is he not Gentlemen? But now I come to my selfe againe, I remember this was never his walke, nor these his cloaths.

*Sar.* Sent you not a Nuntius, or a Messenger for me, intimating, that it was his Grace his instant desire, to entertain me as his Instruktur?

*Tic.* Alas, he has over-studied himself! You were best let blood in time Sir.

*Sar.* Sent I not you, by the same messenger, your ten pound?

*Tob.* My ten pound? Ha, ha ha: I would laugh ifaith, if you could bob me off with such payment.

*Ruff.* Sure Sir, you use some Dormitaries. Best shave your head, and 'noint it with Oyl of Roses.

*Tob.* Father! Father!

*Sneak.* Pray peace son. The plot will be dis-cover'd else.

*Tob.* The plot? what plot?

*Sneak.* The Jewells are sent in. What, I am Mr. *Crasie* now, you know. I shall be sent for in to his Grace instantly.

*Tob.* Midsummer Moon! Midsummer Moon!

*Sneak.* In very truth son, hit as 'twill, I say we are beholding to Mr. *Holywater*.

*Tob.* Heaven not blefse me, if I understand not the Baboons mumpings better then your speech. You are more dark then *Delphos*. What *Holywater*?

*Sneak.* Why the Gentleman, you know, you sent to bring M. *Crasie* to serve his Grace with Jewells.

*Tob.* Father, Heaven pardon me: For sure I have a great desire to call you Cockscomb. I sent no man; nor is there any so stiled as *Holywater* about the Court.

*Tic.* Do you not want sleep sir?

*Ruff.*

*Ruff.* Or have you not seen a spirit sir?

*Tic.* Or have you not over-mus'd, or over-thought your selfe, as wee doubt Mr. *Sarpego*, here, has done?

*Tob.* Or has not my mother over-beaten you, father? You may tell me.

*Sneak.* Son, I am not so very a foole, but I perceive I am made a stark Asse. Oh sonne, thy father is cozen'd; and thy mother will beat me indeed, unlesse your charity conceal me in the Court here, till her fury be over.

*Ticket.* Hee shall stay at my Wives Chamber.

*Rufflit.* And there instruct us in the passages of this cozenage.

*Tob.* Do not weep father. My Lady *Ticket* will appease all.

*Ruff.* Adieu Mr. *Sarpego*. Lure your braines backe againe.

*Exeunt.*

*Sar.* *Sic transit gloria Mundi.* The learned is Cony-caught; and the lover of *Helicon* is laugh'd at. The last six-pence of my fortune is spent; and I will go cry in private.

*Exit.*

*ACT.*

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*ACT. IIII. Scene I.**Enter Crafy like a Dancer.*

*Craf.* Now, whilst my politike Mother-in-Law is in expectation of her great adventure, and my worshipfull Father-in-Law stinks at Court for feare of her ; I in this last disguise will pursue my new affairs. Me-thinks these Jewells smile on me now more chearfully then when they were mine owne before. First to my honest Punk.

*Crack meets Crafie at the doore.**Crac.* Who would you speak with Sir ?*Craf.* With thy sister. Dost thou not know mee *Jeffrey*. Where is she ? Look better on me.*Crac.* O, is it you Sir ? Hang me if I knew you in this habit ; though I was set here on purpose to watch for you.*Craf.* What's the matter *Jeffrey* ?*Crac.* Sir she is fallen into a new fit of Melancholy. Some new project she has in her noddle. But she desires you to worke upon this, [he gives him a paper.] I dare not be seen to talk with any body. — *Exit.**Craf.* What new device is this ? [he reads.] Since I last saw you, your Mother-in-Law, Mrs. *Sneakup*, has earnestly dealt with me to make me a Bride for her sonne *Tobias*. If there may be any thing wrought out of it to benefit you, I will suddenly take occasion to break with the Foole *Wolfie* ; of whom

whom I am heartily weary ; and after, be wholly disposed by you. Sure this wench studies nothing but my profit. Well : I have thought already to make the best of her. Now to my new Mistresse. This is the house, and here's her maid.

*Enter Bridget.*

*Bri.* Would you speak with any here Sir ?

*Craf.* With your Mistresse, (I take it) Mristresse *Crafie.*

*Bri.* May not I deliver your mind unto her Sir ?

*Craf.* My busines is of weight and secrerie : yet you may tell her, here is the Gentleman that her Doctor sent her.

*Bri.* O she expects him most impatiently—Pray enter Sir. She's ready for you, there before you Sir —

*Exit Crafie.*

A businesse of mine owne makes me wait here.  
I think I saw my learned Love make this way,  
But he (alas) though small in fleshy growth,  
By reason of his high preferment is  
Now growne too great for me.

*Enter Sarpego musing.*

'Tis hee ; I know his stature,  
Though not his cloaths, the Ensigns of his greatness,

In which how big he seems, though but a sprawler !  
So cloaths can make men greater, but not taller.  
Hee's deep in study ; I dare not interrupt him.

*Sar.* I have adventur'd, though with trembling feet,  
Unto this Mansion, to exonerate,  
At least extenuate my suspirations

For

For my dear loss. The Lady of this place,  
 Who had an equall venture, and hath suffer'd  
 In the same Fate with me, may ease my sorrow.  
*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*  
 I of my wrongs, and she of hers shall clamor.  
 But *ecce noster ubi esset Amor.*

*Bri.* Most worshipfull Sir, welcome from Court,  
 If your poor Handmaid may presume to say so.

*Sar.* Where is your Mistresse? I mean your  
 grand Matrona, Mrs. *Sneakup.*

*Bri.* In the first place let me beseech you Sir,  
 Vouchsafe your answser to a longing Maid,  
 That can be comforted in nothing more,  
 Then the good newes of your prosperity;  
 Of which I hope a part at least to be,  
 Preferr'd by your late promise to your service.

*Sar.* I will now breath a most strong and Poeticall  
 exécration

Against the Universe. [*Bri.*] Sir I beseech you—

*Sar.* From henceforth *Erit Fluvius Deucalionis*  
 The world shall flow with dunces; *Regnabitque*,  
 and it shall raine

*Dogmata Polla Sophon*, Dogs and Polecats, and so  
 forth.

*Bri.* His Court advancement makes him mad, I  
 fear.

*Sar.* From hence let learning be abomination  
 'Mong the Plebeians, till their ignorance  
 Shall lead them blinde into the Lake of *Lethe*.

*Bri.* What pity 'tis that honour and high places  
 Should make men lose their wits, sometimes their  
 heads!

*Sar.* May Peasantry and Idiotism trample  
 Upon the heads of Art and Knowledge, till  
 The world be shuffled in th' pristine *Chaos*.

*Bri.* Dear Sir, though you are highly dignified,  
 Forget not the preferment, that you promis'd me,  
 To

To scratch your head ; to make your bed ; to wash  
Your shirt ; to pick your toes, and to evacuate  
Your Chamberpot.

*Sar. Elephantem ex Musca facit.* She takes me  
for a Mountaine, that am but a Mole-hill.  
But when she reads my poverty agen,  
And that these Garments must return to th'  
Gambrels,  
Her scorn will be impetuous.

*Enter Josina, Crafie.*

*Jo.* Go finde another room maid for your talk,  
*Mr. Sarpego*, my mother calls for you.

*Sar.* Has she receiv'd *Aliquid novi*, newes from  
Court ?

*Jo.* She has now receiv'd a Letter. Pray be gone,  
I have more serious businels of mine own. *Ex. Sar.*  
You are the Creature then that my deare *Brid.*  
Doctor has sent me, that can dance, read, write,  
and be secret. I shall use you all in all. And I  
prithee how fares my Physitian ?

*Cra.* I can confirm that he is yours protestedly.  
And to morrow night—

*Jo.* Peace : Here comes my mother.

*Enter Pyannet reading a Letter.*

I can my Cinquepace friend. But I prithee teach  
me some tricks. Who would care for a female, that  
moves after the plain pace ? No : Give me the  
woman of tricks. Teach me some tricks I prethee.

*Cra.* Ha ! Tricks of twenty : Your traverses,  
Slidings, Falling back, Jumps, Closings, Openings,  
Shorts, Turns, Pacings, Gracings—As for—Coran-  
toes, Levoltoes, Jigs, Measures, Pavins, Brawls,  
Galliards, or Canaries. I speak it not swellingly,  
but I subscribe to no man.

*Jof.*

*Jof.* Tis a rare fellow !

*Py.* Am I then cheated ? my wit begins to be out of countenance. O the Plague that hangs over her head that has a foole to her husband, as thou and I have daughter.

*Jo.* How now sweet mother ? What ill newes changeth your face thus ?

*Py.* O deare daughter, my Lady *Ticket* writes here, that the fool, thy father, is cheated of two rich Jewells, that thou and I stole from the Ideot thy husband *Craſie*.

*Cra.* O that *Craſy* was ever a silly fellow.

*Py.* A very Citizen, a very Citizen. How should I call you Sir ?

*Jo.* One Mr. *Footwell*, Mother ; who teacheth Gentlewomen to doe all things Courtly, to dance Courtly, to love their husbands Courtly —

*Cra.* Your name is Mrs. *Pyannet*, I take it.

*Py.* *Pyannet Sneakup*, Sir.

*Cra.* Your husband is cozen'd at Court, I take it.

*Py.* So my Lady *Ticket* writes, Sir.

*Cra.* That Lady *Ticket* is a cunning creature. I have been inward with her ; And such are my private Intelligences, that if equall curtesie might recompence, I could unshale a plot is upon you.

*Py.* Recompence ? Sir command me, command my daughter, my maid, my house, onely tell it I beseech you.

*Jo.* I pray see wherein we may be gratefull. I pray speak.

*Cra.* So it is, I am a decayed Gentleman, quite out of repaire ; fallen for want of means to the use of my feet : Nor have I hope to see better light, but onely that Love and Fortune have put upon me a right wealthy widdow. She lyes at a near neighbours house here ; and here I hover about her : but for want of some good friends countenance,

countenance, some meanes for cloaths and fit houſing, ſhe holds off from conſummating our Marriage. Now Lady —

*Py.* I apprehend you Sir. Bring her to me ; lodge her with me ; Ile call you Couſen *I.* Is ſhe very rich ? At a neer neighbours, ſaid you,—Not ſhe at Mr. *Wolfies*, is it ?

*Cra.* The very fame.

*Py.* (By'r Lady a match for my Esquir'd ſon and heire. Beare a braine dancer, or I may chance to ſhew you a croſſe caper.) Sir, bring your Widdow. Sweare to your ſelfe my houſe is yours. Now the plot, or I burſt.

*Cra.* Why then will I diſclose who cozen'd you ; by what meanes you are injur'd, and how you may be reveng'd, onely you ſhal vow to conceale the ſecret-revealer, elſe you loſe the benefit of further Intelligence.

*Py.* Stand off daughter : I will not truſt mine own flesh with a ſecret ; for in truthe I have found it fraile. Now ſpeak, I beſeech you.

*Cra.* Sure, precious Miftrefſe, very absolute creatures have had Cockscombs to their husbands.

*Py.* Nay that's indubitable, I know it by my ſelf.

*Cra.* Marry to bee made Cuckqueane by ſuſh a Cockscombe, to have her Jewells prig'd away, to beſtow on a Court Miftrefſe ; to have a trick put upon her, as you have, 'twould move (I muſt confeſſe) a woman that were not part a Philoſopher, and had a ſtrong wit as you have. Why did you not feele the deceit ? your husbands unworthineſſe, having no meanes to enjoy this Court-Lady but by giſts ; and having no course for giſts, but from you, procuress ſome Pander to perorme a fain'd message. Your hope of game puts the weighty truſt upon the counterfeiſt fool your husband ; his ſimplicity ſeems cozen'd, whiſt this Lady excuses

all, and keeps all: So that your own Jewells purchase your owne horns; nay, and you were not withall laught at for your purchase, 'twere scarce enough to run mad for.

*Py.* 'Tis most plaine: I will have such a revenge, as never woman had.

*Enter Ticket.*

*Tic.* Good Mrs. *Pyannet*, bear't as well as you may: Your losse is heavy, yet under the strength of your constant wisdome — Ifaith my wife was so carefull leſt you should take too deep ſenſe of it, that ſhe importun'd my own preſence to comfort you: For ſure I know —

*Py.* You are a Wittally Cuckold I know. I commend thy wives moideſty yet: She will not doe it afore thy face, but will fend thee out of an errand yet.

*Tic.* What mean you? you amaze me.

*Py.* Nay, I look you ſhould ſeem ignorant: What, to take ſenſe or notice of your horne, as long as it winds you into profit, were moft uncourteſy. Well, you heare not me rage nor rave: marry I will ſlit the Drabs noſe, crop off her eares, ſcratch out her eyes —

*Tic.* Bleffe us!

*Py.* Teare off her haire, plucke out her throat, that's all. Come along Sir.

*Io.* Now they are gone, I prethee *Exit. Py.*  
*M. Footwell* ſtay a little, I will fetch *Tic.*  
 thee ſome Letters to read for me, which I have not open'd yet, because I durſt truſt no body. —

*Exit.*

*Craf.* These Letters muſt neceſſarily come from my Brace of Courtiers, Sir *Ticket*, and Monsieur *Rufflit*, which I will read cleane contrary, as if they flighted

flighted her, and answer them acrosse from her meaning, as if she flighted them: And so letting my selfe downe into their inwards on both sides, what they can get, or what my wife has, will I pump into mine owne purse.

*Enter Josina with two Letters.*

*Jo.* Now deare M. *Footwell*, as ever you pitied the case of a poor Gentlewoman, that would faine use her beauty, whilst there is some pleasure in it, read and answer these Letters with commanding eloquence; force them to affect me.

*Cra.* Ha, ha, ha: Will you not be offended, if I read them truly?

*Jo.* No: I prethee what is't?

*Cra.* Stay, it seems you have written to them.

*Jo.* Yes: but I cannot read the answer. Prethee what is't?

*Cra.* Faith youle be angry.

*Jo.* Nay, and you love me, what ist?

*Cra.* Sir *Andrew* here, he fayes, tis not your broad brim'd hat, your tiffeny dress, Spanish ruffe, and silver bodkin can make him disloyall to his wives bed. *Rufflit* here, he writes that you have a grosse body, a dull eye, a lowe forehead, a black tooth, a fat hand, and a most lean purse. I there's it: And you could but give, and you had but to send —

*Jo.* A lean purse!

*Cra.* I, the lean purse. There's the Devill: Were you as bald as Time, as stifyly wrinkled as frozen plow'd Lands, more dry then a Fever, more leane then death; had you ingrois'd deformity, yet if you had but to give —

*Jo.* Why *Footwell*, though my husband be but a Bankrupt Knave —

*Cra.* Nay faith, rather a fool, Mistresse.

70. Well, fool let him be then ; yet I have a Mother will not see me want for necessary ends : And I hope I had the wit to cozen my husband of somewhat against a rainy day. Look you Sir, I kept these for a friend in a corner.

*Cra.* Nay, but I would not wish you to send them now: What, relieve the base wants of prating Skipjacks to pay for your damnation?

70. Nay that's sure, I will not give them.

*Cra.* And yet, ifaith, what can a Gentlewoman give too much for her pleasure? Can there be a more heavy disgrace blowne abroad upon any Lady, then that she has not at the least two servants, since many Lovers are the onely noble approvement of beauty?

*Io.* Ile send them both, that's sure.

*Cra.* But both of them to Mr. *Rufflit*: Oh, hee's an absolute spirit! He has an English face, a French tongue, a Spanish heart, an Irish hand, a Welch Leg, a Scotch beard, and a Dutch buttock.

Jo. O I : I am wholly his, I will send all to him.

*Cra.* O but Sir Andrew, he is a Courtly Lover :  
He can kisse you courtly, handle you Courtly, lye  
with you Courtly.

Jo. O yes : he shall have one. I prethee praise me to them both, and commend to each of them one of these Jewells, not that I doe so much care for the use of them, yet because I would not be wonder'd at like an Owle among my neighbors, for living honest in my husbands absence. I prethee work effectually for mee, sweet M. Footwell. *Exit.*

*Enter Rufflit, spying her going out.*

*Ruf. Mr. Crasie; Hift Mrs. Crasie.*

Cra. Peace Sir, forbeare: As you would hope,  
doe

doe not pursue a woman when she is out of the humor. O, untimely importunity is most distastfull. There are certain seasons to take the coldest Appetite, when she is pinning a Ruffe, playing with a Monkey, hearing a wanton Song, or half drunk.

*Ruf.* What are you Sir ?

*Cra.* A private Messenger to you Sir, from the Gentlewoman you pursue. This is your hand, is it not ?

*Ruf.* Yes :

*Cra.* You may keep your Letter.

*Ruf.* But what sayes my utmost hope, the end of my ambition ?

*Cra.* Only that you are poor, a Gallant of a very wanting fortune.

*Ruf.* The more honor for her to redeem me.

*Cra.* Alas, I think her means are but weak, her husbands sinking hath brought her low.

*Ruf.* Her husband ! Alas poor fly ; onely made to be fuck'd and forsaken. His wife has the life-blood of her fortunes in her, and I'le be her cupping-glaffe.

*Cra.* I wonder his wife could nourish so unbelieving a conscience !

*Ruf.* Conscience ! All things rob one another : Churches poule the People, Princes pill the Church ; Minions draw from Princes, Mistresses fuck Minions, and the Pox undoes Mistresses ; Physitians plague their Patients ; Orators their Clients ; Courtiers their Suitors, and the Devil all. The water robs the earth, earth choakes the water : fire burns ayre, ayre still consumes the fire.

Since Elements themselves do rob each other,  
And *Phæbe* for her light doth rob her Brother,  
What ist in man, one man to rob another ?

*Cra.* You have spoken most edifyingly sir, but

for you, of whom I understand *Craſy* merits the best Offices; for you to corrupt his Wife, and with a covetous finning expect uſe for the loan of your Loines!

*Ruff.* Death man, they are my Exchecquer, my Rent: Why I have no poſſeſſion but my Estate taile. And as for *Craſy*, he has no wit; he was created a foole, to have Knaves work upon him: a fellow made to have ſome pity, and all wrong; he had ever an open Purſe, and now an empty. He made it a common hole, every Gallant had his fingers in it. Every man lov'd his Fortune, ſqueez'd it, and when it was unjuic'd, farewell kind heart. I confeſs I owe him a good turn: Ile pay't his Wife. He kept her alwaies exquifitely neat; temptingly gallant, and as a protested Cuckold ſhould do, about his degree and means ſumptuously proud. Her Eye artificially ſpirited, her Cheek ſurphuled, her Teeth blanch'd, her Lip painted, her Neck carkanetted, and her Breſt bar'd almost to her Belly. And ſhall a peece, thus put out to ſale, ſtand unattempted, as not worth the purchafe.

*Cra.* Yes Sir, if you could compaſſe her; as ſure ſhe may be corrupted: for ſhe is very covetous.

*Ruff.* If I could but make ſhew of a Gift, or preſent one —

*Cra.* Only not to appeare of ſo needy a Fortune — Why if you chance to poſſeſſ her.

*Ruff.* Pifh, tweare all mine again, and all that ſhe had beſides. And troth, I think ſhe is wealthy.

*Cra.* Wealthy! look you Sir, Here are two of her Jewels, I fetcht from an Ant of hers, where they lay hid from her Husband. These are not worth the purſuit.

*Ruff.* Nay, tis an eaſie Female: He, that has her, has all. What ſhould I ſend? A Gift would  
do

do it. Let me think. Tis but a gross-bodyed Wench, with a blackish haire neither.

*Cra.* Oh the better. Your lean No-bodies with yellow Manes have most commonly rotten teeth and wicked breaths. No, your full plump Woman is your only Venus.

*Ruff.* A hundred golden peeces I am intrusted withall by my elder Brother, to purchase a peece of Injustice. If I should send them —

*Cra.* Oh Sir, these both were yours, and they too. She pretends this straine, but onely to explore your strength of means, and to try how far you dare engage them for her enjoying.

*Ruff.* I will send them, win her, use her, fuck her Purse, recover my own, gain hers, and laugh at the poor Cuckhold her Husband. Commend with these my lifes blood, and Soules service to my Miftris. Farewell.—

*Exit.*

*Enter Ticket.*

*Cra.* Sir Andrew Ticket, I take it.

*Tic.* The same, Sir. Is Mrs. *Craifie* within? I cannot keep pace with her Mother. O, when jealousie is once set a going, it runs on high speed. But let her make haft to arrive at Court, while I land on her Daughter in the City. Is she privately idle?

*Craifie spits at Ticket.*

What doft thou mean by that?

*Cra.* My Vow's discharg'd, and her Revenge is done. I am no Pandar, Sir, and yet I am of Counsell with Smock secrets, Buttock businesse Sir.

Are you so stale a Courtier, and know not the necessity of Gifts?

*Tic.* Is that the matter I am rejected by her ?

*Cra.* Why ? would it not provoke any Woman to be called foole, and foule-face ?

*Tic.* I never call'd her so, by the Soule of my Affection, not I.

*Cra.* No ; Do you not intimate she is a foole, when you hope to enjoy her without a Gift ? And foule, when your neglect of cost faies she deserves none.

*Tic.* 'Fore Heaven I was a silly Asse, now I think on't, to send a Sonnet without some rich present.

*Cra.* Why Sir ? A man must do as he would be done to. Do you, or any man use to be made Cuckhold for nothing ?

*Tic.* I should have sent a Gift. What, if I enjoy her, she may requite it.

*Cra.* May ; Nay can ; nay will. Look you Sir, here's Gold. Here are Jewels They are hers ; they may be yours. I would not seem a Pandar to you though ; for you have a Wife Sir.

*Tic.* Pish, who cares to drink out of a River ? What I can command out of duty hath but a dull relish. Had not *Danae* been kept in her bras Tower, she had never tempted a Gods piercing. I must send, though it be but to shew the ability of my Fortune, and the desert of her Beauty.

*Cra.* And then to send but a trifle would disgrace both.

*Tic.* Hold, convey this Carckanet unto her ; tis of value, and let her read by this, how much I seek her.

*Cra.* And how deare you hold her. Sir, I can speak ; but I use to take nothing for my paines.

*Tic.* Yes, receive this little—Nay, I prethee.

*Cra.* Only not to appeare Uncourtly, or uncivil. I protest I abhor Pandarisme ; only as a seond, or io. As you have beheld two Horses knubbing one another ;

another ; Ka me, Ka thee, an old kind of Courtship.

*Tic.* I prethee return instantly my success : You shall find me at the Ordinary ; come and Dine with me.

*Cra.* I have procur'd a private Stable for my Horse : And therefore I my selfe would be loth to stand at Livery.

*Cra.* Dost compare common Stables for Horses, and publick Ordinaries for Gallants together.

*Cra.* Troth yes sir, for as in Stables, here a goodly Gelding of twenty Pounds price, and there a raw-backd Jade of foure Nobles by him. So at Ordinaries, here a worthy Fellow of means and virtue, and there a Cheating Shifter of wants and cozenage. Here a Knight, there a Beggar ; Here a Gallant, there a Gull : Here a Courtier, there a Coxcomb ; Here a Justice of Peace, and there an Esquire of low Degree. Or, in direct Phrase, a Pandar.

*Tic.* Such a one as thou art.

*Cra.* Umh. Virtue goes often wetshod, and is forc'd to be cobled up with base means, to hold out water and cold necessity. You command me no further sir.

*Tic.* No honest Knave, farewell —— *Exit Crafy.*  
Now Mr. *Crafy*, will I button up your Cap with a Court-brooch.

You demand Debts, do you ? Ile pay you none. Oh twas a notable dull Flat-Cap. He would invite Courtiers ; stand bare, say grace, make legs, kiss his hand, serve us in perfum'd linnen, and lend us money upon our words, or bare words. Were not a sin to let such a foole passe unfuckt ? No, Fortune dreft him only for us to feed on, and Ile fall to.

*Exit.*

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*ACT. IV. Scene II.*

*La. Tic. Sneakup. Toby. Page.*

*La. Tic.* **B**EE comforted Mr. *Sneakup*; Remem-  
ber you are in my Chamber. Beare  
the heart of a Husband, who scorns to tremble at  
the face of his Wife? Do not feare sir.

*Tob.* Stand firm Father, do not sinck before the  
face of a Lady.

*La.* I have sent my own Husband to satisfie her,  
and I hope he will do it throughly. Be your selfe  
therefore; all the Pleasures the Pallace can afford,  
shall strive to mitigate your feares.

*Sneak.* Have you any Pleasures in the Court,  
can make a man forget he has a Wife?

*To.* Sir we have pleasures will make a man for-  
get any thing, even himselfe; therefore necessarily  
his wife, who is but part of himselfe.

*La. T.* Boy, sing your song of the Court de-  
lights.

*They*

*They sit: Sneakups head in the Ladies lap.*

*The Page sings ——*

*Enter Pyannet with a Truncheon. Sarpego.*

*Py.* Are you lull'd in your delights ? No pillow for your Goatish head, but her Ladyships lap ?

*Sneak.* O dear ! O wife ! I did not know you were so nigh truly.

*Py.* You are ignorant still, I know : But I will make thy bones suffer as well as my browes. Thou Cullion, could not thine own Cellar serve thee, but thou must be sneaking into Court Butteries ?

*Sneak.* Oh, oh, oh ——

*Sar.* *Væ misero.*

*To.* Hold deare mother.

*La.T.* Sweet Mrs. *Pyannet* hold.

*Py.* Art thou there, daughter of an Intelligencer, and strumpet to a Bearward ?

*La.T.* Now Beauty blesse me, was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a profest Harefinder ? Gip you Flirt.

*Py.* How now Madam *Tiffany* ! Will none but my Cock serve to tread you ? Give me my Jewells thou Harlot.

*To.* Mother — Pray Mother —

*Py.* Bestow steeping thy skin in perfumes to kill the stink of thy paintings, and rotten inwards to catch Cockscombs.

*To.* Dear mother.

*Py.* But thou shalt not cozen, and Cucquean me.

*To.* Sweet mother —

*Sar.* *Lupus in fabula.* The Devil's in the womans tongue.

*Py.* A whip on her ; rotten eggs and kennell dirt on her filken Whoreship.

*Sar.*

*Sar.* *Nil tam difficile.* Nothing can lay her.

*La.T.* Nay, let the Countrey Gentlewoman bee mad and rave on ; she knowes I know my Countrey Gentlewoman had a Bastard before shee was married.

*Py.* Did um so ? The Countrey Gentlewoman was more chaste in a Bastard, then the Court Madam in her barrenesse. You understand me ; you have no Green-sicknesse there, yet (I hope) you have few Christ'nings ; you have trickes for that, have you ?

*To.* Nay mother—

*Py.* You have your Kickshaws, your Players Marchpaines ; all shew and no meat.

*Sar.* *Nulli penetrabilis Astro.* Shee'l heare no reason.

*La.T.* Go to ; you know how in private you commended your Horse-keeper to me.

*Py.* Well : And didst not thou in as much privacy counsell me to contemn my husband, and use an Italian trick that thou wouldest teach me ?

*Sar.* *Quid faciendum ?* Best stop their mouths ?

*La.T.* Out you bawble ; you trifle ; you burden smock'd sweaty fluttery, that couldst love a fellow that wore worsted stockins footed, and fed in Cooks shops.

*Sar.* *Faculis & Arcu.* Thunder and Lightning.

*Py.* Ods my precious —

*Sneak.* Nay dear, sweet wife —

*Py.* How's this —

*To.* Honey Mother —

*Py.* Take this, and take all. Why goody Complexion, thou Rammy Nastinessse, thou knowest wherefore thy Gentlewoman left thee ; did she not fweare that she —

*To.* For modesties sake —

*Py.*

*Py.* Had rather be at the opening of a dead old man, then stand dressing thy head in a morning. Remember the Page that wore thy picture, and the song which thou hadst in the praise of the male Baboon.

*Sar.* *Tacete parvuli*: You have said too much.

*To.* Indeed mother you will be sorry, when you know how much you mistake, some crafty fellow has put a trick upon you.

*Sneak.* Me-thinkes sweet wife you shoulde rather condole our losse with me.

*Py.* Hold you your peace; do not you prate.

*Sar.* *Redde te Harpocratem*: The man is wife enough.

*To.* 'Tis true; misfortune hath wrought the Jewells from my father.

*Sneak.* Inded wife, truly, truly, I am Cony-catch'd—

*To.* But for my father, or this Ladies wronging you, as I am your son, I assure you I have been an eye-witnes of all fair respect towards you.

*Py.* Is it even so?

*To.* Mother, as I respect your blessing it is perfect truth.

*Py.* I humbly beseech you sweet Madam, that my earnest and hearty sorrow may procure remission for my inconsiderate and causelesse Invectives. Let my confession seem satisfactory, and my contrition win indulgency to my forgetfull delinquency. I pray you let us kisse and be friends.

*La.T.* Alas sweet friend, you and I have been inward a great while, and for us to fall out, and bare one anothers secrets—

*Py.* Well, 'twas mine error, not malice; but as for the procurer of it, if I pay not him in his owne Coyne—Mr. Footwell! He shew you a trick of twenty. Come son, I have a wife for thee.

*To.*

*To.* A Wife! a Wife, Mother! O where is  
shee?

*Py.* I, my boy, a Wife—

*To.* O ho.

*Py.* And such a one as thou shalt blesse me for  
procuring. Curteously farewell, sweet Madam:  
Where's my Fool? Come, leave the Court sirrah,  
and man your owne wife into the City—

*Exeunt omnes.*

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*A C T. IIII. Scene III.*

*Fofina, Crasy.*

*Fo.* **B**ut I prethee satisfie me: What returne  
they? Received they my Jewells?

*Cra.* Yes, they prov'd acceptive.

*Fo.* And what said they? Can they affect?

*Cra.* Can they be damned? Before I will undergoe  
againe such a busines—fore Heaven I do  
as little differ from a Pander! only I have nothing  
for my pains, or else —

*Fo.* Thou shalt have. Are thy news happy?

*Cra.* Are your own wifhes happy?

*Fo.* Hold, spend this ten pound for me, *Footwel.*

*Cra.* Will you make me a Bawde. What a  
Bawde? And yet introth, what would not a man  
be for your sake, that have such wit and such  
bounty!

I cannot refuse, but suffer your Virtue to be exercis'd upon me.

*Jof.* Now, prethee speak ; what's their answer ?

*Cra.* Why, Ile tell you, they are both your own.

*Jof.* Both Footwell : I prethee how ?

*Cra.* Why, no more but this ; they are both yours ; only you know, but one hand in a Glove at once. But I had so much to do with one of them ; such a coyle to draw him to it —

*Jof.* Which, I prethee ? Sir *Andrew* ?

*Cra.* Even he : He faies, he understands that you affect a Mountebanck. Sure, your Doctor is but some base bragging Rascall.

*Jof.* Do you think so ?

*Cra.* How should Sir *Andrew* know else that he is come to embrace you to night ?

*Jof.* Does he know that too ?

*Cra.* Yes marry does he, which the worthy Knight takes so contemptuously, suffering so base a Rival, that he vowes, unlesf you beat him, bastinado him soundly when he comes, he will loath you most constantly.

*Jof.* Enough, if I do not make him an Example to all the bawdy Quacks in the Kingdome ; say there is no virtue in Cudgels, and Bedstaves. Ile charm him for opening any more secrets of mine, Ile warrant him. And so write to Sir *Andrew*.

*Cra.* Welsaid Mistres, be resolute. I mean to help you my selfe.

*Jof.* Ile cast about for weapons instantly.—*Exit.*

*Cra.* Yes, I will write to Sir *Andrew*, doubtles, that, which he shall have small cause to thank me for. I will write for him to come in the habit of this Doctor.

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*ACT. IV. Scene IV.*

*Linsie Wolfie, Crack with a Lute, &c.*

*Lin.* **S**hee's gone, shee's gone : Was ever man so cheated ? Threescore pound for a Ring ; and the Ring gone too, for which I paid it : A moneths dyet and lodging, besides the charge of Physick and attendance. Five pound in dole bread, would have serv'd my house a twelve moneth. I am undone ; broke, Bankrupt : But thou Rogue shalt smart for all, now I have caught thee.

*Crac.* Mercy, dear Sir, mercy.

*Lin.* Were you making up your packe to bee gone too ?

*Crac.* Nothing but my own Sir, my Lute, and a few Musick-books.

*Lin.* You and your Mistresse have made sweet Musick of me : Therefore firrah quickly—Are the Beadles gone for ?

*Servant within.* Yes Sir.

*Lin.* Therefore quickly, I say, as you were an Acter in the Cosenage, bring her to light, or—

*Crac.* Shee's light enough her self : But a very Innocent I, Sir. She has cozen'd me of halfe a years service, wrought me off o'my leggs, strain'd my backe, crack'd my voyce, done me to my utter undoing ; and can you think I knew of her running away ?

*Lin.* I'le make you sing another song firrah : Are the Beadles come ?

*Crac.*

*Crac.* Any song Sir, or as many as you please. *He sings a song.*

*Lin.* Pretty I confesse, But that's not the song must do it ; nor can any song please me at this time. Are the Beadles come ?

*Serv. within.* Yes Sir, they are here.

*Crac.* Deare Sir, let 'em forbeare a little. And if I cannot please you with a song, commit me to their fury.

*Lin.* 'Tis but to trifle time : yet sing *He sings another* before you suffer. Worse then t'other *song.* this ; you shall sing in another place, to the whip, to the whip, Sir ? Bring in the Beadles, and away with him to Bridewell.

*Crac.* Yet once more, good Sir, try me this last time, and but promise me, if I can sing a song that you shall like, to forgive and free me.

*Lin.* Sing a song that I shall like, and I will free thee.

*Crack sings againe.*

*Then shall a present course be found  
For M. Wolfies threescore pound ;  
And his Ring,  
And the thing  
That has given him the slip—*

*Lin.* I marry, that I like well.

*Crac.* *Then I have 'scap'd the whip.*

*Lin.* Think you so Sir ?

*Crac.* Yes : For you like the song well, you say, and I am free ; I hope you will make good your noble City word, Sir.

*Lin.* City words use not to passe for songs Sir : Make you good the words of your song, Sir, and I

F shall

shall make my word good Sir: Come away  
Beadles.

*Crac.* O stay Sir, I beseech you, and let your  
Justice fall on the right shoulders. I'le confesse  
all.

*Lin.* O will you so Sir?

*Crack.* 'Tis most true Sir, that the Gentlewoman,  
whom I call'd Mistrefis, is a most cunning whore,  
and a notorious cheat.

*Lin.* These are good words indeed!

*Crac.* Shee came to your house with foure men  
in Liveries; they were all but hired Pandars.

*Lin.* Yes, and divers Trunks of supposed Treas-  
ure, which I finde to bee Baggs of Nailes, and  
other old Iron, and all the Rings and Stones shee  
boasted in her Will are but Curtaine Rings, and  
Bricke-bats.

*Crac.* Your owne covetousnes cozen'd you Sir:  
But if I now bring you not where you shall see  
how shee is since bestowed, and that you finde not  
hearty cause to rejoice that you were cozen'd of  
her, let me be whipp'd to death, Sir.

*Lin.* Well, come along Sir: But I will have a  
Guard upon you.

*Crac.* What Guard you please Sir, so my poore  
skin may scape the Lash-guards.—

*Exeunt omnes.*

*A C T.*

*A C T. V.*

*Crafty, Tryman, Pyannet, Toby.*

*Try.* O thou Varlet, thou unconscionable Unbeliever, ungodly Miscreant! Hast thou cozen'd my easie Credulity? And wouldst have undone and married me, like a Cony-catching companion, as thou art? Didst not thou tell me, thou hadst moderate means of life, friends of fashion, and civill reputation? And now this vertuous, religious Gentlewoman tells me, thou art an arrant Skipjack.

*Py.* Nay, and has not a hole to put thy head in, but upon my curtesie.

*Try.* But I thank this Matrons worship, her pity will not permit my easie Nature to suffer under thy Cosenage: But bestowes her generous Son and Heire here upon me.—

*Py.* A Gentleman of another spheare, another ranck then you are Sirrah; that shall have three hundred yeare in *Effe*, and five in *Posse*.

*Try.* That is acquainted with young Lords; has had the honour to make a Hunting match.

*To.* I, and a challenge to ride the wilde Goose chase.

*Try.* That hath made Ladies Posies for Cheeſe tenchers.

*To.* And play'd with Countesses at Shuttle-cock.

*Try.* And to this Elegant Spirit and choice hope am I, and my Fortunes contracted.

*Craf.* How! contracted.

*Try.* Yes Sir, contracted. Look you, I dare seale it before your face. *Kiffe.*

*Cra.* Are you so.

*To.* She is mine sir, mine sir. Do you mark, I dare likewise seale it sir. *Kiffe.*

*Cra.* Is there honesty in this dealing?

*Py.* Yes sir, Is there not profit in this dealing?

*Cra.* Tis very well. If there be no Law upon words, Oathes, and Pre-contracts, and Witness. If a man may spend a hundred Angels upon a Widdow; have her affied before Witness, and then have his Nose wip'd of her. Why, Tis very well.

*Tryman takes Pyannet and Toby aside.*

*Try.* Intruth deare heart, and sweet Mother in expectation, to speak equally, there have some words of course past betwixt us, which may seem to impart some Ingagement. Surely I have been too liberall of some speech of advantage. Truly it would not be amiss, (considering his Expence and Interest) to fall to some flight Composition. Some hundred Pounds would make the poor Knave do any thing,

*To.* Mother, let's be wife. Let's be wife Mother; fetch a hundred peeces presently: That even upon his first consent, he may be satisfy'd and silenc'd.

*Try.* For if he chance but to be delay'd till he ask Counsell, then—

*Py. Mum.* A word to the wise.— *Exit.*

*Cra.* Nay, I hope as long as I am a Subject, I shall have Law: I doubt not but I shall have Law.

*Try.*

*Try.* Come Sir, you shall not deservedly exclaim of my neglecting you.

For our sometimes Love, I have procured you a hundred Pounds.

*Cra.* To disclaim my right in you, Ile take't. Here's my hand, Ile take it.

*To.* Pox, how my Mother staies.

*Cra.* Scorn my Poverty! Come, where ist? Because I have not the Muck of the World. Come, the money.

*Enter Pyannet.*

*Py.* Here sir, upon this consideration, that you disclaim and renounce all interest ——

*Cra.* Yes most freely.

*Py.* In this Gentlewoman ; and do vow, never to pretend future claim to her.

*Cra.* I do, marry ——

*To.* Nay, no marries sir, you have receiv'd the money. You shall make no more marries here. Come my betrothed Spouse, bid a Fice for him, Say black's thine Eye who dares. Mother Ile be married to night, and to bed presently.

*Py.* This night, Son ; tis very late.

*To.* never to late to be wife. I hope I am your Son ; and must beare a Brain.

*Py.* Indeed, he that deales with Woman, must take occasion by the fore Lock. Away —— *Exit.*

*Cra.* Why! I am weary of money now : I have gotten more in a weeks Cosenage, then in all my daies of Honesty. What an easie coole thing it is to be a rich Knaver! Gramercy *Punck*. A witty Wench is an excellent help at a dead lift. But in despite of the Justice that provok'd me, my Conscience a little turns at these brain-tricks. But they have all been ungratefull ; ungratefull! Tis

a sin that should have no mercy: tis the Plague-spot; who has it should not live.

If holy wisdome from the thundring Cloud  
Had given more Lawes then ten, this had ensu'd:  
Avoid, O man, mans Shame, Ingratitude.  
For my poor Lot, I could have sweetly slept  
In quiet want, with resolute content;  
Had not defect of wit, uncurteous scorn  
Been thrust upon me. Now they all shall feele,  
When honest men revenge, their whips are steele.  
My Courtiers are the next that I must exercise  
upon. This night my wife expects the embraces  
of one of them at least, if this hasty Marriage call  
her not from her Chamber. But she being a right  
woman may prevent that with a fained sicknesse,  
or so. Let me remember, I wrote to *Rufflit* to  
come like her Doctor Pulse-feele, to minister to  
her. This will jump right with a counterfeit sick-  
ness: It may, perhaps, break a Urinall about his  
Coxcomb.

*Musick.*

How now! O perceive this great Wedding goes  
forward.

*Musick. Torches. Sarpego. Toby and Tryman.*  
*Sneakup and La. Ticket, Pyannet. Jofina* in  
night attire. *Bridget.* They passe as to the  
Wedding with *Rosemary. Crasy* whispers *Jofina.*  
She takes leave of her Mother, seeming to com-  
plain of being sick; and so returnes with *Bridget.*  
Then enter *Rufflit* like a Doctor.

*Cra.* So, this falls out pat. She is no sooner  
gone Sick to her Chamber, but here comes her  
Physitian, to cover and recover her in a trice.

*Ruf.* Hift, Footwell, Footwell.

*Cra.* Seignor *Rufflit*; I am a foole if I took you  
not for a Physitian.

*Ruf.* She wrote to me, that I should come in  
this habit.

*Cra.*

*Cra.* Right Sir, to avoid suspect: For which cause she has counterfeited herselvē sick, and lies longing and languishing till you minister to her.

*Ruf.* And am I come pat? am I come i'the nick?

*Cra.* Your Fortune sings in the right Cliff, sir, a wench as tender as a City Pullet.

*Ruf.* But not so rotten.

*Cra.* Oh sir, health it selfe; a very Restorative. Will you in? The way lies open before you.

*Ruf.* Hold *Footwell*, tel that till I — gives him return from branching the most meritted *money*.

*Cuckold Crasy.* Poor Snake, that I must force thee to cast thy Skin. And he were not a Citizen I could pity him: He is undone for ever. Methinks I see him all ready make earnest suite, to weare a red Cap, and a blew Gown; comely to carry a Staff-torch before my Lord Mayor upon *Alhallowe'en night*. Watch *Footwell*, I mount. — *Exit.*

*Craf.* But now, if the agitation of my Braines should work through my Browes. If my Wives pitifull hand should fall to composition with my Doctors Pate, and my deceit be discovered before the Bastinado had given charge to his Shoulders, were not my Forehead in apparent danger. Tis done in three minutes. Death, my Courtier has a sanguine Complexion: He is like a Cock sparrow, Chit, Chit, and away. Heart o' man! And I should be blown up in mine own Mine now! Ha.

*Ruf. within.* Hold Mrs. *Crazy*. Deare *Briget*. Help *Footwell*.

*Cra.* Ho the hubbub's rays'd, and my feare's anisht.

*Enter Josina, and Bridget beating Rufflit:*

*Crazy takes Bridgets Cudgell, and laies on.*

*Jos.* Out you Pispot-caster.

*Bri.* You Suppository.

*Jof.* You Glister-pipe, thinkst to dishonest me?

*Ruf.* Hold, deare Lady—I am—

*Jof.* A stincking saucy Rascall thou art, take this remembrance. *Exit.*

*Cra.* Hold, sweet Mistress.

*Ruf.* Oh I thank you good Mr. Footwell.

*Cra.* Oh, it is not so much worth verily.

*Ruf.* Oh, but tis sir.

*He draws his Sword from under his Gowne. Crafy closes with, and disarms him.*

Rogue. Rogue.

Nay prethee sweet Rascall, Pox on you, I did not mean to hurt you, my honest Vagabond, tell me, tell me: Come, who was't put this Trick upon me. Thou art a precious Villain: Come, whose devise was it? Whose plot. At whose Suit was I Cudgel'd? Who made me feigne my selfe a Phy-sitian, till I must be forc'd to go to the Surgeon? And dare'st tell me?

*Cra.* Nay, then I will tell you. Dare! why twas your Friend and Rivall, Sir Andrew Ticket.

*Ruff.* Ticket.

*Cra.* Even he sir. His Gold hir'd me to gull you. And this brain procur'd your beating. Yes faith sir, Envie, bribes, and wit have wrong upon you.

*Ruff.* Well, if I revenge not —

*Cra.* But how fir.

*Ruff.* I, afore Heaven, that's well thought on. Give me but the meanes, and I will not only forgive, but reward thee richly.

*Craf.* Come faith, because I would have both your Shoulders, go in one Livery, I must disclose. Why sir, Knavery is restorative to me, as Spiders to Monkeys. The poyon of wit feeds me.

*Enter*

*Enter Ticket.*

*Boy with a Torch.*

Look you sir, he's come. Stand close, take this Cudgell, grasp it strongly, stretch your Sinewes lustily ; And when you see him hang by the middle in a Rope, let your Fist fall thick, and your Cudgell nimblly.

*Ruf.* And soundly. My ambitious blowes shall strive which shall go formost.

*Craf.* Good sir.

*Ruf.* Draw him up but halfe way.

*Cra.* So sir, I must up to receive.— *Exit.*

*Ruf.* Do so : I shall be so reveng'd now ! He had been better ha' been taken in Bed with another mans Wife, then have prevented me thus.

*Tic.* Vanish Sirrah with the Light. This I am sure is the Window which her Letters call'd me to.

*Ruf.* I would you would begin once, that I might be at work. I do not love to stand idle in the Cold thus.

*Tic.* Hist, Footwell, Footwell.

*Crafy* above : Here sir, here. O I watcht to do you a good turn. Will you mount sir ?

*Tic.* I will mount, remount, and surmount. I wonder that there is not a solemne Statute made, that no Citizen should marry a handsome Woman ; Or if he did, not to lye with her. For and twere not for Gallants help, they would beget nothing but Fooles. *Crafy lets*

*Cra.* Right sir, right sir. Take the *downe a* Rope, and fasten it about your middle *Rope.* fir.

*Tic.* Why, that's *Crafy* ; a very Coxcomb.

*Cra.* An Asse, an Asse.

*Tic.*

*Tic.* A meer Citizen. Were't not a shame his wife should be honest? Or is't not pity that my own man should wholly enjoy a rare excellent proper woman, when a whole Corporation scarce affords two of them.

*Cra.* Most true sir. Now mount sir. I pluck courageously. Pray *Hercules* my strength faile me not.

*Ruf.* Up sir, up sir.

*Rufflit cud-*

*Tic.* Pox, and pain! Hold Doctor. *gels him.*

*Ruf.* Save you sir.

*Tic.* I am most sensible of your Salutation. Pluck *Footwell*.

*Cra.* Alas the Cord sticks sir; Ile call some help sir. *Crafy comes*

*Tic.* Death and Devils!

*downe.*

*Ruf.* Fifts and Cudgels,

*Tic.* Heart, Lungs, Lights.

*Ruf.* Armes, Shoulders, Sides.

*Tic.* Help, help, help.

Enter *Crafy*.

*Cra.* Passion of Heaven Doctor: Ile Doctor you away. *Exit Rufflit*

*Tic.* Redeem me deare *Footwell*.

*Cra.* Yes sir I come for the same purpose. Alas sir, me thinks I even feele your blowes. Are you not sore sir?

*Tick.* Sore? Couldst thou not pluck?

*Cra.* Sure I was Planet-struck; the rope stuck in a flit Sir.

*Tic.* A Pox o'the flit, say I.

*Cra.* Know you this mad Doctor? Or do you owe any Doctor any thing?

*Tic.* I know him not, nor do I owe any Doctor any thing; I onely owe my Barber Surgeon for a dyet-drink.

*Cra.*

*Cra.* Speedily make up your face    *Ent. Rufflit*  
Sir, here comes company : *M. Rufflit!* *in his owne*  
*Ruf.* Honest *Footwel!* how dost ?    *shape.*  
*Sir Andrew!* Heartily how is't ? — *He hugs and*  
*Tic.* As heartily as thou wilt ; but *shakes him.*  
not so hard I prethee.

*Ruf.* Why what's the matter ?

*Tic.* I bruif'd my side e'en now against a formes  
edge.

*Ruf.* Parmasity, Sir, is very good, or the fresh  
skin of a flead Cat.

*Tic.* Flead Cat ?

*Ruf.* The fly-blowes of a dead dog, made into  
oyl, and spread upon the kell of a meazell  
hog..    *Musick.*

*Cra.* Hark Gentlemen, the Wedding comes, for-  
get old bruises, and put on sence of the lightest  
colour : for this house to night vowes to run giddy  
with mirth and laughter.

*Enter Lights :* Sarpego, Toby, Tryman,  
La. Ticket, Pyannet, Sneakup.

*Ruf.* Joy, health, love and children to this happy  
union.

*Tic.* Unbruif'd bones, and smooth foreheads to  
you both.

*Py.* What shall no device, no mirth solemnize  
my sons match ? Go *Sneakup*, call downe our  
daughter.    *[Exit Sneakup.]*

In despight of sicknesse, mirth and joy shall make  
this night healthfull.

*Try.* O mother, cold sobriety and modest me-  
lancholy becomes the face of the Matron ; unedi-  
fying gawdes are Prophane vanities. Mirth is the  
sat of fools, onely vertue is the nourishment of  
purity and unsfinning sincirity.

*Py.*

*Py.* By the leave of your wisdome daughter, wee'l take the wall of your precisenesse: for Mr. Sarpego has told me of a learned subject for a Ballet, which wee shall see acted preſently.

*Try.* What is it, ſome Heathenih Play?

*Sar.* No certes, but a very religious Dialogue, full of nothing, but morall conceits betwixt Lady *Luxury*, a Prodigall and a Fool.

*Try.* But who ſhould act and perfonate theſe?

*Sar.* Why in that lies the nobility of the device; it ſhould be done after the fashion of *Italy* by our ſelves, only the plot premeditated to what our aim muſt tend: Marry the Speeches muſt be extempore. Mrs. Bride would I have to play Dame *Luxury*, and Mr. *Footwell* here the Prodigall.

*Py.* And my husband the Fool.

*Enter Sneakup, Josina and Bridget.*

*Sneak.* I, and't please you wife.

*Sar.* Ile play the Inductor, and then we are all fitted.

*Try.* I pray you what is Lady *Luxury*? A woman regenerative.

*Tob.* A whore, wife:

*Sar.* In ſincerity not much better then a Curtezan; a kind of open Creature.

*Try.* And do you think me fit to represent an open Creature? Saving your modeſties, a Whore. Can I play the Strumpet, think yee?

*Jos.* Trust me Sister, as long as it is done in private, in ones own House, and for ſome few ſelected Gentlemens pleasure; Me-thinks the part is not altogether the displeasingſt.

*Try.* Modesty defend me! you think tis nothing to play the Strumpet.

*Sar.* Why ſurely religious Lady, it can be no disgrace

disgrace to you to figure out the part : For she that cannot play the Strumpet if she would, can claim no great honour to be chaste.

*Bri.* How gravely and sententiously he speaks.

*Tob.* Wife, it shall be so : It is my first Injunction ; you shall do it, or disobey me. You must play it.

*Try.* What, the Whore sir ?

*Tob.* I, in jest : What hurt is't ? And Mother, you shall excuse my Father for this once : For since my wife plaies the Wnore, Ile play the Foole my selfe. Though, I know, you had rather see him do it, you shall see for a need, I can make shift to perform it as well as he ; as naturally, and to the Life.

*Sar.* Exceeding well thought on, I pray you, Lady, approve of it.

*Py.* Let learning direct, I am not to prescribe to the Muses.

*To.* Come sweet heart, let's in and tire us, and be ready to enter presently.

*Sar.* *I fausto pede* — — *Ex.* *Tob.* *Try.*

Now for the Prodigall.

*Cra.* O doubt not, Mr. *Sarpego* : For know Sir, I am but a poor serving creature, that lives upon expectation ; Oh Sir my end must be husks. Feare not my discharge of the Prodigall — — *Exit.*

*Sar.* *Nil nisi Carmina defunt.*

To entertaine ye, while we attire our selves.

We want but now some Musick, or a Song, — — But thinke you have it. Sit : wee'l not be long. — —

*Exit.*

*Py.* Seat you Gallants. Sit, sweet Sir *Andrew*, Madam, and the rest, and wee'l imagine Musick, as M. *Sarpego* bids us.

*Enter*

*Fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen,  
What hands, and what hearts dost thou knit ?  
A Widdow that's prore,  
And a very very Whore,  
To an Heire that wants nothing but wit.  
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,  
When his means are spent, they may live by her trade.*

*Py.* He sings *Hymen* and *Hymen*; but me thinkes the song is scandalous to the Marriage.

*Lin.* Excuse me Lady, though I was cozen'd of the Bride, I have no such malice; 'tis a song that the boy could sing by chance, and made by a couple that were lately married in Crooked-Lane.

*Py.* O, is it so Sir? I knew not what to make of it.

*Florish. Enter Sarpego, the Prolocutor.*

*Tic.* Let us attend I pray; the Prologue enters.

*Sar.* Right Country Dame, and Courtly Lady,  
Look for sensē as small as may be;  
But, if wit deceive your thinkings,  
Know our Muse disdaines base shrinkings.  
Hold a while your Verdicts bridle,  
Judge not yet our Project idle,  
Till at length the close may show it,  
If we aell the part of Poet.

*Enter Tryman and Toby.* She loosely drest like a  
Curtezan, a bowle of wine in her hand. He  
in a fools Cap and Coat.

Speak Lechery and Folly, Luxury I would say;  
I need not prompt them, they know what they  
should say.

*Try.*

*Try.* Out you base Rascall, you muddy Slave; thou hast married me, and I will drink a health to thy Cuckoldmaker.—— *She drinks it off.*

*To.* Sfoot I am afraid shee'l play the whore better then I shall act the fool.

*Try.* Thou under-hearted, dull-blooded Pantaloone; thou whose utmost honour is to be made so good a thing as a Cuckold; thou sonne of a Copyholder, and the Pudding-pye womans daughter, dost thou think, dar'st thou but imagine, that I shall ever vouchsafe to love to doe any thing, but laugh at thee? Hence you Poultron; thy voyce sounds not so farre as thy breath stinks——

*Kicks him.*

*To.* Nay but, nay but do you heare wife? I do not very well like this; me-thinks you play too much in earnest.

*Try.* In earnest? Why Goodman Fool, you Cockscomb, you Ninnihammer, you Clotpold Countrey Gentleman, thou dirty greediness.——

*Py.* Why how now daughter? Are you well? Me-thinks you over-do it too much.

*Try.* Thou dream'st my good husband, that thou hast married the rich widdow, ha ha ha——

*Sar.* Now enters Prodigality.

*Enter Crafy in his own habit, all hung with Chaines, Jewells, Bags of Money, &c.*

*Cra.* When the troth is, deare brother, you have married the rank whore. Ha ha ha.

*To.* Sir!—who, brother *Crafy*?

*Jo.* Sweet husband!

*Py.* Dear son!

*Tic.* Ruff. Precious friend!

*Lin.* Neighbour *Crafie*!

*Sar.* *Dij boni!* Domine *Crafie*!

*Cra.*

*Cra.* And how doe you wife ? When comes your Doctor *Pulsfeel* ? But a kisse and so forth ? And would not one of these free Gallants, these proper youths have serv'd the turne ? I pray pardon mine incivility, Mother ; I was bold to retaine mine owne Jewells. Ha' you not forgot your singles and your doubles, your fallings back, and your turnings up wife ?

*Fo.* Why ifaith, dear heart, doſt thinke me ſo ſimple, that I did not know thee all the while ? Alas man, I did but counterfeiſt, as you did, to maintaine the jefte ; kiffe me ſweet duck—onely to maintaine the jefte ifaith.

*Cra.* Yes, yes, yes, we are Friends. I heartily thank these kind Gentlemen for their loves to you, yes faith, heartily : I am better by it five hundred at leaſt. Be not you jealous Madame, they had nothing for it ; not a bit by this Light.

*Ruff.* Death o' my Fortune ! that was my Gold.

*Tic.* Plague of a Villain, that was my Jewell.

*Cra.* True Gentlemen ; and your bountie like-wife lies in this Bag.

*La.* T. Sir, we ſent these things to your Wife.

*Cra.* I thank you for it ; we have but one Capacity in the Law, you know : What's hers muſt be mine. I know thou wouldſt have it ſo ſweet-heart. I am onely ſorry Gentlemen, that you were ſo well favourable beaten. That the Foole Citizen, the Afſe Citizen, the Cuckold Citizen ſhould procure ſuch a found ſwadling to your wife, valiant and muſtiall Shoulders. Is't not a fore matter ? But reſt, Salves and warm Oyles may in time recover it.

How do you kind Mother ? Gentlemen, if any of you want Money Gentlemen, here ſtands a City-wit that has it. I have it, if you want any ; ſpeak, I have it, and will keep it. How does your Coſtard Sir ?

Sir? A Pox o'th Slit, Sir. Belov'd of *Phœbus*,  
Minion of the Muses; deare water bayly of *Helicon*,  
be not proud of your Preferment, though you are  
his Highnesse tutor. Mother, I take the restoring  
of my rich Jewels very kindly. O my kind  
Brother, you have got the rich Widdow; and you  
have borne a brain Mother. Your hundred pound,  
brother, was most thirstily and opportunely be-  
stow'd. I could ha' procur'd her to you at an  
easier rate, Mother. I am onely forry for you Mr.  
*Wolfy*, that you had her not: Because you very  
honourably releaste me of your Bond before it was  
due; and are in shrewd danger to be laught at  
among your Neighbours.

How does good Mr. *Crafy*, the Princes Jeweller?  
Mother, did not my Father look too wise for a  
Citizen? How dost honest *Punck*? I am as much  
beholden to thee, as to the rest o' them.

*Py.* My sonne and my heir is utterly undone.

*To.* O! I am quite cast away.

*Cra.* O no, you shall be no loser by me; you  
shall be a gainer by me Brother: Get wit Brother  
(marke you) wit. Good faith I pity the poore  
Citizen, hee has no wit; a handsome young fellow,  
with a pretty beard, and a proper bodied woman  
to his wife, and cannot beare a brain!

*Try.* Why dost heare, modestly mumping Mo-  
ther-in-Law, with thy French-hood, gold-chain,  
and flaggon-bracelets, advance thy snout. If the  
foole thy son, the Ideot my husband here, have  
but as much brains as a Battledore, he may make  
a faire revenue of me: Has he not a place at  
Court? Can he not lodge me there, and prove weak-  
fighted, thick of hearing, sleepie after dinner, and  
snort when others entertaine and Court me? Can  
he

he not survey the hangings, read *Cupids Conybery*, the Park of pleasure, Christian Love-Letters, or some other Pamphlet, or faine some errand into the Town, whilst his browes are turning into gold ?

*Py.* O impudence beyond woman's apprehension ! Sonne *Crasie*, we have all wrong'd thee, thou know'st it ; thou hast reveng'd it, we feel it ; only do not undo my heire, save him, bring him but off o'this match with any losf.

*Cra.* Why Mother, is your son grown such a sawcy Knave, as he thinkes scorne to be a Cuckold ? I cannot cleare him ; in truth I cannot : He has paid for her deeply, and 'tis pity they should be parted, yes faith is't.

*Py.* Woman, we do pray thee, we do beseech thee, even upon our knees — have pity on the house of the *Sneakups* : quit my *Py.* and *Tob.* kneel. son, relinquish thy right, make frustrate this marriage, and look thee, before these able witnessses, we heartily forgive all, and forget : And withall, freely bestow this chaine upon thee — [Pulls off

*Try.* I do receive it. *her chain and gives it.*]

*To.* She does receive it, beare witness all, she does receive it.

*Try.* Marry on this condition —

*To.* No I'le no more marries nor conditions, you have receiv'd it.

*Py.* I, you must make frustrate the Marriage ; for look you, you have receiv'd it.

*Try.* I will, and freely do ; only the condition I would have made, is this, That if you intend longer to be Master of your husband, now that you have seen how well it became me, you will henceforward do as I do — Look you, wear breeches. *Puls the*

*Py.* O horrible ! *coats up, and shew*

*To.* How ! do you wear breeches ? *the breeches.*

*Try.*



## Epilogue.

*N*ow let me Scholaftikewise  
For us all Epiloguise:  
If these slender Scenes of Wit  
Are receiv'd, as they were writ,  
For your mirth, and no offence;  
Let your Grace quit our suspence  
With applaus'd Catastrophe.  
I am short, w' yee (as you see)  
There a Figure, which pray note yee,  
Sic valete valetote.

Gratias Reddo Cuicunque.  
Valetote Iterumque.

*FINIS.*

THE  
DAMOISELLE,  
OR  
THE NEW  
ORDINARY.

---

A COMEDY.

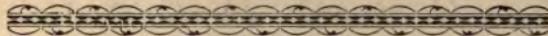
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London,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and  
*Thomas Dring*, and are to be sold at their  
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<sup>25</sup> VOL. I.





## Prologue.

OUR Playmaker (for yet he won't be calld  
Author, or Poet) nor beg to be installd  
Sir Lawreat) has sent me out t' invite  
Your fancies to a full and cleane delight :  
And bids me tell you, That though he be none  
Of those, whose towring Muses scale the Throne  
Of Kings, yet his familiar mirth's as good,  
When tis by you approv'd and understood,  
As if he had writ strong lines, and had the fate,  
Of other Fools for meddling with the State.  
Readers and Audients make good Playes or Books,  
Tis appetite makes Dishes, tis not Cooks.  
But let me tell you, though you have the power,  
To kill or save ; They 're Tyrants that devoure,  
And Princes that preserve : He does not ayme,  
So much at praise, as pardon ; nor does claime  
Lawrell, but Money ; Bayes will buy no Sack,  
And Honour fills no belly, cloaths no back.  
And therefore you may see his maine intent  
Is his owne welfare, and your merriment.  
Then often come, 'twill make us and him the wetter,  
We'l drown the faults of this, in one that's better.

Dramatis

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

V Ermine, *an old Usurer.*  
Dryground, *an old decayed Knight.*  
Sir Amphilus, *a Cornish Knight.*  
Bumpsey, *an old Justice.*  
Brookeall, *a Gentleman, undone by Vermine.*  
Valentine, Drygrounds *Son.*  
Wat, Vermins *Son.*  
Friendly, *a Templer.*  
Oliver, } *Two Gallants.*  
Ambrose, }  
Trebasco. *Sir Amphilus his Footman.*  
Attorney.

*Mrs. Magdalen, Bumpseys Wife.*  
*Jane, his Daughter.*  
*Alice, Vermins Daughter.*  
*Frances, a young Gentlewoman.*  
*Phillis, a poore Wench.*  
*Elianor.*

Lawyers.  
Serjeants.  
Servants.  
Rabble.

*The Scene L O N D O N.*

T H I



THE  
DAMOISELLE,  
OR,  
The New *Ordinary*.

---

*ACT. I. Scene I.*

*Vermine, Dryground.*

*Ver.* **N**OU have your Money ; full a thousand pound,

*Sir Humfrey Dryground.*

*Dry.* And you have my Mortgage.

*Ver.* All well and good ; all well and good. But, now,

*Sir Humfrey Dryground*, let me counsell you.

You have already spent a faire Estate ;

A goodly, great estate : I do not taunt,

Nor taxe you for't.

*Dry.* Because its pumpt into  
The purses of such wretches as thy selfe.

*Ver.* But give me leave, now, fairely to admonish  
You, to a care, how you do part with this.

You spirited men call Money Dirt and Mud.  
I say it is the Eele.

*Dry.* And you the Mud  
That foster it.

*Ver.* It is an Eele, I say, (glides—  
In such sleek hands, as yours; from whence it  
*Dry.* Into the Mud, oft-times, from whence it  
came. (Sir,

*Ver.* I know you doe conceive me. Therefore,  
(As I before was saying) Hold it fast

*Dry.* According to the Ballad. [ *He sings.* ]

*Youth keep thy Money fast,  
And tye it in thy Purse:  
For that must be thine onely Freind,  
For better and for worse.*

*Ver.* So so, I see it going already.

*Dry.* I, to thy comfort. This is the Usurers  
Scripture;  
And all that they pretend Salvation by:  
To give good admonition with their Money;  
Though, in their hearts they wish the quick sub-  
version

Of all they deal with. This is all they plead  
Against the curses of oppressed soules:  
Did not I warne you? Did not I say, take heed?  
And so, and so forth. I must thank you Sir.

*Ver.* You say, youle make a venture of this  
Money.

*Dry.* Yes Mr. *Vermine*, in a Project, that—

*Ver.* Out upon Projects. Fy fy, out out out.

*Dry.* I'm confident shall set me out of debt,  
With you and all the World; and reap againe,  
All, that I formerly have fowne, with profit.

*Ver.* Sowne! There's a word! Prodigall waft is  
fowing.  
We shall call Shipwrack, shortly, fowing too.

Heark

Heark you Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, may not I  
Be privy to your Project? Will you tell me,  
If I guesse on it?

*Dry.* That I will in sooth. (Lord

*Ver.* Is't not to dreine the Goodwins? To be  
Of all the Treasure, buryed in the Sands there?  
And have a Million yearely, from the Merchants  
To cleer the passage.

*Dry.* You have had your blow.  
No Sir, my Project is in the behalfe  
Of the poor Gentleman, you overthrew  
By the strong hand of Law, Bribes, and oppression;  
*Brookall:* Do you know him Sir? whose state you  
fuck'd;  
That wrought him to a poverty that cryes  
Your sinfull Covetise up to the heighth;  
And renders you the Monster of our time,  
For avarice and cruelty.

*Ver.* No more of that.  
*Dry.* You should do well to add a sum, like this  
To his releife: To wave the bitter curse  
That will in time fall on you and your houfe.

*Ver.* O ho! I now remember, you have reason.  
That *Brookall* had a Sister, whom you vitiated  
In your wild heat of blood, and then deny'd  
Her promis'd Marriage; turnd her off with Childe  
A dozen yeaeres since, and since that, never heard of.  
Ha! Is't not so? Pray, did you know her Sir?

*Dry.* I wish I could redeem that ruthfull fault,  
By all expiatory meanes: But thy  
Inhumane cruelty is inexpiable:  
Unlesse (it comes from Heaven into my heart  
To move thee to't) thou tak'ft a speedy course  
To give him threefold restitution.  
Ile put thee in the way. He has a Son,  
A hopefull Youth, a Student in the Law,  
If his poor Fathers want of means have not

Declined his course : Give him thy onely Daughter,  
 And make his Fathers owne Inheritance  
 (By thee unrighteously usurpt) her Dowry ;  
 And pray a blessing may go with it : And then  
 Thou mayst regaine a Christian reputation,  
 Till age shall lead thee to a quiet Grave.  
 Come, is't a match ? Will you bestow your  
 Daughter  
 On Brookalls Son, and make your way to Heaven  
 by't ?

*Ver.* You have your Money.

*Dry.* And thou hast Adders eares  
 To all such Counsells.

*Ver.* If you break your day  
 I shall thinke of your counsell.

*Dry.* Farewell *Vermine.*

*Exit.*

*Ver.* And farewell *Dryground.*  
 This parcell of thy Land, Ile keep      *The*  
 from wetting :      *Mortgage.*

Tis not in thee to turne an Acre of it  
 Into pure Liquor, for a twelvemoneths day.  
 And break that day thy payment, and the Sun  
 Sets not more sure, then all this Land is mine.  
 My Daughter ! ha ! Can't be in thought of man  
 To dreame of such a Match ? A wretch, a Beggar ?  
 Within there ! Where's my Girle ? What *Ally* ?

*Enter Alice.*

*Ali.* Here Sir —

*Ver.* My blessing, and good morne : Now heare  
 me Girle.

*Ali.* Now for a Speech —

*Ver.* The care of Children's such a startle-braine,  
 That had I more then one, I should run Wild-cat,  
 (Then one I mean, to care for) that's thy selfe,  
 My sober discreet Daughter. Note my care,  
 Pil'd up for thee in massy sums of wealth ;  
 Too weighty for thy weak consideration

To

To gueffe from whence it came, or how together  
So layd in mountainous heaps.

*Ali.* It is indeed.

As strange to me, as are the stony wonders  
On *Salsbury Plaine* to others. But my duty  
Perswades me twas your thirst, and that great  
blessing

That gives increase to honest Industry,  
Drawne on it by your prayers and upright life,  
That wrought these heaps together.

*Ver.* O, *Ally Ally*,  
Tis well if thine with all thy Huswifry  
Can keep 'em so. I thanke thee for thy judgement  
And charitable thoughts. But —

*Ali.* You had other wayes. (*Afide.*)

*Ver.* I say, thou art the onely Childe I care for.  
Thy Brother (though I loath to call him so)  
Is, now, an utter stranger to my blood ;  
Not to be nam'd but with my curse, a Wolfe  
That teares my very bowells out.

*Ali.* Your Money.

*Ver.* A riotous Reprobate, that hath coyn'd  
His last, already, of my meanes and blessing.

*Ali.* But he yet may be turn'd Sir.

*Ver.* Out oth' Compter !

May he be so, doft think ? Could I but dream  
His Creditors, that have him fast, could be  
So idly mercifull, or that his youthfull Ghing  
Could stretch, to get him out, Ile lay, my selfe,  
An Action on him weightier, then the strength  
Of all their poor abilities could lift :  
His *Jacks*, his *Toms*, his *Nams*, *Nolls*, *Gills*, and  
*Nuns*,

The roaring fry of his Blade-brandifhing mates  
Should not release his Carcasse : If they did,  
I'de force him to a tryall for his life,  
For the two hundred Peices that he pilfred.

Out of my Counting-house. He shall up.

*Ali.* I will not forfeit my obedience Sir,  
To urge against your Justice, onely I crave  
Your leave to grieve, that I have such a Brother.

*Ver.* Thou shalt defie the name of Brother in  
him,  
My onely, onely Childe ; and but in one command  
Obey me further, all my estate is thine,  
Tis that I cald thee for.

*Ali.* I do not crave  
More, then your daily blessing ; but desire  
To know what youle impose upon my duty.

*Ver.* Thou shalt, and stile thy selfe a Lady by't.

*Ali.* Now Love defend me from the man I feare.

*Ver.* This day Ile match thee to a matchlesse  
Knight. (last Term ?

*Ali.* The Westerne Knight Sir, that was here

*Ver.* Even he, this day he comes to Towne.

*Ali.* Would I  
Were out on't first. A matchlesse Knight [Aside.]  
Indeed, and shall be matchlesse stll for me.

*Ver.* I like those blushes well : I read his welcome  
Upon her cheeks.

*Ali.* Sir, I have heard, he has  
But little Land.

*Ver.* But he has Money Girle  
Enough to buy the best Knights Land, that is  
A selling Knight, in the West part of *England*.

*Ali.* He's well in yeares.

*Ver.* A lusty Batchelor of two and fifty,  
With, O, the husbandry that's in him.

*Ali.* How came he by his Knighthood ? Cost it  
nothing ?

*Ver.* No : He was one oth' Cobbe-Knights in  
the throng,

When they were dubd in Clusters.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, the Knight,

That

That you expect this day, is come to Towne.  
His man has brought's Portmantue.

*Ver.* Fetch the Man.

The welcomst man alive is come to Towne.

*Ally,* my Girle, my Daughter, Lady Bride !

What title shall I give thee ? Now bestirr you,  
I know his thrift, he has rid hard to day

To save his Dinner      *Enter Wat disguised like*  
Welcome honest freind.    *a Countrey Servingman.*

And how does the right worshipfull Sir *Amphilus* ?

*Wat.* My Master is in health Sir, pray'd be Go—  
A little weary, or so, as I am of my carriage,  
Which I must not lay down, but in the hands  
Of your owne Worship.

*Ver.* Tis of weight and lock'd : I guesse the  
worth ;

And warrant him the safety under these Keyes.  
But where's thy Master ?

*Wat.* At his Inne in *Holborne*  
Telling a little with the Host, till I  
Bring word from you.

*Ver.* No, I will run to him  
My selfe : you shall stay here, his Chamber  
Fitted against he comes, *Ally,* bestirr you,  
And thinke no paines your trouble on this day,  
To morrows Sun shall light your Wedding way.

*Exit.*

*Ali.* Unlesse some unexpected Fate relieve me,  
I shall be hurried to my endlesse ruine.

*Wat.* You are sad, me thinks, young Mistresse,  
I can tell you,  
My Master, when he comes, will make you merry.

*Ali.* How ? As he is a Foole ?

*Wat.* No : But as he has  
The soule of mirth and Musick at command ;  
Money, the all-rejoycing spirit ; that  
Hee'l make you merry with : Nor that alone,

But Dignity, which Women prize 'above money,  
You are a Lady by't: Mark that. And if  
He has a weaknesse, which you reckon folly;  
It laies you open way to Soveraignty;  
The thing which is of most esteem. You'll be  
His Lady *Regent*; rule all his, and him.

*Ali.* This Fellow talkes not like a Serving-man:  
A forty shilling wages Creature, but  
Some disguiſ'd spokes-man. What may be the  
trick o'nt?

*Wat.* You cannot, in th' estate you are, imagine  
What tis to be a Wife to ſuch a man.

*Ali.* No more then you perceive the paines you  
loofe  
In fooling for him thus. But ſpare your breath,  
And take this briefe tafſt of his Entertainment.  
First know, that I do know the man you ſpeak of,  
To be a covetous Mifer; old and foolish.  
Not worth in my estimation the worſt Meale  
That ever he himſelfe paid three pence for.

*Wat.* Who do you mean? Sir *Amphilus* my  
Knight.

*Ali.* Yes Squire, I know him and his qualities;  
The waies he got his Wealth by, caſuall Matches;  
Of forty, fifty, and ſometimes a hundred  
For one. When bounteous Fortune (ſeldome failing  
Men of his Brain) caſt all into his mouth,  
The Gudgeon gap'd for. And how flight a thing  
It is, for ſuch base Worldlings to be rich?  
That ſtudy nothing but to ſcrape and fave.  
That have no Faith, but in their ready money,  
Nor love to Worldly pleasures above thoſe  
Poor Coblers uſe.

*Wat.* Cheap Whores, and Duck-hunting:  
There's his delight indeed.

*Ali.* I hate to think of ſuch a Dunghill Scarab.  
A water-Dog Knight!

*Wat.*

*Wat.* But Wedlock, to his age, will bring him  
To choicer pleasures, and abandon such. (home

*Ali.* His Age is fit for nothing, but to rock  
Another's Child; and to rejoice through Spectacles,  
At the strong Gueſſe he has, it is his owne.

*Wat.* You ſlight him ſtrangely yet: but when  
you ſee

Him, and his weighty reaſons to conſute you. —

*Ali.* I will nor weigh, nor ſee him, or his reaſons.  
And if thou ow'ſt him ſo much Service, tell him;  
Go back and tell him ſtraiſt: ſave him the end  
Of his intended Journey. For to come  
Hither, will be to drive me hence. And tell  
My Father, ere he ſhall enforce me, take him;  
Ile flye into the Armes of one he hates.

*Wat.* Are you in earnest?

*Ali.* Yes, by all my hopes. (then.

*Wat.* These are the armes that muſt receive thee  
Nay, be not frightened Sister; look, tis I. (Off his

*Ali.* Befhrew me but I am. How {Beard, &c.  
got you hither?

Could not the Compter hold you?

*Wat.* So it ſeems,

My Virtue was not to be fo obſcur'd.  
Noble *Sir Humphrey Drygroun*, Sister, was  
My franck Infranchiſer. O, I have wonders  
To tell thee Sister. Thou muſt go with me.  
But first, lend me ſome money. Borrow ſome;  
(And let it be a good Summe) of my Father,  
Now in his abſence. Come, ſupply, ſupply  
My Pockets and thine owne. For we muſt hence.  
Th'art made for ever, Sister. Quick, diſpatch.

*Ali.* What's the meaning of all this?

*Wat.* Twill be too long to tell it here.

The Raſcall foole, to whom my Father gives thee,  
Is come to Towne: And ſhould he now ſurprise  
thee,

Here in my Fathers power, thy strength might  
faile thee.

Be therefore at a sure Guard. O, Sir *Humphrey*,  
How are my Sister and my selfe bound to thee,  
That plottest this escape. Dispatch good *Ally*  
And heare the rest by th' way.

*Ali.* Why ? Wither ? What's the matter ?

*Wat.* Say thou will have that Coxcomb, Ile but  
kill thee,

And leave the here : And all my care is over.

*Ali.* Ile sooner dye then have him.

*Wat.* Why do you not shun him then ? O, sweet  
Sir *Humphrey*,

Is thy care flighted thus, in my delivery ?  
In my disguise ? In fending out my Father  
On Tom-fooles Errant ? While a Coach is sent  
To the back-doore here ; All to save my Sister,  
My thanklesse Sister here, from worse then Rape.

*Ali.* Why, whither would you have me ?

*Wat.* But hard-by.

But till the Wilde-fire of my Fathers Passion  
Shall be run out. Slid, I had eene forgot.  
Beare money with us, Sister ; pretty store.  
Who knowes occasions ? Let him keep in pawne  
My rich Portmantue for't.

*Ali.* There's some good stuff in't.

*Wat.* More then hee'll thank me for. Wee'll talke  
i'th' Coach

In, in, and furnish ; and so through the Garden,  
And, whirre, we are gone. If we should be pre-  
vented ;

By this good steele, if I but heare one knock,  
Ile make sure work o'thee. I can but trusse for't.  
There's a faire end on's both. And what will he  
Do with his money then ? Look how thou standst.  
If you respect your Father, or the Dog-Master,  
To be your Husband, better then me, then take

You

You your owne course: Mine shall be known next  
Sessions. (Father

*Ali.* Better then you, don't you respect your  
Better then me?

*Wat.* No, if I do, let me be hang'd for nothing :  
And that would anger any man I think.

'Slid, thou and I had one Mother, (which  
We both take after) so had not he and we.  
And he takes after no body, that I know.  
He loves a stranger better then's owne Childe :  
And that mans money, better then that man,  
The Devill 'bove all I think. Thou dost not know  
What Coales we stand on.

*Ali.* Who shall look toth' house? (that  
*Wat.* Wilt loose thy selfe with keeping that? Is

All now? Away, away.

*Ali.* Y'are a precious Brother. — *Exeunt.*

---

## *ACT. I. Scene II.*

*Bumpsey, Dryground, Valentine, Magdalen, Jane.*

*Bum.* **A** LL this needs not Sir *Humphrey*.  
*Dry.* Do but heare patiently, and do  
your pleasure.

I go not about to stop your course, Mr. *Bumpsey*.

*Bum.* Nor I yours, Sir *Humphrey*; Nor your  
Sonnes here; Nor his Wifes there: Onely  
this Gentlewoman, in mine owne right I  
may be bold withall, while you depart my  
house, if you may be intreated, so. Is not  
this right? Is not this plain?

*Mag.* Yet heare his Worship speak, good *Bump*.

*Bum.* Good *Whirly*, what can his Worship speak?  
Or your wisdome twatle for him, in this  
Cause; that I do not understand already?  
Has not his Sonne wedded our Daughter?

How directly, or indirectly, who meddles with his match? Nay more, has he not bedded her? How, directly or indirectly who meddles with that either? Let him have and hold, possesse (*Hmst.*) and enjoy do his worst, and make his best of her though she be an Heire, I will not set him out of her: No, I protest; were *Ante Copulam*, as it is *post*, I would not crosse 'em. Is not this right and plaine enough.

*Dry.* But good Mr. *Bumpsey*, Brother *Bumpsey*, I would call you—

*Bum.* Keep your Brothers and your Goods to your selfe, Sir, I have no need of 'em.

You are a Knight, and a man of Worship—

*Val.* He will speake all himselfe.

*Bum.* I am a plaine Fellow, and out of debt.

*Mag.* I, let him run on.

*Bum.* I sought none of your Allyance, I—

*Val.* Has he the speed to run beyond himselfe

*Ja.* Yes, and bring himselfe about, I warrant you

*Bum.* Nor to be joyned with houses of great found,

Whose noise growes from their hollow emptinesse.  
I could have matcht my Daughter here, that was  
But now a Barronetesse in Reversion,  
To a substanciall Heire of two faire Lordships.

*Dry.* Perhaps no Gentleman.

*Bum.* Yet honourable, Land-Lordship's real honour,

Though in a Trades-man Son: when your faire Titles

Are but the shadowes of your Ancestry;  
And you walk in 'em, when your Land is gone:  
Like the pale Ghosts of dead Nobilitie.

Ha! If not so? Is not this right and plaine?

*Dry.*

*Dry.* Yes like the priviledge you use in your  
owne house here.

*Bum.* Nay I come up to you now *Sir Humfry*  
*Dryground* ;

Up in a point of Chivalry. You are a Knight,  
A Baronet to boot : Your son is like  
T'inherit that deare paid-for title, but  
(Youle give me leave to use my plainnesse)

*Dry.* Freely. (honour.)

*Bum.* Your son (I say) is Heire to your bought  
Which may hereafter Ladifie my Daughter :  
But where's the Land you once were Lord of ? Ha !  
The goodly Cornfields, Medows, Woods, and  
Pastures,

That must maintain the House, the Gownes, the  
Coach, (Hounds.)

With all by complements of Horses, Hawks, and  
*Val.* Now hees in.

*Bum.* Where be the Parks, the Warrens, Herds,  
and Flocks ? (ponds ?)  
Besides the Gardens, Orchards, Walks, and Fish-

*Dry.* For that heare me.

*Bum.* Ods pitty, give me leave,  
You, that had all these once, in three faire Lord-  
ships,  
To be wrought on, and tonyed out of all,  
But a small pittance of *Trois Cents per Annum*,  
By Providence intayld upon the Heire,  
(Or that had wasted too) which now maintaines  
you,

In a proportion of Smoak, and Sack,  
To wash your mouth with after, where you live  
Confin'd in *Milford Lane*, or *Fullers Rents*,  
Or who knows where, it skills not —

*Dry.* Must I heare this too.

*Mag.* Now he has almost done,

*Bum.* Can you (I say) think your good husbandry

A lawfull Precedent for your Gamesome son  
To make my Daughter happy in a Marriage,  
Though he had twice my Fortunes ?

*Fa.* Now hee's coming :  
Beare but with this ; and if he offer not  
More then you would request, Ile lose your love.

*Bum.* But here's the substance of't, you have my  
Daughter,

Your Son, sir, has my Daughter, that must have,  
And shall, my whole Estate at my Decease ;  
(No Law exacts it sooner) This Estate  
You safely may suppose ten thousand pounds,  
Which I have got by thrifty Industry.  
Onely one thousand, I confess, my Wife  
Improv'd my Fortune with, Here's the just summe  
I give her leave to give it to her Daughter :  
She may endow her Husband with it. So,  
Is not this plaine ? Now note me further, sir ;  
What I have left is my owne ; and you, sir, may  
Which what is theirs take hence your Son &  
Daughter,

Till you shall heare old *Bumpsey* is deceast.  
Then let him come, and challenge all—that's left  
Mean time I know my course. (how ap

*Fa.* Now chop in with him, Mother, you know  
Hee is to crosse you in these Moods.

*Val.* Deare, worthy, honour'd, sir,  
*Bum.* sh't, sh't, sh't ; Woman come you with me  
*Mag.* I *Bump.* Let us go our way, and let them  
take theirs agods name.

*Val.* Pray heare me, sir.

*Mag.* At this time, sir, he shall not.

*Bum.* Shall not ! He shall sure : Ods pity ! shall  
not : Are you pleas'd to speak, sir.

*Val.* Not to offend —

*Bum.* Not to a Fiddlestick. Shall not ! Can  
you speak or not ?

If not, pray yell me so.

*Val.* I married, sir, your Daughter.

*Bum.* You may thank her Mother for't, not me.

Well, will you speake ?

*Val.* I married her in a firme hope to winne  
Your Love and favour,

*Bum.* Well.

*Val.* Which, since I have not yet ; and time  
must worke it,

I would make this my suit.

*Bum.* Would I could heare it once.

*Val.* That you would take  
With re-acceptance of this thousand pound  
Your Daughter and me into your Family.

*Bum.* And why the thousand pound ; does't  
burn your Fingers ?

*Val.* Give us but meat and lodging for't : My  
Father,  
Out of his little left Estate will give us  
A hundred yearely for other necessaries.

*Bump.* With all my heart.

*Val.* And as you finde my regular life deserve  
Your future favour, so extend your bounty,  
When Age shall call upon you to dispose  
Of all your faire Possessions.

*Bum.* Humh ! A pretty od speech this ! I would  
I knew  
The meaning on't.

*Val.* I mean, Sir, as I speak ; that till you finde  
Strong probability in me to manage  
A good estate, you trust me not with any.

*Bum.* Ha ! Is it so ? Then I come to a point  
with you.

*Mag.* Marke him now, Sir *Humfrey*.

*Bum.* You look, Sir, in my Daughters right, to  
have,

After my death, my whole Estate, by shewing

Me,

Me, in my life time, your good husbandry, by husbanding of nothing :

Y' have tane off halfe my purpose ; for I meant  
To have kept it in my power, whether to leave her  
Any, or nothing : And, perhaps (d'yee heare)  
By an odd course, that I was thinking on  
To ha' made all nothing ere I dy'd : But now  
Halfe of that power Ile put into your hands,  
Ile try what you can do with something.

*Mag.* Halfe ? What meane you halfe ?

*Bum.* Even halfe of all I have.

*Mag.* I hope you will not deal so.

*Bum.* And as he deals with that, Ile use the rest.

*Mag.* Pray be advis'd.

*Bum.* Never by you 'gainst this :  
Ile give him instantly the free possession  
Of halfe I have : Now marke ; if you increase,  
Or keep that halfe, then, doublefesse, I shall do,  
As well with tother for you : If you diminish  
Or waste it all, ile do the like with my part.

*Mag.* Husband.

*Bum.* Ile do't : Together we will live :  
And Ile along with you in your owne course,  
And, as you play your game, you win or lose all :  
Thrive and ile thrive : Spend you, and I will spend :  
Save, and Ile fave ; scatter, and Ile scatter.

*Mag.* You won't be mad.

*Bum.* Ile do't : Let him throw Money  
Into the *Thames*, make Ducks and Drakes with  
Peices,

Ile do the like : till he has made a match  
Or no match of my Daughter : There's the point  
And the whole substance on't.

*Dry.* Will you do so ?

*Bum.* Will I ? Tis done. Ile make him a good  
husband,  
Or be no husband for him : And so see

Whats

Whats mine, out of the danger of his waste,  
And have some sport too for my Money : Ha !

I love to do these things.

*Mag.* Nay, but in one thing, *Bump.* let me advise you.

*Bump.* In nothing 'gainst this course, good whirly : no,  
Tis so set downe. I know I shall be counted  
An odde old humorous Cockcombe for't by some :  
But the truth is, I love to do these things :  
And so God gi' yee joy.

*Dry.* Ile take my leave Sir.

*Bum.* Not so I hope, Sir *Humfry.*

*Dry.* I have businesse,  
And go well satisfied with this agreement :  
And, *Val.* take briefly this my Charge : You are now  
A Husband, be a good one : Y'have my blessing.  
But (heark you) do you remember 'gainst the even-  
ing ?

*Val.* All Sir, all : I have spread my Nets already.

*Dry.* Sir, fare you well.

*Bum.* At your pleasure Sir.

*Dry.* Ile shortly visit you.

*Bum.* At your own good time Sir—*Exit Drygr.*  
These shall stay here, Ile blindfold them with Money,  
And by a new way try, if they can grope  
The right way into th' World. Come your way.

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## ACT. II. Scene I.

*Oliver. Ambrose.*

*Ol.* A Nd why this Gallery to me, good *Ambrose* ?  
*Am.* I swear I am serious, and you may  
believe it.

*Ol.* What, that there can be in the World an  
Affe

Wert

(Wert thou a fool to credit it) that would keep  
A House, by way of publike Ordinary,  
For fashionable Guests, and curious stomacks ;  
The daintiest Pallats, with rich Wine and Clear ;  
And all for nothing, but alls paid and welcome ?

*Am.* *Vall Dryground* told it me, whose truth  
deserves

So well my credit, that, prove you it false,  
Ile pay all Ord'enaries and Taverne reckonings  
You shall be at this twel'moneth.

*Ol.* I have heard

Of all the Mockéries, the Ape, the Ram, the Hornes,  
The Goat, and such tame Monsters, whom poor wits  
Have sent wise Tradesmen to, as to a Knight,  
A Lord, or forrain Prince ; to be his Mercer,  
His Taylor, Semster, Millener, or Barber :  
When those, that have beene mock'd, still sent their  
Neighbours,

Till halfe the City have bee fool-found. Ha !  
Ist not some such poor trick ?

*Am.* Here comes my Author. *Enter Valentine.*

*Ol.* O Mr. Bridegroom, that stole the wealthy  
match ! How got you loose so soone ? I thought  
you had beene tyed up by the Loines, like a  
Monkey to the Bed-post, for a fortnight at the  
least. How does old *Bumpsey*, that Freecold  
Drunkard, thy mad Father-in-Law, take thy stolne  
Marriage ? I am sure he knows on't.

*Val.* He found's abed last night i'th' nick, as we  
say.

But we are peec'd this morning.

*Am.* Then he wrangled it out, of himselfe. I  
know his singular humour.

*Ol.* What has he gi'n thee ?

*Val.* Halfe, of all he has.

*Am.* How ?

*Val.* On this Condition, that, if I have

That

That halse untill he dyes, the rest is mine too.

*Ol.* What if thou spendſt thy hälfe?

*Val.* Heel spend the tother ; and the same way,  
hee sweares.

*Ol.* Hee'l nere keep Covenant.

*Val.* Ile tell you how he runs at waste already,  
This morning the French Taylor brought a Gowne  
home,

Of the fashion, for my Wife. He bought one  
Streight, ready made, for his old Gentlewoman,  
That never wore so rich in all her life.

*Am.* O brave old woman ! How will shee carry it ?

*Val.* I spoke but of a Coach, and he bespoke one.

*Ol.* Wonder upon wonder ! *Nam* was telling one  
Before thou camſt.

*Val.* What the new Ordny ?

*Ol.* Doſt know the man that keeps it ?

*Val.* They call him *Osbright*.

A brave old Blade. He was the President  
Of the Can-quarrelling Fraternity,  
Now calld the Roaring Brotherhood, thirty years  
ſince,

But now grown wondrous civill, free, and hospitable,  
Having had ſomething fallen to him, as it ſeemes.

*Ol.* That *Osbright* has been dead these many  
years.

*Val.* It was given out ſo : But he lived beyond  
Sea.

*Ol.* There's ſome ſtrange plot in't.

*Val.* O thou pollitick *Noll*.

*Ol.* Judge thy ſelfe, *Val*, what can the mystery  
be ?

He tells me there's no Gaming, ſo no Cheating ;  
Nor any other by-way of expence,  
By Bawdry, or ſo, for privy profit.

*Val.* Such a fuſpition were a ſin. But now  
I will unfold the Riddle to you. This feaſting

Has

Has been but for three dayes, and for great persons,  
 That are invited, and to be prepar'd  
 To venture for a prize. This very night  
 There will be some great Rifling for some Jewell,  
 Or other rare Commodity they say.  
 I cannot nam't : tis twenty pound a man.

*Ol.* Is not that gaming prithee ?

*Val.* That's to come :

But, hitherto, nor Dice, nor Cards, nor Wench,  
 Is seen ith' house, but his owne onely Daughter.

*Ol.* O ! has he Daughter there ? Mark that *Nam.*  
 No gaming sayst thou ? Ods me, and they play not  
 At the old Game of old there, I dare—

*Val.* I dare be sworne thou doft 'em wrong.

*Ol.* Shees too stale, is shee ?

Tis above twenty yeares since he went over,  
 And was reported dead (they say) soon after,  
 In *France*, I take it : But, then, it seemes, he lived,  
 And got this Damsell there ? Is she French borne ?

*Val.* Yes, she was born and bred there : And  
 can speak  
 English but brokenly. But, for French behaviour,  
 Shees a most compleat *Damoiselle*, and able  
 To give instructions to our Courtliest Dames.

*Ol.* Shee must be seen.

*Am.* But see who here comes first.

*Enter Vermine. Servant.*

*Ver.* Thou hast undone me Villaine.

*Ser.* Out alas !

I was as ignorant of the deceit,  
 As your owne innocent worship ever was  
 Of cozening any man of Land or Living.

*Ver.* Was ever man so cursed in his Children !

*Val.* Tis the wretch *Vermine*.

*Ol.* What makes he here, trow, in the Temple  
 walks ? (his Lechery.

*Val.* What should he do elsewhere, when Law's  
 The

The Devils itch dry up his marrow for't.  
He undid a worthy Gentleman I know.

*Ol.* I, Brookall, thrusting him out of his Land.

*Am.* Hee's fitted with an Heire for't; one that  
can

Justly inherit nothing but the Gallows.

*Ol.* Wheres Brookalls son? He had a hopefull  
one;

And, at sixteen, a Student here ith' Temple.

*Val.* Alasse his Fathers fall has ruined him.  
Meere want of maint'nance forc'd him to service,  
In which hee's lately travell'd into France.

*Ver.* Go backe to the Recorders: Fetch the  
Warrant,  
Ile search the City and the Suburbs for her.

*Exit Servant.*

*Amp.* But *Vermine* has a daughter may prove  
good,

*Val.* A good one like enough: Ile lay a wager  
Hee's poching 'mong the trees here, for a Broker,  
To match his daughter to a landed husband.  
This is their walk.

*Ol.* Let's try if we can fit him.

*Val.* Thou'l nere indure his breath, it stinkes of  
brimstone.

*Ol.* Ile take the wind of him: You are well met,  
Sir.

They say you have a daughter you would match,  
Sir. (then?)

*Ver.* It may be I have; it may be not; How  
What's that to you?

*Ol.* Pray be not angry Sir.  
The worst of us has land, and may deserve her.

*Ver.* Pray let me ask you first, if you be not  
The knaves confederates that stole her from me?

*Val.* Is she stolne from you Sir? In troth I am  
glad on't.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* Tis the first newes we heard on't.

*Ol.* Though I assure you  
We heard none ill to day : But very good,  
As that of the New Ordinary.—

*Amp.* Then the good successe  
This Gentleman had lately with a wife—

*Val.* And lastly, this you tell us ; which, but that  
It comes from your own mouth, were e'en too good  
For our belief, me-thinks.

*Ol.* Pray, is it true Sir ?  
That your daughter's gone, lost, or stolne, as you  
say ?

*Amp.* May we report it after you, good Sir ?

*Ver.* What are you ? I would know.

*Val.* Gentlemen, Sir.  
That cannot but rejoice at your affliction.  
And therefore blameleſſe, that desire to hear it.

*Ver.* Cannot this place, where Law is chiefly  
studied,  
Relieve me with so much, as may revenge  
Me on these scorners ? How my Slave stayes too !  
Yet I may find a time.—

*Exit.*

*All.* Ha ha ha.—

*Ol.* Look, look, what thing is this ?—

*Enter* Amphilus, Trebasco.

*Amb.* Trebasco, Skip-kennel.

*Tre.*

*Amp.* It speaks, me-thinks.

*Ol.* Yes, and its shadow answers it in Cornish.

*Val.* I know him ; tis the wise Western Knight  
that should  
Have married *Vermynes* daughter.

*Amp.* Skipkennell, you shall turn Footman, now

*Skipkennell.*

I'le nere keep horse more —

*In*

*Tre.* You must be Footman then your self Sir.

*Amp.* No nor Mare neither.

*Tre.* You need not Sir, now you be determined to marry, and live here i'the City altogether. And truly, Sir, she could never ha' dyed better, nor been taken from you (as they say) in a better time, so neere her journeys end.

*Amb.* His Mare's dead it seems.

*Amp.* Was it well done of her, dost thinke to die to day upon the way, when she had been i'my purse to morrow in Smithfield : Poor fool, I think she dyed for grief I would ha' sold her.

*Tre.* 'Twas unlucky to refuse *Reynold Pengutlings* money for her.

*Amp.* Would I had taken't now : and she had not dyed mine own, 'twould nere have griev'd me.

*Tre.* Pray bear it Sir, as they say—We are all mortall you know, and her time was come, we must think.

*Amp.* And't had not been the first losse that ere I had in my life, I could ha' born it.

*Tre.* And grace og (as they say) it shall not be the last.

*Amp.* I would thou couldst ascertain me that ; but mischieves are taild to one another, and I must grieve as well for the what's to come, as the departed.

*Ol.* We will have a bout with him : Who is departed, Sir ?

*Amp.* My Mare, my Mare Sir : 'Twas the prettiest Tit—But she is gone —

*Ol.* How, is she gone Sir ?

*Tre.* You will not talk to 'em.

*Val.* How is she gone, I pray Sir ?

*Tre.* Sir, as it were, because she could goe no further.

*Val.* Good angry man give us leave to talk with thy Master.

*Ol.*

*Ol.* Good Sir, a little more of your Mare.

*Tre.* I would you had her all to do you good Sir : she lies but a quarter of a mile beyond Brainford.

*Val.* Did you leave skin and shooes, and all behind Sir?

*Tre.* Shoes all behind ? I thought how wise you were : Come away Master. No, while she liv'd, she never wore but two behind Sir.

*Ol.* Gramercy honest fellow, thou hast wit in thy anger. (pishly.)

*Amp.* Sirrah, answer not the Gentleman so snap-

*Tre.* How can I choose, when they do nothing but make a foole of your Worship before your Worships face, and your Worship perceives it not.

*Val.* Good Sir, fall from your man to your beast againe.

*Tre.* There againe, another main mock : He would have him fall from a man to a beast.

*Amp.* Give me the shoon ; let 'em go I say, I will have 'em.

*Tre.* Pray take 'em then, hee'l ne're be wiser.

*Amp.* These were her shoon Gentlemen, I'le keep 'em for her sake, that little Tit, my little poor Gonhelly, that would have carried me on this little iron from *Pensans* to *S. Columb* on a day. And that's a way would try a stumbler you'l say, if you know it.

*Val.* 'Tis enough, I know you Sir *Amphilus*, and have fool'd enough with you. Adieu ; my businesse calls me. Gentlemen, will you meet me to night at the Ordinary.—

*Exit.*

*Ol.* Yes, and perhaps, be there before you too  
Come *Ambrose*—

*Exeunt.*

*Amp.* Od Gentlemen, me-thinks

*Tr.*

*Tre.* Why did you talk with 'em? What had you to make with 'em?

*Amp.* True, wee have other matters to think on: Your first course *Trebasco*, after we come to our lodging, shall be to Turnbull-street, to the Cobler,

*Tre.* Your Dog-tutor.

*Amp.* Yes, and see how my whelp proves, I put to him last Term.

*Tre.* Yes, Sir.

*Amp.* And know of him what Gamesters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs.

*Tre.* Yes Sir.

*Amp.* And ask him—Dost thou heare? If he ha' not done away his own dog yet, *Blackswan* with the white foot? If I can but purchase him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.

*Tre.* Never misdoubt, your whelp's right I warrant you; for why, he could lap before he could well go: And at ten weeks old he could pisse under leg.

*Amp.* He was a fine forward Puppy, true enough: But and that be a signe of short life, and he should peak away after my Mare now—Here, prethee take her shoon againe: What should I keep 'em for? They put me too much in mind of mortality, do 'em away, make money of 'em, and Ile convert it into a Dog-Collar—

*Enter Vermine. Servant.*

*Tre.* Ile try the Market with 'em.

*Ver.* the frumping Jacks are gone.—

*Amp.* See my Aldermanicall Father-in-Law! How d'yee do Sir? I am come. I keep my day you see before I am a Cittiner among you. How does my best belov'd I pray, your daughter? You do not speak me-thinks.

*Ver.*

*Ver.* Ask you for my daughter? Let me aske you first what was your plot to put me in this fright, to make me trudge to your Inn, whilst knave your man here—Is not this he?

*Ser.* I doubt Sir he was taller.

*Ver.* Having first left a bag of Trumpery with me, stones, and old iron, steals away the baggage

*Amp.* This is abhomination! What Inn? and what old iron? I came at no Inne to day, nor touch old Iron, but that with sorrow enough, my poore Mares shoes, she left me at her sad deceale to Brainford. I had rather ha' lost the best part of five Mark I wusse: From whence I came by water, landed here at the Temple, to leave a Letter to a kinsmans chamber, now right as sure as can be. Say *Trebasco*.

*Tre.* He tells you true.

*Amp.* But is your daughter gone?

*Ver.* Gone, gone.

*Amp.* All ill go with her: Did not I say I should hear of more mischief, and that one was ever tail'd to another?

*Tre.* You said so indeed: but if she had been tail'd to your Mare, I should have seen her sure, when I stript her.

*Ver.* This is the day of my affliction,  
This day Ile crosse out of my Almanack  
For ever having any thing to do on't. (day?)

*Amp.* Why then, you will not seeke her out to Although me-thinks the day might serve as well To find her, as to lose her, if luck serve. (rant?)

*Ser.* What else did you intend Sir by the war-  
Best lose no time Sir.  
No, no, wee'l go.

*Enter Brookeall.*

*Broo.* First take my execration with thee, Monster.

*Ver.*

A purchase there too, Father-i-Law that shoul  
be?

*Ver.* How am I tortur'd ! I will fly this place.

*Enter Phillis, a box in her hand.*

*Phil.* Nay prethee stay a little, good old man,  
Give something to my box.

*Ver.* Out on thee Baggage.

*Phil.* A little something, prethee ; but a tester.

*Ver.* Out, out.

*Phil.* Thou look'ft like a good Penny-father,  
A little of thy money would so thrive here,  
'Twould grow, by that I were ready for a husband  
Up to a pretty portion. Pray thee now—

*Ver.* What canst thou be ?

*Phil.* Infooth a Gentlewoman, but a By-blow,  
My Father is a Knight, but must be namelesse.

*Ver.* Can Knights get Beggars ?

*Phil.* Why not ? when such as thou get Knight  
Nay, prethee, prethee now gi' me a tester.  
I ne're ask lesse : My mother's a poore Gentle  
woman,

And has no meanes, but what comes through m  
fingers.

And this is all my work : Come, wring it out.  
Oh how I love a hard-bound Money-master,  
Whose count'nce shewes how loath hee is to pa  
with' !

It comes so sweetly from him, when it comes :  
Nay, when ? I pray thee when ? Pish, make an en

*Amp.* It is the prettiest merry Beggar.

*Ver.* Huswife Ile ha' you whipt.

*Phil.* I, when I beg i' th' streets.

I have allowance here, as well as any  
Brokers, Projectors, Common Bail, or Bankrupts,  
Pandars, and Cheaters of all sorts, that mix here

Mong

Mongst men of honor, worship, lands and money.

*Amp.* O rare Beggar-wench ! *Lawyers and others*

*Phil.* I come not hither to in-*passe* over the Stage  
trap or cozen.

My work lies plain before me as *two and two*,  
my way.

With, *will you give me?* Praythee, hard old man.

*Ver.* Away, away.

*Phil.* What though thou com'st to deal  
For this mans Land, or sell another's right,  
Or els to match thy daughter, if thou haft one  
To this young Gentleman—Thou wilt give mee  
somenthing.

*Ver.* The Devill haunts me.

*Amp.* Shee makes a youth of me.

*Phil.* Yet I prethee make not  
Thy money such an Idol, as to think  
Thou shalt dishonor't, or impaire this bargain,  
That match, or whatsoeuer thou haft in traffick,  
By parting with a silly silver sixpence.  
Shalt not i'fecks la, shalt not ; Ile strike luck to it,  
Thy match shall thrive the better. Look, I have got  
Here, four and sixpence, Prethee make it a Crowne,  
Twill nere be mist in thy dear daughters Dowry,  
If (as I said) thou haft one.

*Ver.* Hellish baggage !

*Phil.* Hee'l gi't me by and by. I prethee find  
Thy money out the while. Come out with it man.

*Ver.* Pull her away,

I fly thee, as I would the Devill that sent thee :

*Amp.* Yes, let's away, tis time ; she begs of mee  
now.

*Phil.* The Devill is not surer to o're-takethee.——

*Exeunt omnes preter Brookeall.*

*Broo.* Good child I thanke thee : Thou haft  
somewhat eas'd

My pensive heart by his vexation :

Your Arguments of Consolation —

*Fren.* Indeed he is not dead ; but lives —

*Broo.* In Heaven.

I am the surer on't ; for that he liv'd

Not to learn Law enough, to — hush. No more.

*Fren.* Substantially he lives in flesh, as we do.

*Broo.* Speak that again.

*Fren.* A Gentleman of the next Chamber told  
me so.

Only, sir, this ; if you can brook his absence

Without feare, or mistrust ; then he is well.

*Broo.* How thou playest with me !

*Fren.* He's gone to travell, sir. Here comes the  
Gentleman.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* I am sure he does not know me. If he could,  
I were as sure this Charity would be rejected.

So much I know his Spirit. Is your name *Brooke-*  
*all*, sir ?

*Brook.* My losses, wrongs, and sorrowes, speak  
my name.

*Val.* You had a Son late of this house.

*Broo.* And do not you infer by that he's dead ?  
Good, do not mock me, sir.

*Val.* If this be gold,  
He lives and sent it to you ; forty peeces ?

*Broo.* Pray, sir, from whence, or where might he  
achieve

So great a Sum ? Not in this World, I feare.  
A handsome possibility he had once,  
Could I ha' kept it for him.

*Val.* He's in a way,  
Now to a hopefull fortune. A Noble Gentleman,  
Late gone to travell, ta'ne with good affection  
Towards your Son, has ta'ne him to his care :  
And like a Father, not a Master, keeps him.

From

*Broo.* Can I appear so wretched ? or can grief  
So soile the face of poverty, which is vertue,  
To make it seem that Monster Perjury ?  
Rather let sorrow end me all at once,  
Then vertue be misconstrued in my looks,  
Which I will hide from such *He lies on his face.*  
interpretation.

*Enter Frendly.*

*Frend.* Alas hee's sore afflicted, and my newes,  
I fear, will strike him dead ; yet I must speak.  
Sir, give not misery that advantage on you,  
To make your self the lesse, by shrinking under  
The buffetings of fortune.

*Broo.* I desir'd you  
To seek my son. Ha' you found him at his Cham-  
ber ?  
Or has not want of fatherly supplies  
(Which heaven knowes I am robb'd of) thrust him  
out  
Of Commons, to the Common World for succour ?  
Where is he, have you found him ?

*Fren.* No, not him.  
But I have found what may be comfort to you,  
If you receive it like a man of courage.

*Broo.* Hee's dead then, farewell my tender boy !

*Fren.* Indeed, Sir, hee's not dead.

*Broo.* Phew —

*Fren.* Pray, sir, heare me.

*Broo.* You'll tell me, man nere dies ; But  
changeth Life,  
And happily for a better. He is happiest  
That goes the right way sooneft : Nature sent us  
All naked hither ; and all the Goods we had  
We onely took on Credit with the World.  
And that the best of men are but meer borrowers :  
Though some take longer day. Sir, I know all  
Your

*Val.* Right, sir.

*Broo.* Sir *Humphrey Drygrounds* Son ;

*Val.* Most true.

*Broo.* Even so thy Father look'd, when, at like  
years

He was my Rivall : For young man, I tell thee  
Thou hadst a virtuous, well deserving Mother.  
He won her without losse of my known Friend-  
ship :

But, since her death, you cannot but have heard.  
He basely wrong'd my Sister, and, in her,  
Mee, and my Family : Whor'd her, and cast her  
off,

On the appointed Marriage day.

*Val.* O, sir.

*Broo.* You cannot but have heard on't. Nay  
it seems,

My Boy has charg'd thee with't, before his yeare  
Could warrant his ability in Combate,  
And so is fallen ; Or thou, not daring stand  
Tryall in such a cause, by treachery  
Hast cut him off ; And com'st to make thy peace  
Presuming on my Poverty, with money.  
Worse then the base Attornies Project this !

*Val.* This is meer madnesse. In an Act so fo  
As your wilde Fancy gathers this to be ;  
Who could escape the Law ?

*Broo.* The Law ; ha, ha, ha.

Talk not to me of Law, Law's not my Friend.  
Law is a Fatall to me, as your house.  
I have enough of Law ; pray stand you off.  
Will you, sir, furnish me, but with a Sword ;  
And bring me to fit ground to end this differenc  
Will you do so, and like a Gentleman ?

*Val.* What shall I do for pity ? —Now I  
it.

*Broo.* Talk not to me of Law. [He f

*Val.* Pray heare me, sir.

*Broo.* Now, sir, your wil before your end. Be briefe.

*Val.* You know me for a Gentleman, though an Enemy.

(I must speak in his phrase) and by that honour  
A Gentleman should keep sacred, two houres hence  
Ile meet you in this place—

*Broo.* Pray stand you off ——— to *Friendly*.

*Val.* From whence wee'll walke—

*Broo.* Silent, as nothing were—

*Val.* As nothing were betwixt us—to some other  
Fit ground, (as you propounded) where wee'll end  
the difference.

*Broo.* By the Sword; no otherwise.  
No whinnelling satisfaction.

*Val.* You shall see, sir.

*Broo.* Go set thy house in order. Here Ile meet  
thee. *Exit.*

*ACT.*

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*ACT. III. Scene I.**Francis — Wat.*

*Fra.* I Shall repent me, sir, that ere I yeilded,  
In that faire Noble way, if you expresse  
Your selfe in this regardlesse of my honour.

*Wat.* I like a Whore, withall my heart, that  
talkes  
So like an honest woman.  
*Fra.* Can you expect  
A Chast and constant Wife of her, Whom you  
Have wrought to Lewdnesse before Marriage?  
Or may I not as well deserve as well in bringing  
A Maidenhead into your Marriage-bed,  
As a polluted Body?

*Wat.* Here's a coyle,  
For a poore bit afore-hand ! Is it so ?  
'Heart, if a man bespeak a Tavern Feast  
For next day Dinner ; and give earnest for't  
To half the value, (as my Faith and Troth  
I think, is somewhat towards your Marriage pay-  
ment  
To be to-morrow) Will not the Hostesse give him  
A Modicum o're night to stay his stomack ?  
Your Father comes : Ile whisper yet more reason.

*Enter Dryground disguis'd. Alice.*

*Dry.* Now pretty Mrs. *Alice*, you see the end  
I had upon you : All the scope thereof  
Tending to your contentment. Are you pleas'd ?

*Ali.* So well, that could I but shake off the feare  
(Which

(Which is most dangerous) of a Fathers curse,  
I durst pronounce ; nay, boast my happinesse,  
To be above my Virgin hopes, or wishes.

*Dry.* Let your feare vanish then : And, if this  
night,

The happines you are ambitious of,  
Together with your Fathers leave and blessing  
Crown not your Bed, let all the Infamy  
Due to all perjur'd Wretches, that have wrong'd  
Beauty and Chastity be branded here.

*Ali.* The faire respect I have, sir, to your  
Noblesse ;

For what you have already shewn me, bars  
Mine eares 'gainst protestation. I dare trust you.

*Dry.* As I have trusted you with my whole  
project,

My discreet *Alice*, further than I dare trust  
My instrument your Brother ; though he thinks  
He understands it all. Yonder he is,  
Profoundly Love-struck too, I make no doubt.

*Fry.* Fye ! Can you be so lew'd ? Is that your  
reasoun ?

*Wat.* Yes ; can the Parish Parson give you  
better ?

*Fra.* His Parish Bull's as civil.

*Wat.* Well no more.

Ile talke with your Father about it.

*Fra.* I with your Sister, and to better purpose.

*Dry.* Now *Wat*, what think you of my course,  
and habit ?

*Wat.* As I love mischiefe, and desire to live by't ;  
It is the daintiest course. ——O, brave sir *Humphrey*,  
How I am taken with your Shape ! Old *Osbright*,  
The Father of the Swindgers ; so much talk'd on  
Could nere ha' borne it up so. Nor his Daughter,  
That was French born indeed, could ere have  
clipp'd,

And Frenchified our English better, then  
 She counterfeits to Coxcombes that do Court her :  
 With her fine Fee-sees, and her Laisse-moys ;  
 Her Prea-awayes ; Intrat a you mak a me blusha,  
 O, I am tickled with it.

*Dry.* A, ha, my Lad.

*Wat.* 'slid I could dote upon you. Had I been  
 Your Son now, how I could have honour'd you !  
 Though I had kept a precept by't, I care not.

*Dry.* Notable Reprobat.

*Wat.* The Devil sure  
 Ought me a mischiefe, when he enabled that  
 Old Wretch, my Father to beget me. Oh,  
 Tis in my bones ; I feele it in my Youth :  
 I know from whence the Pocks is now descended.  
 The Gout begets it. There's no Usurers Son,  
 But's born with an hereditary spice on't.

*Dry.* Had I rak'd *Limbo*, as I did the *Compter*,  
 I were not better fitted with a Copesmate.

*Wat.* 'flight, I could ask you blessing.

*Dry.* And I think,  
 That curtesie you have feldome done your Father.

*Wat.* Nere since I grew to any understanding :  
 Nor (as I know) before, but whipt and held to't.

*Dry.* Well *Wat.* You see how far I have trusted  
 you,

To have the second hand in our great work ;  
 Our Projec~~t~~ here. Though you must seem my  
 Servant,

You are like to have the better share, if you agree  
 Upon the Match, and make your selfe my Son.  
 How like you your new Mistresse, sir, my Daughter ;  
 The Maidenhead here, the new Ordinary—  
 The *Damoiselle*, or what you please to call her ?  
 What ist a Match *Wat.* ? Condescendeth she ?

*Wat.* No man shall be her Husband, but my  
 selfe ;

Who

Who ere she lies withall, before or after.  
That she has roundly promis'd. But she balkes,  
And Boggles with me in a leffe request.

*Dry.* She shall deny thee nothing, What ift  
*Wat?*

*Wat.* You may command her duty, if you please.  
*Dry.* What is it man ?

*Wat.* 'Troth, fir, but one nights knowledge  
Of her aforhand. One word of your mouth,  
I know would do it, fir.

*Dry.* O Devilish Rascall,  
That can imagine this a Fathers Office !  
Patience good *Wat.*

*Wat.* But that I am afeard  
My Father would be pleas'd with't, Il'd take home  
My Sister else, and presently.

*Dry.* In Maides about your work. And heare you  
*Franck*

Discharge the Butchers, and the Chandlers Bills.  
They wait below. The Baker and the Brewer,  
I have made even with.

*Fra.* And the Vintner too.

*Dry.* The Bottle-man too, and Tobacco Merchant.

Do as I bid you, go. Now *Wat* Observe me :  
As an ingenious Critick would observe  
The first Scene of a Comedy, for feare  
He lose the Plot.

*Wat.* I do observe you, fir.

*Dry.* I have, you know, releas'd you from your  
thrallisme.

Upon condition you should steale your Sister,  
To be at my dispose. You have perform'd it :

*Wat.* Honestly, fir.

*Dry.* Yes, honestly, as you say.  
And though it be for her own absolute good ;  
Yet was your Act so gratefull to me, that

I promis'd you my Daughter.

*Wat.* Right sir, on.

*Dry.* I shall be briefe ; you know my Fortune.

*Wat,*

Are sunk, and you have heard, I make no doubt  
'Mongst other of my follies, of a Child

I got on *Brookeall's* sister, on the by, *Wat.*

*Wat.* And this is she, I love a bastard natural  
Ah they are bouncing spirits : Now I love her  
More then I did Sir.

*Dry.* You come fairely on.

But now, my poverty affords no portion.

Now, *Wat,* to raise a portion !

*Wat,* I, now, now.

*Dry.* Now I come to it, *Wat* : I tooke this hou  
And in this habit here, turn'd pimping Host,  
To make the most of her, and find a Husband  
To take her with all faults.

*Wat.* That's I, that's I Sir: this has musick in

*Dry.* You will be secret *Wat.*

*Wat.* No dumbe Bawde like me.

*Dry.* Nay in a plot of villany I dare trust the

*Wat.* In troth you cannot thinke how much  
love it ;

How I am tickled with it ! Good Sir, on.

*Dry.* This I have design'd to put her off  
(I mean her Maiden-head) at such a rate  
Shall purchase Land.

*Wat.* How, good Sir *Humphrey*, how ?

*Dry.* She shall be rifled for.

*Wat.* How ! Rifled Sir ?

*Dry.* Yes, rifled *Wat*; the most at three fa  
throws,

With three fair Dice, must win and wear her, *Wa*  
Yould take her with all faults ?

*Wat.* Can you suspect me ?  
It is the rarest invention, if the Gamesters

Be stiffe and strait, that ever was projected !  
What is't a man ?

*Dry.* But twenty Pieces, boy.

*Wat.* I vow too little, lesse their number help  
us,

How many Gamsters have you ?

*Dry.* A full hundred.

*Wat.* Two thousand pound ! A merry portion,  
And worth as many Maiden-heads in the sport  
A man shall finde in spending it ! Me-thinks  
I feele my self even flying with't already.

*Dry.* What art thou thinking, *Wat* ?

*Wat.* That here may grow  
A danger Sir, the Gamesters being so many.

*Dry.* Why, there's but one must use her.

*Wat.* Phew, for that  
I were indifferent, if 'twere all or more  
(As it is possible a wench might bear it)  
If they come single, and in civil fort,  
Allow her breathing-whiles—

*Dry.* Here's a ripe Rascall !

*Wat.* But my doubt is, that such a multitude  
May fly into combustion, blow up all  
The businesse and our hopes.

*Dry.* Now your doubt  
Reflects upon my Judgement : didst thou note  
How quietly those Gallants here to-day  
Parted with their gold ?

*Wat.* Yes, very gallantly.

*Dry.* They shall agree as well for the Commodity,  
As I have cast it, *Wat* ; so well my boy,  
That no distaste shall be or ta'ne, or given,  
Anon youle see.

*Wat.* She knows not on't you say,

*Dry.* Nor shall she *Wat*, till at the push I charge  
her

To be obedient in the undertaking.

*Wat.* And that's a sweet obedience : I  
kneel  
Before my wretched Sire in such commands.

*Enter Francis.*

*Dry.* Anon Ile make't all plain to you.  
now *Frank* ?  
*Fran.* There are two Gentlemen in the  
room,  
That by all meanes would speake with y  
have had  
The souleſt coyle with one of 'em, that perſw  
Himſelfe you keep a Bawdy-houſe, by ſomew  
He gather'd Eavesdropping, by your diſcourſe  
While t'other held me talking ; who is civill,  
And loves me with a modeſt fair affection.

*Dry.* Where is his ſiſter, *Alice* ?  
*Fran.* Unſeen, I warrant you.  
*Dry.* Then let them enter, Whip into you  
guife *Wat*— *Exit Fr*  
And be at call.

*Wat.* Presto, Anon, anon Sir. *Ex.*  
*Dry.* Did they Eavesdrop me ? I will *Star*  
Eavesdrop too— *afid*

*Enter Oliver, Ambroſe.*

*Ol.* Did not I tell thee't was a Bawdy-houſe  
*Am.* I cannot think ſo yet : there is ſome  
Trick in it ; the Maid you ſee is very modeſt.  
*Ol.* That is the trick on it man, ſhe muſt ſee  
Her Father deals for her.

*Am.* Fye ! Can there be ſuch Fathers ?  
*Ol.* Yes, and ſuch Mothers too : The To  
too full of 'em.  
Come, ſhee's a Jugling whore I warrant thee,  
For all her Fee-fees, and her Laiſſe-moys.

Pox of her counterfeit Gibbrish Ile make her speak  
In plainer English, ere I ha' done with her.

*Dry.* I have enough. You are welcome Gentlemen.

*Ol.* He looks like such a Blade. Are you the Master here Sir?

*Dry.* I am the man that's much rejoyc'd to see  
Such sparkling Spirits underneath this Roofe,  
Where all you finde is yours. Sirrah Varlet.

*Ol.* Each syllable he speaks bewrays him.

*Dry.* Varlet I say.

*Wat.* Here Sir.

*Enter Wat with Wine.*

*Dry.* Give me the Complement. Gallants,  
Wilt please you taste your welcome in a Cup,  
The spirit of whose never dying Liquor,  
Speaks ore the brim in this high Language to you.  
Full six and thirty times hath *Luna* wan'd  
The strength she got in six and thirty growths  
From *Phæbus* vertuous beames, into this Juyce,  
To make it Nectar for *Phœbean* wits.  
Tis this inspires their braines with fire Divine,  
By which to write high straines ; and herein lurks,  
The gift, One has to bounce up his own works.

*Ol.* Your meaning is good Sack, and three years old.

To put you by your Beverage and your Bombast,  
I will nor drinke, nor talke of other thing,  
But the choice thing of things, your Daughter Sir.

*Dry.* Thou shalt not wooe my Daughter, nor ne man for thy fake, *Sing.*

Unlasse thou come untill her by her Daddy nak'd.  
Her Mammy's gone to Heaven Sir. And I pray,  
Let Fathers poor breed Daughters as they may.

*Ol.* Your care, no doubt, is great what will it hold ?  
The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full ?

May not a man put in Sir for a chance ?

*Dry.* What do you mean Sir ?

*Ol.* May not we

Come in adventurers ? Here are twenty peeces.

*Dry.* I finde you have overheard me. Call my  
Daughter. *Exit Wat.*

Now Ile disclose a secret to you. But Gentlemen,  
As you love wit and mirth, censure me mildly.

I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.

*Ol.* And canst thou be so base to sell thy Child  
To Lust and Impudenee ?

*Dry.* Be not too rash.

My Child's as deare in my respect as you  
Were ever to your Father.

*Am.* Devill thou lyest —————

*Ol.* Nay, hold, good *Ambrose*; you een now  
were angry.

With me, that did oppose your faire Construction  
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.

*Am.* My ignorance wrong'd us both.

*Ol.* Good modest *Ambrose*,

What do you thinke of this discovery ?

*Dry.* You had discover'd more, if his impatienc  
Had not prevented me : But now I am dumb to you  
In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to sup here,  
I shall afford you welcome. I have businesse. *Exit.*

*Ol.* What can we make of this ?

*Am.* I know what to do.

If City Justice, grave Authority

Protect it not, Ile surely spoyle the sport.

*Ol.* Canst thou be so malicious, that, but now  
Didst love this Wench so dearly, as to run her  
Into the hazard of Correction ? (her)

Stay : Here she comes, and the Pimp whiskin with

*Enter Wat. Fran.*

Do thou take him in hand, Ile handle her.

Now Madam, twenty pound a man ! Nay do not

*Coy*

Coy it too much ? Your provident Father left us,  
To make our selves more known to you ; as your  
price

Is known to us already : Look upon us.

*Fra.* Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in *France* ?

*Ol.* In *France* ? No surely, nor in Doctors hands  
Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady ?

*Fra.* For, if you could speak Fransh, I could the  
better

Find what you say. I can no understand  
What tis you mean by price. What is that *Price*,  
If it be no Welch Gentleman ?

*Ol.* I meane

The price of three throws for your Maydenhead,  
Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you)  
What will you give me out of your grosse sum  
To take it neatly off ; and like an Operator  
Put you to no paine ?

*Fra.* Parle *Francoy Monsieur, Je vous prie.*

*Ol.* Thou art a handsome Hypocrite : And this  
Cunning becomes thee well. Ile kiffe thee for't.

*Fra.* Fee fee Monsieur. O fee ! tis no good  
fashion

For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kiffe !

*Ol.* Tis not so good indeed ; nothing but kiffe.  
A little of tone with tother will doe well.

*Fra.* Fee fee, you no understand. That Gentle-  
man, speaks he no Fransh ?

*Ol.* Yes yes. He speaks no French,

*Fra.* He Monsieur vous mocque de Moy.

*Ol.* Owie par ma foy.

*Fra.* Ha Monsieur vous parle francoy. Je sui  
bien aise.

*Ol.* Easie ! Yes yes, I thinke you would [be  
easie

To one that knew but how to manage you,  
For all the boast of your Virginity.

<sup>28</sup> VOL. I.

*Fra.*

*Fra.* Excuse me Sir, I can no understand.

*Ol.* Me thinks you should. Come prithee leave this fooling,

I know you can good English, if you list.

*Fra.* Indeed I can. But, in my best, and all I cannot understand you Sir, nor frame An answer to your rudenesse. When you know me Better, youle speak in better phrase, and then Tis like you may finde better language from me: Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.

*Ol.* Nay heark you Lady, heark you (still more mysticall !)

Nay since you can speak English, I must talke w'ye

*Fra.* So youle be civil.

*Ol.* Civill I swear, and private. *They go aside*

*Am.* Does shee not know on't, sayst thou ?

*Wat.* No Sir, no :

Not the least inckling of it ; The old man

Carryes it so discreetly.

*Am.* Bleffe me Heaven ?

Discreetly sayst thou. To betray his Childe, To sale of her Virginity.

*Wat.* Yes, discreetly.

She dreames of no such businesse ; such intent :

No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes

The Butcher, that must knock her down isfaith.

O, twill be bravely carried ! I my selfe

Knew nothing till this houre : though I saw

Money put in his hand by divers Gallants :

Men of great place and worship ; which I gather

Are to be of the Riflers.

*Amb.* Prithee who ?

*Wat.* All must be nameleffe. There are Lords among 'em.

And some of civill Coat, that love to draw

New stakes at the old Game, as well as they ;

Truckle-breech'd Justices, and bustling Lawyers,

That

That thrust in with their Motions ; Muffled Citzens ;

Old Money-Masters some, that seek the Purchace ;  
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the  
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

*Amb.* Was ever such an outrage ! Hark thee  
fellow— *They aside.*

*Fra.* Sir, I have heard you with that patience  
(And with no better) as the troubled Pilot  
Endures a Tempest, or contrary winds ;  
Who, finding nerethelesse his Tackling sure,  
His Vessell tight, and Sea-room round about him,  
Playes with the waves, and vies his confidence  
Above the blasts of Fortune, till he winns  
His way, through all her threatenings, to his Port.  
You may apply this.

*Ol.* And you may be plainer.  
Is there not such a project for your Maydenhead ?

*Fra.* It deserves no answer.  
But to be rid of you, together with  
The Devill, that inflam'd you to that question ;  
Know, that knew I of such a plot or project ;  
Or, that I had a Father (as injuriously  
You have suggested) could be so inhumane,  
To prostitute my spotlesse Vergine honour  
To Lust for Salary, I would as sure prevent it,  
As there is force in poyson, Cord, or Steel,  
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have sayd— *Exit.*

*Ol.* This Wench amazes me. Could I beleeve  
now

There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

*Amb.* Well, Ile make one ; Meet me here two  
houres hence,

And fetch my twenty Peices.

*Wat.* I will not faile you. In the Temple  
Walkes— *Exit.*

*Amb.* Where, if I fit you not—

*Ol.*

*Ol.* Nam! What discovery?

*Amb.* A villany enough to blow the house up.

*Ol.* And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, th  
Might save a City: But let's hence. We may  
Conferr our notes together by the way. *Exeun*

### *ACT. III. Scene II.*

*Bumpsey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths*

*Bum.* NAY, nay, I know he is flown out, and  
Am prettily provided for like flight;  
And if I do not pitch as high, and souse  
As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at—  
Five hundred Peices he took out you say?

*Ja.* And sayd he would venter't at the Ordina

*Bum.* Thats hee, thats he! Why this is exc  
lent.

*Mag.* This was your folly *Bump*. He was conte  
To have walk'd moneyleffe you saw, but you  
Would force him. At a word you did la' *Bump*

*Bum.* I force him, ha?

*Mag.* I, at a word, you put it in his head,  
And put the Sword into the Madmans hand,  
As one would say.

*Bum.* Good Mrs. *At-a-word*.

Let not your fine French Frippery, which I boug  
Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would say)  
Huffle you up to Soveraignty: Nor your Coach  
Which I have but bespoak, whirle you away,  
Before tis finish'd) from obedience.

*Mag.* Good lack fine Gentleman, that wea  
the Purchase

Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Must I not speak trow?

*Bum.* Excellent *Magdalen*!

*Mag.* Sir, I will speak ; and be allow'd to speak.

*Bum.* And speak allow'd too ; will you *Magdalen*?

*Mag.* I, at a word ; Since you have put me to't,  
I will uphold the Fashion ; Learn, and practise  
Behaviour and carriage above my 'parrell.

I at a word, I will la, that I will.

*Bum.* This is most excellent ! My old Beast is  
Infected with the Fashions ; Fashion-sick !

Pray Ma-dame take your course, uphold your  
Fashion ;

And learn and practise Carriage to your Cloaths :  
I will maintain my humour, though all split by't.—

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. *Vermine* desires to speak with you.

*Bum.* Ifaith I will Ma-dame. — [Exit with  
*Ja.* My Husband, Mother, Servant.]

Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,  
Of a French breed ; a *Damoyfell*, that professeth  
The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour :  
The rar'ft he faies—

*Mag.* Can she teach the elder sort ?

*Ja.* All ages from six yeares to sixty six,  
Unlesse they be indocible he faies.

*Mag.* Indocible ! What's that ?

*Ja.* Stiff i'the hammes, I think.

*Mag.* Nay, then wee'll to her.  
I can yet bowe my Haunches ; come and go

With them, as nimby as the barren Doe.

My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet.  
Wee'll have this Madame ; and we will be Madames  
Ourselves, or it shall cost us each a Crown  
A month the teaching. In a Month we may,  
Practising but one oure in a day,

Be

Be Madames, may we not ?

*Fa.* Yes, if we give our minds to't ; and I  
steale

Fit times to practise.

*Mag.* We'll find Lecture times :  
Or baulk St. *Antlins* for't the while. But mum.

*Enter Bumpsey, Vermine.*

*Bum.* Do you wonder at my bravery ? Lo  
you here :

This is my Wife ; and this my Daughter, sir.  
You have lost yours, you say : Perhaps for want  
Of Hufty-tufties, and of Gorgets gay.

Ha ! ift not so ?

*Ver.* The World's turn'd Prodigall.  
You do not well to mock me, when I come  
For comfort and advise.

*Bum.* Shall I be plain w'ye ;  
My best advise is, since your Daughters gone,  
To turn your Son after her. He lies not in  
For much above a hundred pound. Pay it,  
And let him take his course : If he be not  
Got loose already. Then (observe my Counsell)  
Spend you the rest of your Estate your selfe ;  
And save your Heires the sin. It is the course  
I have in hand, and mean to follow it.  
You like it not (it seems) but thus it is,  
When men advise for nothing. Had your Lawy  
Now for his fee, given Counsell, might have dami  
you :

You would have thought it worth your Gold, a  
follow'd it.

Will you go with me to an Ordinary ?  
Venter five hundred or a thousand Peeches,  
To begin a new World with.

*Ver.* Mrs. Bumpsey, I take it you are she.

*M.*

*Mag.* An old Ape has an old eye.

He knowes me through all my cuts and flashes.

*Ver.* How long I pray, has my good friend your Husband

Been thus distract'd?

*Mag.* But when I am perfect  
In the quaint Courtly carriages, that belong  
Unto this habit; in which, I confessie,  
I am yet but raw; how will you know me then?

*Ver.* She is as mad as he.

*Bum.* How Lady-like she talkes!

*Mag.* Or, now my black Bag's on, I hold a  
penny

You do not know me. Bogh-who am I now?

*Ver.* Most unrecoverably mad! young Gentle-  
woman:

Nay, I intreat your favour for an answer?

As you can pity a wrong'd mans distresse.

Give me what light you can of my lost Daughter.

You have been inward alwaies, and partook

The nearest of her Counsels. Tell me fairely

I do beseech you in this gentle way.

Though I profess I have a strong presumption

Against your Huiband, and his young Associates

I met to-day; and bore their mocks and taunts:

On which I have good ground for a strickt course

To force 'em to examination.

Yet I entreat you see.

*Fa.* The World is turn'd

Quite upside downe: Else I should wonder

How you could make requests, that have got all

You have (too much) by Rapine and Oppression.

*Ver.* Do you upbraid me?

*Bum.* What's the matter Jane?

*Fa.* The Fox here learns to sing.

*Mag.* Ile fox him out oth' hole if he sing  
here.

Will

Will no Prey serve you but new married wives  
Fox?

*Ver.* Why do you abuse me thus?

*Fa.* I heard you, sir, with too much patience,  
Abuse my Husband with your soule Suspition.  
Who is as clear, I know, from wronging you,  
As your own Son.

*Ver.* Your mocks are monftrous.  
Were not he fast enough, I would resolve  
No other friend had robb'd me.

*Mag.* Is your son a friend? At a word, hee  
like you.

*Enter Sir Amphilius, Servant.*

*Amp.* I pray, if my man aske for mee, send him  
to me, by your Masters leave. By your leave Sir,  
I made bold to follow a Father-in-Law of mine  
that shoulde have been, into your house here, with  
much ado to find it. Any good newes Sir yet?  
Ha' you heard of her? I cry these Ladies mercy;  
though you may take me for a Clowne, I must not  
forget I am a Knight, and give you the curtesie of  
my lips —

*Bum.* In the name of Peasantry, what Knight  
art thou,  
If not the Knight of the Plough-share?

*Mag.* A fine spoken, and a well-bred man, at a  
word: He call'd us Ladies. To see what Apparell  
can do! How long might I have trudg'd about  
in my old coats before I had been a Lady? And  
then hee would do us the curtesie to kiffe us:  
Sure, sure, as curtesie makes a Knight, so cloaths  
makes a Lady.

*Amp.* It seems she's lost then. All ill go with  
her.

*Bum.* What old youth can this be?

*Amp*

*Amp.* Your warrant, perhaps, may find her though. And I tell you what.

I ha' sent my man to lay the Ducking Ponds for her.

*Bum.* Do you think she would drown her selfe ?

*Amp.* Who knowes what toy might take her ?

Is she not a woman, as other flesh and blood is ? I had another occasion to one that belongs to the Ponds. I tell you as a Friend, I had not sent els : Come Father-in-Law that should have been ; hang forrow. You have had but one Losse to-day. I have had two. Ile gi't you in Rhime.

*My Mare and my Mistresse I lost on a day,  
T'one of'em dyed, and t'other ran away.*

*Fa.* You are acquainted among the Poets it seems, fir ?

*Amp.* Truly but one that's a Gamster amongst us at the ducking Pond ; a Cobler, but the neatest Fellow at Poetry, that ever was handicraftsman ; & no Scholler, to enable him by learning, to borrow of the Ancients : Yet he is a Translator too. And he makes the sweetest Posies for Privie-houses.

*Fa.* Ha, ha ha.

*Bum.* What a youth's this for a Knight !

*Enter Trebasco.*

*Amp.* Ile tell yee Ladies —— O Trebasco. Good newes at last I hope.

*Tre.* I can never finde you any where, but jeer'd and laugh'd at, and are fool'd, (as I have often told you) to your Worships face, and your Worship perceives it not.

*Amp.* To the point, man, How does my Whelp ? He is grown a tall Dog by this I hope ; resolve me quickly.

*Tre.* Why, to put you out of your pain ; your Whelp's grown a tall Dog.

*Amp.* Good.

*Ja.* You said you would tell us, sir : What will you tell us ?

*Tre.* And a handsome Dog.

*Amp.* Good again.

*Ja.* What a Dog-trick's is this ?

*Tre.* And h'as learnt, besides the main Game, all the rare tricks and qualities his Tutor could teach.

*Amp.* Excellent.

*Ja.* Will you not tell us, sir, about your Poet ?

*Amp.* Hang him, my Dogs worth 'em all, in ready money.

*Mag.* I pray, sir.

*Amp.* I will not give his eares for the swolnft headfull of wit among 'em.

Are not his Eares finely curl'd *Trebasco* ? Like his Dam *Flapſes*.

*Tres.* Yes, and his Coat all over, sir, they told me.

*Amp.* Told thee ! Didſt thou not ſee him ? My heart miſgives me.

*Tre.* See him ? No indeed, sir ; but I pray beare it as well as you may : And ſet not your heart too much upon transportable things.

*Amp.* Ha !

*Tre.* The Dog is gone, sir.

*Amp.* How !

*Tre.* Stolne from Schoole, sir ; and fold to a great Monsieur, And Shipt away fourre daies ago.

*Amp.* O my heart will break.

*Ja.* Do not faint Knight ; Cheare up your heart with your Muse.

*Amp.*

*Amp.* My veine is yet too dul; But I will offer at it.

Three Losses I have had; gone, past all help  
My Mare, my Mistresse, And (which grieves me most of all) my whelp.

*Ja.* That line is long enough to reach him.

*Amp.* I would it were else. —— o ——

*Bum.* Od's pity. Look you, sir, your Son-in-Law, that should ha' been, is in much passion too. But you'll be rul'd by me, you say. And if I lead you not to comfort, never trust Neighbours counsell while you live. Is not this plain enough? My own case at this time is as dangerous as yours.

*Ver.* That's all that comforts me.

*Bum.* Neighbourly said. I thank you. Come, Sir, will you joyn with your Father-in-Law that should ha' been, and me in a Cup of Wine to order a designe.

*Tre.* There's a reckoning towards.

*Bum.* It shall cost you nothing.

*Am.* To the next Tavern then. Ladies adieu. To part with such as you to some are crosses. Yet Ile not put you down among my Losses.

*Exeunt.*

*Mag.* Daughter while they are gone, let us fall on our project.

*Ja.* For Courtly carriage and behaviour.

*Mag.* I long to see this French young school-mistress.

The *Damafin* do you call her?

*Ja.* The *Damoiselle*, Ile wait on you. —— *Exit.*

*ACT. III. Scene I.*

*A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat a  
them, Valentine, Oliver, Ambrose, Phillis.*

*Wat.* **Y**OU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will murther me?

*Rab.* To the Pump with him : To the Pump the Pump.

*Val.* Prithee beat off the Curs.

*Rab.* No, to the Thames, the Thames.

*Phil.* Why do you use the man so ? Is he no Christian ?

Or is he not Christen'd enough think you, that would dip him ?

*Ol.* Pray Gentlemen forbeare : It is thought Upon request made by a Noble Friend, Favouring his Person, not his quality ; That for this time the Pandar be dismis'd. So all depart in peace.

*Enter Rabble.*

*Rab.* Away, away, lets go then.

*I.* A Noble Friend ! Pox of his Noble Friendship.

He has spoyl'd our sport. O ! how we would fous'd him ?

*Ol.* Now, Mr. *Hackney-man*, if you have so much grace,

Render due thanks.

*Wat.* I thank you Gentlemen.

*Phil.* I thank you for him too.

*Ol.* On both your Knees ; unless you hold it  
better

To kneele yet to the Pump : which you had done,  
My most officious Pimp, had not his pity  
Prevayl'd against our Justice.

*Val.* So, arise ; enough, enough.

*Amb.* Troth tis a shame he should get off so  
easily ;

Let him be yet but duck'd, or shew'd the way  
Over the Garden Wall into the Thamies.

*Val.* Good *Ambrose*, be not so fevere ; who  
knowes

What need we may of him ? We are all  
Flesh and blood *Ambrose*.

*Phil.* Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

*Amb.* Are not you married ?

*Val.* Mass, twas so late, I had almost forgotten  
it.

*Amb.* No, tis so late you ha' not yet forgot  
Some Office he has done you in his way.

*Ol.* Didst ever pimp for him ? Protest by what  
thou fear'st most.

*Wat.* No, as I hope to escape this Gentlemans  
fury.

*Amb.* Go, get the hence, insufferable Villaine,  
I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [He kicks  
And send thee to thy Master, for my stake Wat.]  
Soon, at his Risling.

Think whilst thou liv'st what tis to be a Pandar,—  
A Pandar,—Pandar—there's for your remembrance.

[He kicks him.]

*Val.* Enough. *Amb.* This touch, & I have  
done—

*Val.* Away

*Phil.* Pray let him go, Ile schoole him [Exeunt  
for it. Wat Phillis]

*Val.* This may work good upon, the Rascall, if he  
Have

Addes to my Passion such a bitterness,  
 That turnes me all to gall. I must avoid him. (*Exit*.)  
*Amb.* Introth Father-in-Law that shoulde ha  
 been, or that  
 May be yet (come, who knowes what Luck we may  
 have,  
 Though the dancing Planets have cut cross Caper  
 over  
 Our heads.) I like this old fellows humour o  
 chearing up  
 The heart well! And would I were lost too, afte  
 my Mare,  
 My Dog and your Daughter: If this warm Sac  
 has not  
 Kindled a desire in me to play the good fellow, &  
 it might  
 Be of free cost, to drown these dry remembrances.

*Enter Valentine.*

See, one of the jeerers. Is this he, that stole th  
 marriage ?

*Ver.* Yes, and perhaps my Daughter too. Hi  
 Father's gone  
 Now, and I know not how to question him.

*Amp.* Let me alone to question him. Did you  
 see this Gentleman's  
 Daughter, sir, my Wife, that should have been ?

*Val.* Since when, sir.  
*Amp.* Since she was stolne away, sir. It were  
 good

You would let us have her again ; and quickly too  
 Ere she be worse for wearing, as we say.

*Val.* Old Brookall is not come yet.  
*Amp.* Will you answer me ?

*Val.* You are a busy foole.  
*Amp.* I am satisfied. He knowes nothing.

*Val.*

*Val.* You lye, Sir.

*Amp.* I think I do. You know nothing of her  
I mean, Sir.

*Val.* You lye again, Sir.

*Amp.* I think I do again, Sir. Pray be not so  
terrible; Examine him your selfe, if it please  
you.

*Enter Brookall.*

*Broo.* Were his eyes Basiliskes; or did he beare  
Upon his hellish Countenance the faces  
Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him)  
Ile shun no place for him. Are they acquainted?  
O most prodigious!

*Ver.* What do you know, Sir, of my Daughter,  
I beseech you?

*Val.* That she has a wretch, a miserable Caitiff  
Unto her Father.

*Broo.* How is that? — [aside.]

*Val.* A villain that has scrap'd up by oppression  
Law-strife and Perjury, a Dowry for her,  
So mixt with curses, that it would consume  
An Earles Estate to match with it and her.  
And leave him curs'd in his Posterity.

*Amp.* How blest was I to miss her!

*Broo.* Can he speake thus to him? [aside.]

*Ver.* Darft thou confront me thus?

*Val.* Darft thou yet keep a Groat of thine  
extorted Wealth,  
And feest what Judgments fall one thee already?  
Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,  
To thine owne Son? And though thou wouldst  
no give

(In case he wanted it) to save his life,  
A Hangmans Fee, much lesse a Judges thanks,  
Or price of a Lords Letter to reprieve him;

“ VOL. I.

Yet

Yet may this Son survive thee ; and hourely he  
Unto thy last houre, thine Affliction be.

*Amp.* O happy condition of a Batchelor !

*Broo.* I like this well in the young man.—[aside.]

*Ver.* How can you say you know this ?

*Val.* Prethee how can't be otherwise ?

Hadst thou a vertuous Childe (as here and there,  
Some Mothers win a soule) it would be taken  
Dead or alive from thee, unto thy greife too,  
To scape the curse might come with a Childs part  
Of thine ill-got estate ; that's thy Daughters case

*Ver.* Oh—

*Broo.* Brave young fellow !

(not

*Val.* But shew me where an evill Off-spring has  
Surviv'd to spurn the dust of such a Father ;  
And lewdly wast in one or two descents  
(Unto their own destruction) what was purchased  
At price of soules departed ?

*Ver.* Will you vouchsafe to leave me ?

*Amp.* Pretty odd Doctrine, this !

*Val.* I have not done w'yee yet.

What corrupt Lawyer, or usurious Citizen,  
Oppressing Landlord, or unrighteous Judge,  
But leaves the World with horror ? and their  
wealth,  
(By rapine forc'd from the oppressed Poor)  
To Heires, that (having turn'd their Sires to the  
Devil)

Turne Idiots, Lunaticks, Prodigals, or Strumpets !  
All wanting either wit, or will, to save  
Their fatall Portions from the Gulfe of Law,  
Pride, Ryot, Surfets, Dice, and Luxury,  
Till Beggary, or diseases turns them after ?

*Ver.* Ha' you done yet ?

*Val.* A word or two for use ; and so an end.

*Broo.* Not so ; It must be amplified a little  
further.

*Ver.* Torment and death ! Is he come ? Let me go ;

*Amp.* Nay pray Sir heare them ; though you profit not ;  
*I* may perhaps. Methinks it edifies.

*Broo.* You say'd, and you say'd well ; His tainted wealth,

Got by corruption, kept by niggardise,  
Must flye as ill, through Luxury and Riot :  
I add, that they who get it so, shall leave it,  
To run at the like waste, through their succession  
Even to the Worlds end : tis not one age,  
Though spent in prayers, can expiate the wrong  
Such an estate was gotten by, though the estate  
Be, to a doyt, spent with it : But it shall  
Fly like a fatall scourge, through hand to hand ;  
Through Age to Age, frighted by Orphans crys,  
And Widows tears, the groanes and Lamentations,  
Of oppressed Prisoners, mingled with the curses  
Of hunger-bitten Labourers, whose very sweat  
Thou robst them of : this charming noise is up  
Of many sad, some mad afflicted wretches,  
Whose marrow thou hast suck'd ; and from whose  
bowels,  
The nourishment was crush'd that fed thee, and  
That ravenous Wolfe, thy conscience.

*Ver.* I shall trounce you.

*Enter Bumpsey.*

*Bum.* What's here ? Worrying of *Vermine* ?

*Broo.* This noyse, I say, of hideous cryes and  
curses,  
That follows thine estate, will not be layd  
In thy deare life time ; nor in theirs, the strangers,  
That must be curs'd with the division  
Of it, when thou art gone : But, stll, it shall

Purfue

Purfue, to all succeeding times, all thosē,  
 That entertaine least parcels of thy money,  
 When they shall finde at best, it can but buy  
 Disgrace, diseases, overthrows at Law,  
 And such deare punishments ; until, at last,  
 All hands, affrighted with the touch of it,  
 Shall let it fall to earth ; where it shall sinke  
 And run into a veyne of Ore, shall reach—  
 To Hell. And they, that shall, hereafter, dig it,  
 Hundreds of Ages hence, must all compound  
 With the grand Lord o'th Soyle, the Devil, for't:

*Amp.* So they make hot Purchases !

*Broo.* Now Sir, you may instructt the Usurer, to  
 make use,  
 Of all he has heard, while I avoyd his sight ;  
 Heaven knows I am sick on't : you forget me Sir.

*Val.* Feare not : I will not fayle you.

*Bum.* No : Ile deliver him the use of all.

*Ver.* Oh the variety of my vexation—

*Bum.* And all is this (as I advis'd before.)  
 Spend all your selfe, and save your Heires the sin  
 The shame, the sorrows, and the punishments,  
 That are joynt-heritable with your wealth ;  
 As very learnedly hath been related,  
 And there's the point, and the whole substance  
 on't.

*Ver.* Bestow your Substance so Sir, if you like  
 it.

*Bump.* Sir, my condition runs another way.  
 To the same end perhaps ; following my Leader  
 here.

*Amp.* Your Son in Law ? Trust me, a mos  
 fine man :  
 And, if his life be answerable to his Doctrine,  
 Tis like heele lead you to a faire end of all.  
 Doubtlesse he is a fine young Man indeed.  
 A proper teacher and an edifying.

*Bump*

*Bump.* Come Sir, lead on, I heare you are provided

Five hundred thick for this free nights adventure.

*Val.* I am Sir, here it is.

*Bump.* I am so too Sir.

And here it is : And here it is, and here and there, and here it is.

*Amp.* O brave old man.

*Bump.* Ile make one w'ye at your new Ordinary, They say tis excellent.

*Val.* For rarity and plenty, There's no such Pension in all this City.

*Amp.* And all for nothing ?

*Val.* For lesse then kisse your Hostesse.

*Amp.* And is there delicate Wine too ? I must thither.

*Val.* The flowre of *France*, and quintessence of *Spaine*

Flow like a Spring-tyde through the House.

*Amp.* O rare !

And all for nothing ?

*Bump.* Hang nothing. Be it as twill, I am for any thing ; and as well provided, As you, or any the best Gamester there.

*Ver.* Sir.

*Bum.* I love to do these things. But first, pray tel me

Can you tell tale or tydings of his Daughter here ?

*Val.* Not of his Daughter : But I heard his Son Was freed, this, day, from Prison.

*Ver.* How, how, how.

*Enter Brookall, Phillis.*

*Broo.* Yonder he is, still, busie.

*Phil.* Ile among 'em. Walke you back a little, And, get I any money, Ile lend thee some.

(*Val.*)

*Val.* Ile tell you how. Some friend has paid his debt;

The Action is discharged ; and he's releas'd.

*Ver.* You practise my abuse. Tis not in man, To do me such a mischiefe.

*Amp.* Away Girle.

*Phil.* Thou art as hard, as this dry crust, here, was.

But he is better minded now, I hope : Now, old man I am sure thou art for me, Thou cursedst me before, but now thou wilt Blesse me, I hope, and not without a Crosse, Of a faire Silver Sixpence.

*Ver.* Hence you Harlot.

*Phil.* Nay look you, if I could afford it, thinke you I'de make two words w'ye : this but a sixpenny matter

Between us ; why will you be so hard : tis but So little leffe left among all thy Children ; And Ile bate it them in their prayers for thee, Though I bee at the trouble, my selfe, to do it.

*Val.* Troth, she begs prettily, I must give her something.

Here Wench.

*Bum.* What is it, I will fee it.

*Phil.* Tis a good Shilling, and a vie ; will you fee't Sir ?

*Bum.* Look you, tis cover'd.

*Phil.* Gentlemen, will you come in ? will you vie it ?

*Amp.* No we deny it.

*Phil.* You may revye it then, if you please. They come not in to binde it.

*Val.* Will you come in againe Sir ?

*Bum.* Sir, after you, and't be to my last sixpence. I will keep Covenant w'ye,

*Val.*

*Val.* A shilling more on that.

*Bum.* Done Sir : there tis.

*Phil.* Why, these are Lads of bounty ! Have you any minde yet Gentlemen ?

*Ver.* What, to be Bankrupts ?

*Phil.* Troth, thou wouldest feare as much, shouldest thou but break

Thy Porridge Pipkin.

*Val.* Prithee what's thy name ?

*Phil.* Nell, my Mother calls me. I nere knew Sire, nor Godfire.

*Val.* Nell ?

*Phil.* Yes : And tis as bonny a Beggars name, as ever came from beyond *Trent*.

*Val.* This Girle, methinks, howere necessitated Into this course, declares she has a spirit Of no grosse ayre : And I dare think her Blood, Although, perhaps, of some unlawfull mixture, Deriv'd from Noble veines. One may perceive Much in her Language, in her Looks, and Gesture, That pleads, methinks, a duty above pitty, To take her from this way, wherein she wanders So farr from the intent of her Creation.

*Bump.* Your meaning is, you would buy her out of her Calling.

Is it not so ?

*Val.* Ten Peices I would give Towards a new one for her.

*Bump.* Here's ten more To bind you quite from begging. Can you afford it ?

If yes, accept it. And let's see your back.

*Phil.* I make no Curtfies, nor send thanks that way.

No, Ile be forwards in them. May my thanks and prayers

Multiply years and blessings on your heads.

And

And when I beg againe, may Beadles take  
Advantage on my back, and lash the skin off,  
So Heaven be ever with you —

*Val.* Stay. Who would not have given this  
Money? Gentlemen,  
Dost not move you to give a packing penny?

*Phil.* Nor move you them for me. I should,  
now, feare  
One of their ill-got pence, here mingled, would  
Corrupt and overthrow my righteous Fortune.

*Exit Phil.*

*Amp.* O villanous Vixen.

*Ver.* Each minute of this day augments my  
torments,  
Yet I have coold it with some patience;  
Attending Sir your answer.

*Val.* For your son.

*Ver.* I have no Son. I aske you for my  
Daughter.

*Val.* Be this your pannance for your misbeleife,  
Hye you to the Compter: if you finde not there  
Your son; meet me an hour hence at my Fathers.  
Ile tell you news of him; and he perhaps  
May tell you of his Sister. This deserves  
A fee. Your abfence pays it me. Go quickly,  
We have some businesse: And your stay will but  
Make the Scene tedious.

*Ver.* Weel go. Wil't please you?

*Amp.* Yes; we will off in Rhime. There is no  
doubt,

If *Wat* be not i'th Compter, he is out.

*Exit Ver. Amp.*

*Bump.* Now, what's the next vagary?

*Val.* Onely this Sir,  
You have playd at small Game with me. Now  
there is  
A greater tryall of my Love and Bounty,

Instantly

Instantly to be made. A Gentleman,  
(I stay too long) an intimate Freind's arrested,  
But for two hundred pound on execution :  
Will you joyne Charity to fetch him off ?

*Bump.* I would 't had been thine owne case two  
dayes fince.

One of your fine Companions, some poor Shark ?  
Ha, ist not so ?

*Val.* Will you be pleased to see him ?

*Bump.* I am halfe sick of this Condition.  
I do begin, not altogether, now,  
To love these things so well methinks. Humh ha !

*Val.* Nay, if you go not chearfully —

*Bump.* Yes : I go. *Exeunt ambo.*

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## *ACT. IV. Scene II.*

*Brookall, Phillis.*

*Broo.* Good Childe, thy tale is pittifull ; yet it  
So with the fell condition of my Fortune,  
That I crave more of it.

*Phil.* I came not to  
Discourse of sorrow, but to bring you comfort :  
Will you yet have a Crowne ?

*Broo.* I prithee keep  
Thy Money Child ; and forwards with thy story.  
Thou saydst thy Mother was a Gentlewoman.

*Phil.* Ile give you reason. Since I can remember,  
Shee never did a wrong, though suffered much ;  
Nor the least unjust thing. No, though her poverty  
And care of me have pinch'd her very bowels,  
Shee knew not how to seek anothers good,  
So much as by request. Shee never durst borrow,

F For

For feare to come so neer the danger of  
A promise-breach : And, for base ends, to lye  
Shee holds it sacriledge. Ifaith she jerk'd  
That humour out of me ; for I was given  
(I tell you as a Friend) a little to't.

It came sure by the Father. God forgive him.

*Broo.* Thou saydst, thou thoughtst, thy Father  
was a Knight.

How thinkst thou he could lye then, to abuse  
A Virgine of that goodnesse, as it seemes  
Shee, that by him became thy Mother, was.

*Phil.* The Devill, sure, was powerfull with him,  
then.

Nor do you hear me say, all Gentlefolkes  
Are of one minde. Alasse they could not live  
One by another then.

*Broo.* Peace, stay a little :  
How came thy Mother to decline her spirit  
So low, as thus to suffer thee to beg ?

*Phil.* Vertue goes often wet-shod, and is faine  
To coble it selfe up to hold out water  
And cold necessity : But fure, the quality  
Came to me by the Fathers side too : For  
Tis a more commendable, and Courtly practise  
To beg, than steale. He was perhaps, a Courtier.  
I rather would be rob'd of all I have,  
Than steale one farthing.

*Broo.* Thou say'st thy Mother never would  
reveale  
To thee, or any one, her Birth, or Fortune.  
Answer me, prethee, how dost thou collect  
Th' hadst such a Father ? Or that he has thus  
Wrong'd thy poore Mother, by not marrying her

*Phil.* Now you come to me indeed old man  
How now,  
What do you weep ?

*Broo.* The sharpness of the Aire

Strikes on mine eyes a little. Prethee fay.

*Phil.* I first, as fain would know the hidden  
cause

That works this aptness in me, to discover  
My Mother and my selfe to you. I know not  
How to look off o'you. Ifaith you weep.  
I have heard some talk of naturall instinct,  
But know not what it is. Pray can you tell me ?  
Or any like reason, why I should  
Thus doat, and hang about you ? Or tell me this,  
Have you not been of better Fortune ? Are not  
you

Some decayed Knight ? Be not ashamed, but tell  
me.

They cannot all be rich, there are so many.

*Broo.* Oh my heart !

*Phil.* Yea, are your Conscience-struck ?  
Have at you for a father then : And yet  
Me-thinks you are more old in goodness, then  
To be, so late, so wicked, as to wrong  
A woman of her sweetnes. Yet Ile try you.  
Here is a long-kept Paper. This is all  
That ere I gathered of my Mothers wrong,  
And of my Fathers cruelty, and condition.  
It seemes this was his hand, and ruthfull farewell,  
He turn'd her off withall. See, if you know it.  
More then a thousand times I have observ'd her  
Weep o're that Paper ; ever carefull, though,  
Her teares might not deface it. If by chance,  
As when those teares prevented had her sight,  
Some soft ones did on that hard Sentence light,  
Her Lips took off the Trespafs of her Eye ;  
And her hot Sighes restor'd the Paper dry.  
*Broo.* This comes so neer a Miracle ; that my  
faith  
I feare is staggering. How got'ft, thou this paper ?  
*Phil.* I stole it from my Mother, (and in Troth

Tis all that ere I stole) because she should not  
 Weep out her eyes upon't. I do not love,  
 Although I am a beggar, to lead blind folks.  
 Do you not find there, that he is a Knight,  
 Though he subscribes no name? He tells her there  
 And tauntingly, he knowess she is more sorry  
 For the lost Ladyship he promis'd her,  
 Then for her Maiden-head. Let me heare you  
 read it.

*Broo.* Mine eyes, are now, too full indeed  
 I cannot.

*Phil.* Are you the man then, whom I must ask  
 blessing?

If you bee, speak. Ile have you to my Mother,  
 Though, I dare sweare, she had rather dye, ther  
 you,

Or any of your Race, or hers, should see her,  
 Whilst she has breath. Yei I will undertake  
 To prattle you both good friends.  
 And you shall have my *Mammy*,  
 And she shall have her *Nell* (that's I.)  
 The man shall have his Mare againe,  
 And all shall be well. How do you?

*Broo.* Prethee forbeare me good wench but a  
 little.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* I have kept my time you see; and shall  
 not faile

In any Circumstance. Here are two Swords,  
 Pray take your choice. I have bespoke a Boat  
 Shall land us o're the water, where you please;  
 Though, I Proteft, I yet would beg your Love,  
 Next to my Naturall Fathers.

*Broo.* This I fear'd.  
 And charg'd the plain way. But't shall not serve.

*Val.*

*Val.* You took my part of late, against old  
*Vermin.*

*Broo.* Prethee who would not? This is another  
case.

*Val.* Why, if there be no remedy, pray accept  
Your forty pounds. The money, Sir, may stead  
you

For your escape, when you have ta'ne my Life.

*Broo.* Your money 'would hang me, Sir. Your  
lifes not worth it. (Son.)

*Val.* Tis your own money; sent you by your  
*Broo.* How know I that? Or that I have a Son  
By thee unmurther'd.

*Val.* I told you of a Letter I had mislaid:  
Look you. Do you know his hand?

*Broo.* If it be not,  
Much chang'd, and lately, here is that wil match.

*Val.* Was ever given Gold so weigh'd, and try'd?  
What Lawyer, Nay, what Judge would be so  
scrupulous?

No want corrupts good Conscience: Nor excess  
Allaias in bad, the thirst of Cov'tousness.

*Phil.* What do you think, Sir?

*Val.* I think you beg again, and would be whipt.

*Phil.* I fecks, I do not beg; but came to offer  
This griev'd old man some of my infinite fortune  
Found in your lucky money: Lucky indeed;  
For I have found a Father by't. I vow  
I think my Father. I'ft not a fine old man?  
I shall know more anon.

*Val.* Her money, sure.  
Has made her Mad: How do you finde it, Sir?

*Broo.* My wonder now, is, how thou canst be Son  
Of such a Father! Thou art honest sure.  
Here is your Sword, I will accept the money.

*Val.* Then I shall live, and so may want the  
money.

Will you forbear it for a day or two ?

*Broo.* Your Sword again.

Now, I profess to you, I have present need on't,  
And am as strict, Sir, for my right, as I  
Before was to decline it.

*Val.* Pray, Sir, take it ;  
And give me leave to beg your charitable  
Construction of my Father.

*Broo.* How is that ?

*Val.* Did you but know the care, the cost, and  
travell

He has been at a thousand waies, to finde  
Your injur'd Sister, to make good his fault,  
If possibly he might—

*Broo.* O fie, O fie !

*Val.* Till all Opinion gave her dead ; and then  
The meanes he has sought to do you Offices  
Against your knowledge. For he knew your Spirit  
Would not except of his benevolence.—

*Broo.* Read that, and guesse whose deed 'tis  
Stand off Girle.

*Phil.* Yes forsooth Father, I shall learn in time  
Ile call him Father till he findes me another.

I know he could not shed those teares for nothing.

*Val.* But does she live, to whom this was  
directed ?

*Broo.* Speak low : is that your Fathers hand ?

*Val.* It is.

*Broo.* Along with me then. Girle, lead you the  
way.

*Phil.* Anan forsooth Father.

*Broo.* Shew us to your Mother.

*Phil.* Shall he go too ? What will the Neigh-  
bours think ?

There's none but Beggars all about us. Ods so,  
There'll be a show indeed.

*Val.* No matter. Will you go ?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Sir, they will hale you to peeces.

*Val.* Will you deny me?

*Phil.* How shall I answ'r to my Mother? She  
Never saw man, nor has been seen by man,  
That I know, in my life.

*Val.* No matter: Will you on?

*Broo.* Ile save thee blamelesse.

*Phil.* Troth Ile venter. — *Exeunt Oes.*

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## *ACT. V. Scene I.*

*Frances, Magdalen, Jane, Alice.*

*Wine on a Table.*

*Fra.* **T**Res bien venue Madames.  
You are very welcome.

*Mag.* Good lack! And is it you, Mrs. *Alice*? I'ft  
possible? Are you come to learn Carriage  
too? I will make bold with tother Glasse  
of Wine. At a word, I like your French  
Carriage the better, that it allowes elder  
Women to drink Wine.

*Ali.* They have no other drink, except water.  
And Maids are allowed but that.

*Ja.* And young wives (they say) wine with their  
water.

*Mag.* Mingle your Glasse, then, Daughter. This  
for me. Your father has so sought you  
Mrs. *Alice*.

*Ja.* My Father has mist us too, by this time.

*Mag.* But neither of 'em can dream French  
enough, to direct 'em hither, I warrant  
you. And does she learn the Carriages  
very well, *Madamfilly*?

*Fra.* Madamoyselfe si vous plaist.

*Mag.* What do yee cal't ? I shall never hit it.  
How do you finde your Schollar ?

*Fra.* O, she is very good. She learn very well.

*Mag.* But how much carriage hath she learnt ?  
Heark you Mrs. *Alice*. Have you not  
learnt to carry a man ? Has not a good  
Husband stolne you hitlier ?

I can think waggishly I tell you : And an old Ape  
has an old eye. Go to.

*Ali.* No such matter, Mrs. *Bumpsey*.

*Fra.* What is that you say ?

*Mag.* I ask you how much carriage she ha-  
learnt ?

*Fra.* She come but dis day ; And she carry botl-  
the hands already.

*Mag.* How say by that. I'ft possible ? Can she  
carry both her hands in one day ?

*Fra.* Yes, and before to-morrow, she shall carry  
the foot as well.

*Mag.* It seems, then, you teach handling before  
footing in your French way.

*Fra.* You may learn dat of de leetle Shild. De  
leetle Shild you see will handle de ting  
before it can set one foot to de ground.  
Come, let me see you make a Reverance.

*Mag.* Reverance ! What's that ?

*Fra.* Tis dat you call a Curtsie. Let me see  
you make Curtsie.

*Mag.* Look you heare then.

*Fra.* O fee, fee—dat is de grosf english Douck  
for de swagbuttock'd-wife of de Pefant.

*Mag.* How like you this then ? There's a  
Reverence I warrant you.

*Fra.* Fee, dat is worse. See how you carry de  
hands like de *Comedien* dat act de shangling.

*Mag.* Shall I ever hit on't troe ? I must take  
tother Glafs.

*Ali*

*Ali.* Take heed she does not take too much.

*Fa.* I hope she will not. But there's no crossing her.

*Fra.* Let me see your hands.

*Mag.* There they bee. They have been a little too familiar with Sea-coale fires, and much other course houswifry, which I shall utterly abhor, and wash off, when I have learnt to carry them Courtly.

But shall I ever do it, think you ?

*Fra.* Yes, yes, and all your other parts and members.

*Mag.* I may winne my Husband to love mee Courtly then.

*Fra.* To love, and lye with you Courtly.

*Mag.* That's but seldome, I doubt.

*Fra.* You shall know all de waies to winne his Love,

Or any mans, to multiply your honour. ——

*Mag.* I will so multiply then.

*Fra.* Not onely in your looks, your smiles and sweet Caresses.

(Besides the help of Painting) that adorn  
The face: But with the motion of each Linea-  
ment,

Of the whole frame of your wel order'd body.

An Eye, a Lip, a finger shall not move ;

A Toe trip unregarded. But your Geat

And your whole gracefull Prefence shall attract,

(Beyond affection) admiration :

As Ile artifice you.

*Mag.* Ile be a Nymph. *Diana* and her Dearlings,  
deare, deare, deare, &c, [sing.]

But may I paint, say you ?

*Fra.* O most allowably ; nay, commendably.

*Mag.* Tother Glafs for that.

*Fra.* Then for the Art of dressing, setting forth  
" VOL. I. Head,

Head, Face, Neck, Breast ; with which I will inspir  
you.

To cover, or discover any part—  
Unto de best advantage.

*Mag.* That is to say,  
To hide shame, or shew all : that's her meaning.

*Fra.* You shall have no defect perceiv'd, r  
grace conceal'd.

*Mag.* I am for the naked Neck and Shoulder  
then.

For (I tell you Mistress) I have a white Skin,  
And a round streight Neck ; smooth and plum  
Shoulders,

Free from French Flea-bits, and never a wrinkle  
Neare'em, though I say't.

*Fra.* 'Thas been suggested by invective men,  
Women, to justifie themselves that way,  
Began that Fashion. As one tother side,  
The fashion of mens Brow-locks was perhaps  
Devis'd out of necessity, to hide  
All il-grac'd forehead ; Or besprinkled with  
The outward Symptomes of some inward grieve.  
As, formerly the Saffron-steeped Linnen,  
By some great man found usefull against Vermin  
Was ta'ne up for a fashionable wearing.  
Some Lord that was no Niggard of his Beauty,  
Might bring up narrow brims to publish it.  
Another, to obscure his, or perhaps  
To hide defects thereof, might bring up broad  
ones.

As questionles, the streight, neat timber'd Leg,  
First wore the Troncks, and long Silk-hose : A  
likely

The Baker-knees, or some strange shamble shank  
Begat the Ankle-breeches.

*Mag.* Sure the men  
Took that conceit from us. What woman shewe

A Leg, that's not a good one? — [She shewes a  
*Fra.* These among men, are fol- swaddled leg.]  
lowed for the fashions,  
That were invented for the better grace.  
(As our Attires) to set off Limb, or face.  
*Mag.* Good luck! What knowledge comes from  
forraigne parts?

Enter Dryground, Wat.

*Dry.* I prethee *Wat*, have patience for an houre.  
*Wat.* Not for a minute, Sir, Ile not be kick'd,  
And call'd base Pandar for your basenes.  
*Dry.* Nay, look you *Wat*.  
*Wat.* And had almost been pump'd,  
And made a sport for Water-men i'th' Thames.  
*Dry.* But Heare me, *Wat*.  
*Wat.* Ile heare my Father sooner. (Give me  
hence  
My Sister) were he a ravenous Beast, a Wolfe,  
I would obey him rather then trudge a foot  
Further in your base way. Heart I am hip-shot.

*Dry.* Now, would his Bodies paines convert his  
Soule,  
Twere a good work.

*Wat.* I am in desperate feare  
O'th' Mourning of the Chine too with the kicks,  
And hunches they o're laid me with. O base!  
Without resistance. Give me hence my Sister.

*Dry.* But how was it my fault?

*Wat.* Was't not your project?

*Fa.* What may this mean?

*Ali.* No harm I warrant you.

*Wat.* Nay, it shall out. Your base inhumane  
Project,  
To sell your Daughters Maiden-head. (I care not  
Who heares me, I.) And cunningly to make me  
Your

Your Hackney-jade to fetch your Chapmen in.

*Mag.* Where are we now?

*Fa.* What did my Husband mean to wish us hither?

*Wat.* Basenesf ! I cannot call it bad enough.

*Dry.* You were as forward in it as my selfe, And wooed me you might have her without all faults.

*Wat.* Mine eyes are opened now.

*Dry.* But I believe,

They were almost beaten out first.

*Wat.* And I vow

Ere I will marry so, Ile take a Beggar, And joyn in trade with her, though I get nothing But—My name is *Vermine* already, I Thank a good Father for't.

*Dry.* A Beggar-Wenches breed would propagate Your name most numerously.

*Wat.* Much better then your Sale-ware, and more lasting.

I think I saw her to-day must be the woman, Good Madame Polcat, the trim Schoole-mistris. Ile make bold with your Schollar. What ! you have more.

Ile carry her and her Virginity

Unto some fitter place of Execution.

*Ali.* You brought me hither, Sir, and here Ile stay.

*Wat.* What ! in a Bawdy-house ?

*Mag.* O deare ! and is it so ? What are we then ? Is this your boun fashion ? Is this the carriage of the Body, that you would teach us ? What, to bee Whores ? We could learn that at home, and there were need, without your teaching,

*Fa.* Mother ; what do you mean ?

*Ali.* Mrs. *Bumpsey* ; pray feare no harm.

*Mag.*

*Mag.* O good lack ! what will become of us ?  
Where are we now, *Jane* ?

*Betray'd ! betray'd !* Our honours are betray'd.  
O my poor *Bump*, how will thou take this  
at my hands, though I carry them never so  
Courtly ?

*Dry.* 'Sfoot, she's in her Mawdlin fit : All her  
wine showres out in teares.

*Mag.* Oh, oh, oh, —

[*She falls*]

*Dry.* Pray have her in. Look carefully to her,

*Mag.* Oh, oh, oh, —

*Dry.* Take the Bottle with yee.

*Mag.* I, I, I.

*Dry.* In all to the next Room. — *Exeunt Fra.*

*Wat.* Sir, she shall with me. Ile leave *Jane* leading  
her where I found her. *out Magda-*

*Dry.* Sir, no such matter. *len.*

*Wat.* 'Sfoot, Gentlewoman, must I kick you out  
o' doores ?

*Dry.* No, nor depart your selfe, but by Authority.  
I am provided for you. Friends come in.

*Enter two Sergeants.*

And do your Office.

*Ser.* We arrest you, Sir ; Nay, we shall rule you.

*Wat.* Ha, ha, ha. Why, this is well, and very  
hospitably done.

Would any man but an old Bawde ha' done this ?

*Dry.* Sir, I mistrusted your Apostacy.

Since you revolt, I must recall my money ;  
Or lay you where I found you, as you threatened  
your Sister here.

*Wat.* Baſer, and baſer ſtill. Are you a Knight ?  
A Knight, a Poſt-Knight. A Poſtillion,  
That rides a fore-horſe, o're the Eares in durt,  
Three fingers thick, is not ſo baſe. You Varlets,

*Do*

Do you arrest folkes in a bawdy-houſe?

*Ser.* We do not finde it ſo; Or, if it be,  
The place may be as honeſt as our Office.  
Will you walk, Sir?

*Wat.* Stay; Let me confider,  
If now my Father (as ſome in like caſes  
Have done) would take a fine ſubmiſſion.  
I could afford to kneele and whine, me-thinks  
Rather then back to my old Ward again.  
Twill ne're be haſtome though.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* The buſineſſ Gentlemen,

*Wat.* My lucky friend.

Sir, you reliev'd me lately. Could you now  
But add another Favour, it might teach  
One, that ne're learnt to pray, to pray for you.  
Do you not know me, Sir? 'Twas I you fav'd  
Out of the Temple Sudds.

*Val.* Haſt thou been haſh'd ſince?

*Wat.* No, Sir, I was diſguis'd.

*Val.* Diſguis'd!

*Wat.* Diſguis'd in villany, which I recant.

*Val.* Who knowes but he may prove an ho-  
man?

Pray, Sir, a word.

*Ser.* We do not uſe to wait dry-fisted; nor  
throated.

*Wat.* I would you were as wet all over, as I  
like to have been: Or, as you are Catchp  
I would you had been but in those han-  
escap'd from.

*Dry.* You have prevail'd, Sir.

*Val.* Sergeants you ſhall not out of the He-  
Here's for halfe an houres attendance.  
into that Room with your Prisoner.  
ſhall have Wine, and Smoak too.

Be of good cheere friend ; if thou canst be honest,  
I can relieve thee ; feare not.

*Wat.* Sir, get my Father but to say as much,  
And you shall be Co-heire with me. I vow you  
shall have halfe. [Exeunt Wat, Sergeants]

*Val.* We'll talk anon. The Youth appeares  
converted.

*Dry.* There was no other meanes to work it by,  
But that I us'd ; to urg'd him past his Nature.  
He was so free in's Villany, that I  
Giving the Spurs, ran him beyond his speed ;  
Quite off his Legs, and glad to be led home.

*Val.* His Father comes on fairely : I have fol-  
low'd  
All your Instructions concerning him,  
And my fantastick Father-Law. Both whom  
Are hard at hand, with the wise western Knight.  
He too's content to go to the best Ordinary,  
While tis best cheap he saies. Where are the  
women ?

*Dry.* Your Mother-Law, after she had got  
As much French Carriage, as might serve to furnish  
A petty Court ; is fallen into a fit,  
To over-throw it all againe.

*Val.* The better.  
But is the house cleare, Sir, of all your Riflers ?

*Dry.* As I could wish ; And well satisfied.  
For, when they understood the honest end,  
My Project aim'd at ; which, by an Oration  
Well charg'd with virtuous Sentences, I forc'd  
Into the nobler Breasts : they all recanted  
The barbarous purpose ; and as freely left  
Their money for that Charitable use,  
To which I pre-intended it. The rest  
Purs'd theirs again. But yet I have collected  
In this odd uncouth way, five hundred Pounds,  
That was laid down at stake for a Virginity,

To

To make an honest stock for *Franck*.

*Val.* 'Tis good,  
I may fetch in my Guests In the meantime  
You may be pleas'd, Sir, to peruse this Baper.—

*Exit*

*Dry.* How now! what's here? How might he  
come by this?  
It is the scorn I sent my injur'd Love;  
My abus'd Elynor: The hand, that threw  
Her from me. O, that at the price of it  
I could receive her.

*Enter Oliver. Ambrose.*

*Ol.* Sir, by your leave,  
We come to sup w'yee. Does your Rifling hold?

*Amb.* What, you are off o'the hooks, me-thinks

*Ol.* If there be no such thing, tell us the Riddle

*Dry.* You shall know all, and briefly. *Franck*  
come in.

*Enter Franck.*

Now Gentlemen—

*Ol.* Let us salute her first.—*Salute, then whisper*  
*Dry.* She does not tast of sin. Faire Chastity  
Sits crown'd upon her Brow, with an aspect,  
May beat down Lust to Hell, from whence it rose

*Fra.* You profess Nobly, sir.  
*Ol.* I vow, and do not lye to you: If I finde  
Your Father so inhumane, you against it:  
We'll be your Rescue, if forty able sword-men  
Which we have, at the signall of a finger,  
Planted in readines, can fetch you off:  
Do you approve?

*Fran.* Yes, and admire your goodness.  
*Ol.* Now we are for you, sir:  
*Dry.* Then heare the story; which your lat  
Impatience would not permit.

*Aml*

*Amb.* You speak not now

*In* that high Phrase, or tone, as *Enter Valentine,*  
you did then. *Val.* Stand here, *Bumpsey, Ver-*  
unseene; and heareattentively. *mine, Amphilus,*

*Dry.* I am a Gentleman, that *Brookall, Elynor,*  
*by* foule misdeed *Phillis.*

(Heaven, Heaven I aske thee pardon) once did  
wrong

To an unfortunate Family, by rejecting,  
After affiance, and her love abus'd.

A Gentlewoman —

*Ol.* You got with child, and then deny'd her  
Marriage.

*Dry.* Twas so.

*Ely.* Ay me!

*Val.* No passion, gentle Soule.

*Phil.* If this should prove my Father now! —

*Ol.* Well Sir, your Gentlewoman!

*Dry.* Shee, on the discontent, (poore haplesse  
Soule)

Now fourteen Winters since though sadly burden'd,  
Fled, and no more is heard of: at the first  
My wildnesse took no sense of this deare Losse;  
But drew me through the wayes of carelesse plea-  
sure,

By riotous expence, that mine estate  
And Credit ran at waste, and was nigh spent,  
Untill my trespassse cry'd against my Conscience  
To render satisfaction: but in vaine  
We offer to the dead. My Genius therefore  
Prompts me to gratefull deeds unto her Blood.

*Amb.* What can this come to?

*Dry.* Shee had a Brother, that lost his estate  
By Law —

*Br.* Means he not mee?

*Dry.* To a Corrupt Oppressor —

*Ver.* Ha! How's that?

(c)

*Dry.*

*Mag.* O my deare *Bump*! Art thou there?  
 Thou mayst kisse, and forgive me all over too  
 for any harm, or dishonesty ; though the place  
 be as they say-at a word, *Bump*. Thou mayst  
 believe me, I came but to learn Carriage of  
 the Body, nor to carry no bodies body, but  
 my owne body, *Bump*. No truely, truely  
*Bump*. o—o—that ever I did that.

*Bump.* Peace, peace. All's well. At least I  
 know your Disease.

*Mag.* Think me not drunk, good *Bump*, a littl  
 fashion-sick, or so.

*Amp.* Fashion-sick ! a fine civill word. To be  
 drunk, is fashion-sick.

*Ver.* I am awak'd out of the Lethargy  
 Of Avarice : Blest may our Friendship be.

*Dry.* I will not sleep, before the holy Priest  
 Has done the Office. Blessing on my Girle.

*Val.* Thou hast made me young againe : the best  
 Occurrents in this Project have been thine.  
 Thy Accidents exceeded my designe.

*Val.* They do not yet cease here : For see, the  
 strife  
 Betwixt these long continued Adversaries  
 Perfectly reconcil'd ; and both have given  
 The young and hopefull married paire the  
 Blessings.

*Amp.* To which I have given my consent more  
 freely.

For it was *Nolens volens* as they say.

*Val.* They are beholden to you. Mr. *Vermin*  
 Restores unto the Son the Fathers Land,  
 For Dowry with his Daughter : And is taken  
 So with the good you wrought upon his Son,  
 The Convertite here ; that if he stand firme  
 Till the determination of your Mortgage,  
 Hee'll cancell it, and send it *Gratis* to you.

Wa

*Amp.* No : But and I were at the Ducking pond,  
I know what I know. But when I drown my selfe,  
I'll give you leave to hang me.

*Ali.* Your pardon, and your blessing, I beseech  
you.

*Ver.* Hence.

*Exit Valentine.*

*Broo.* Was this thy Journey into *France* my Boy?  
High Providence hath made it good. But tell mee,  
Was Love your chiefe Instructor to this Marriage?

*Fran.* Indeed it was equall in her and mee.

*Ali.* Pray Sir your blessing.

*Ver.* Away.

*Broo.* Turne this way for a blessing then my  
Daughter,

*Bump.* Shall I tell you Neighbour? Law has  
no relieve for you ; And Conscience and you have  
a longe time been strangers. Could you be friends  
and embrace Conscience now, all would be well,  
And there's the substance. Is it plaine?

*Ver.* Conscience! do you know where she is?

*Enter Val. Wat. Magdalen, Jane.*

*Val.* Heeres one has brought her in his true  
Conversion.

*Wat.* Sir, if you can forgive, and can obey you—  
I now can better kneele, then speak *He weeps*

*Val.* Do you note those teares, Sir? Had you  
lost your Daughter,

My Father had in this made you amends.

In finding you a Son. His Art converted him.

*Ver.* Sure, all's but Apparition, or a dream.

*Bump.* Ha! Think you so? Tis your own flesh  
and blood: And by your leave and liking, may  
prove as honest a Man, as his Father. Is not this  
plaine now? Forgive and bleffe e'm all over, and  
so Kiffe 'em too. They are your Children.

## Epilogue.

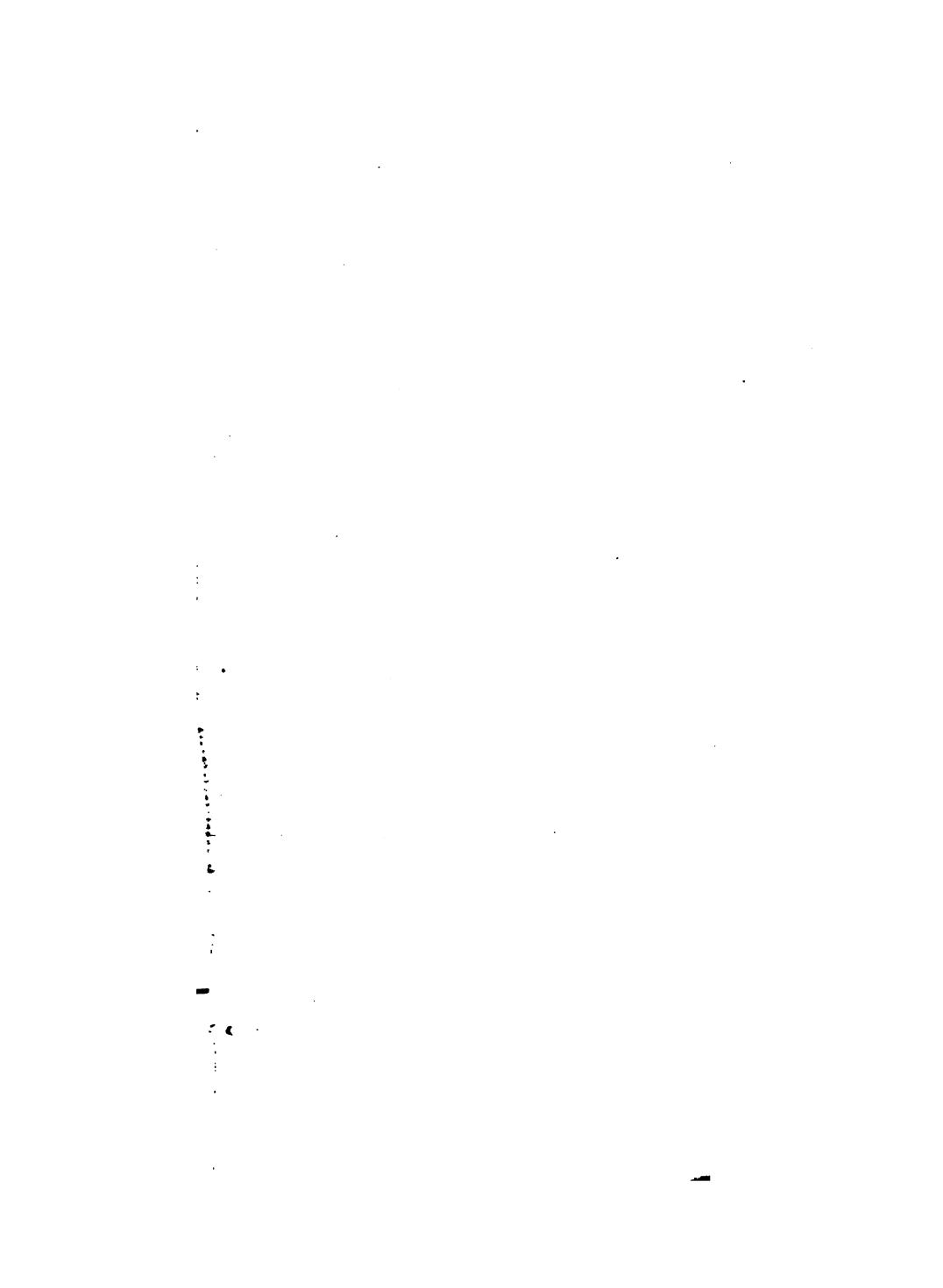
*No way ambitious yet of vulgar praise,  
The writer of these Scenes desires to kno  
By your faire leave, though he assume no Bay  
Whether he pull'd faire for a leafe or no.*

*If yes, then let your hands assistant be,  
T'incourage him to climb Apollo's tree.*

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*FINIS.*

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